

NATIONAL REPOSITORY.

JULY, 1879.

SUMMERING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.



SCENE AT THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

HAVING spent two seasons at that most charming inland watering resort, the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, I propose in this article a popular sketch of some features of the region as it now appears, written from the stand-point of the locality. In a subsequent paper, *editore volente*, I shall glance at the history of the river, and at some of its more permanent points of interest.

Without doubt the modern "discoverer" of the St. Lawrence, at least of that part of it to which our present interest pertains, was that noted divine and famous fisherman, the Rev. George W. Bethune, D. D., of New York. Dr. Bethune was the modern Columbus of the Thousand Islands. His er-

rand this way was not so much to fish for men, as for bass, pike, and muskallonge; though he never lost an opportunity for either, in its season. He was here in 1846, for in that Summer he first preached to the fishermen and lumbermen of Alexandria Bay, and started a Sunday-school there, which resulted in the erection of his mission "Church of the Thousand Islands," which was such an object of interest to him, and to his New York congregation, all his life. The country here was not, however, destitute of religious care at that time, for the Methodists' circuits covered all this region before Dr. Bethune came, as they now do, having at present many fine churches. Still Dr. Bethune's mission was exceeding useful, especially

to the large population of lumbermen and fishermen living on the many then inhabited islands of the river. Dr. Bethune had probably been here several seasons fishing before 1846. His name and his fishing stories brought this region to the attention of the Summer pleasure seekers of the great Atlantic cities. The tide thus set in motion in this direction was small at first, consisting of a few veteran sportsmen who came to rough it and hunt and fish in earnest. But the recent vast expansion of the "vacation fashion," one of the best and most sensible fashions that ever seized the American mind, has poured out floods of city-gained wealth upon many a once barren sea-shore and wilderness solitude and filled them with a joyous, health-seeking Summer throng of the best classes of people. Among all these new Edens, which this new exodus has developed, we venture to affirm that not one any where has a greater variety and abundance of natural advantages, and few have greater artificial improvements of the right sort, than has this marvelous fairy realm of the Thousand Islands.

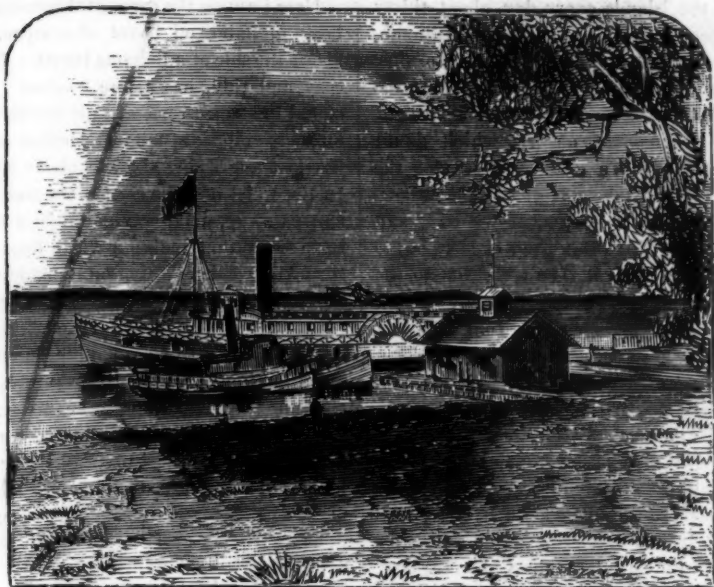
But Dr. Bethune has not been the only Columbus of this realm. Before the famous clerical fisherman even fished in the St. Lawrence, a youth was growing up in this region who was enamored of its charms, and who, by academic studies, in the medical office of his father, in the law office of his uncle, and then in the saddle of the Methodist itinerancy, was preparing to be the pioneer of a new form of fishery among these islands. That youth, born within a few miles of here, in 1819, often pastor and fisherman amid these scenes, familiar with all their beauties and capabilities, was able in 1875, to carry into effect one of the darling dreams of his life, in the organization of a great health and salvation fishing station here, "The Thousand Islands Park." Bethune recreated lovely, worldly Alexandria Bay from a lumber station into a watering-place; but the Rev. John F. Dayan created the sacred and glorious Thousand Islands Park. Which man and which work shall have the nobler record in time and in eternity?

This great new resort has now been our Summer home, as we have said, for two

seasons, 1876 and 1878, and we have had ample opportunity to test its resources and taste its delights. Let me invite my reader to take the trip over again with me.

By our choice of several routes, one of which gave us half a day at charming Trenton Falls on the way, we arrive at Cape Vincent or at Clayton, both on the American shore, a little below Lake Ontario. It is late in the afternoon of a lovely Summer day. A trim little steamer screams at the dock near the cars. Soon we find ourselves on her upper deck, amid a lively company of gentlemen and ladies, among whom we are sure to meet some old friends. In a trice we are off on the broad bosom of the mighty river, threading a verdant labyrinth of green and rocky islets, with the sinking sun pouring a stream of molten gold across the flood, out of the amber gates of the West. At sunset we behold the tent and cottage dotted headland of Wellesley Island, the finest in the river. We land at an excellent dock, over whose portal we read in broad letters, "Thousand Island Park." A merry and hospitable group rush around us, and soon we are bestowed in hotel, or cottage, or tent, and sally forth for our first fishing excursion—at the table. We are sure of a haul, and have a lively receptivity for it. And when it is over we can say, in a humbler, yet a satisfactory sense, with the dying saint of all modern bishops, "I am not disappointed." With many greetings from many friends, with a glance at our letters from the post-office, we are in time for the evening service in the superb mammoth tent. Perhaps it is crowded, perhaps not, according to the day and the programme, but whether it be Gospel sermon, temperance address, scientific lecture, or literary entertainment, we are sure to be well repaid for hearing. And now for a well-earned night's sleep, bathed in this highly ozonized lake atmosphere, which magically soothes every nerve and refreshes every sense like an elixir.

It is morning. The sunrise comes from America, the sunset sinks in Canada, but in either case it comes to us across the vast, silent, majestic, ever-flowing expanse of the all-encircling river. And now, what shall



DOCK AT THOUSAND ISLAND PARK.

our day's work be to-day? You are too tired for an expedition on the river to-day, and besides that it is wisest to "get a good ready," before any great things are under taken. And so we first unpack trunks, sort over and put away our effects, and set our house in order, so that we can call ourselves "at home," and be ready to receive friends who will be sure to call. Then we sally forth. If there is no service or lecture which we wish to attend, we are at liberty to explore our "base of operations," which one should always first explore. We find ourselves amid a village whose map shows us several hundred acres of land, of shore and cliff and plain and grove, all mapped out in streets and parks of most picturesque curves and names. As we ramble about we find a fine business office for the association, with post office, a fine, large dining hall with tables for several hundred people, a beautiful soda water, ice-cream, and confectionery pavilion, a two-story prophets' headquarters at Wesley Hall, a good-sized book and news store, general stores, markets, etc., and several scores of lovely cottages, some of them very fine iron ones, and tents

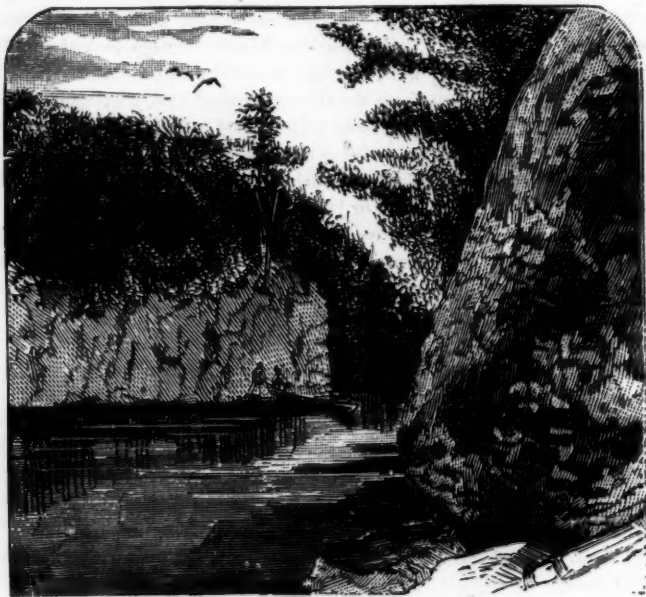
of every form and great numbers. We walk along the level greenswarded shores, with a fantastic retaining wall of native rock all around, against which the lipping wavelets have dashed for countless ages as they do to-day. We climb crags, look over island and river, ramble in the cool woods, drink from the strong mineral well, a genuine and excellent article, and when tired sit down on a ledge of rock, beneath tufted trees, by the murmuring shore, and read books, papers, or letters, chat with friends, and watch the constant procession of great and small craft, steam, sail, and oar, which throng this great arterial channel of the world's commerce, in the midst of which we are imparadised in these quiet shades. And so, with eating, drinking, writing letters home, rambling, chatting, resting, getting the "hang of things," our first day goes by. We have performed no great exploits, but we begin to feel within us a rising consciousness of competency and eagerness to do something stirring. To-morrow we'll stir things.

A fine morning for a voyage on the river. We can take our pick of craft. Here are the excursion steamers, that make the cir-

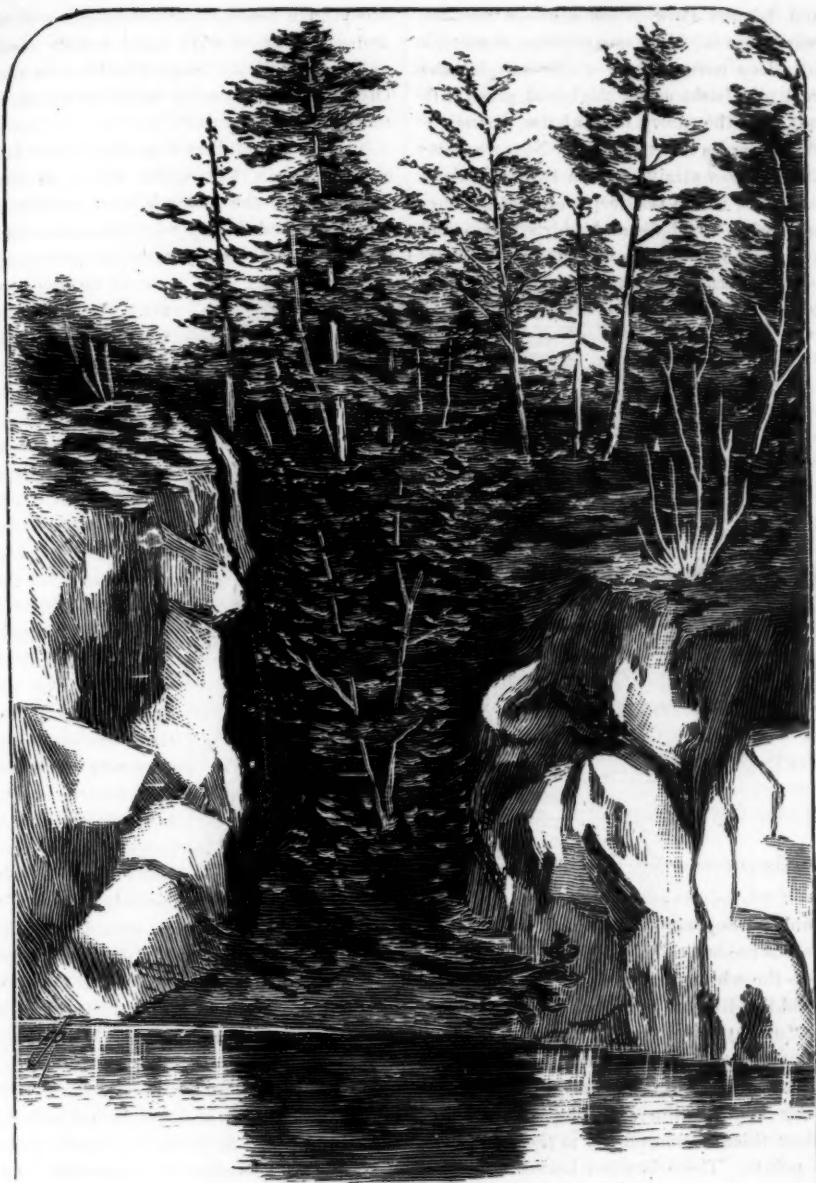
cuit of the islands every day, about thirty miles' steaming. They are too large, though, for our party, and carry twenty to fifty daily, a public affair, fine, cheap, but too public for my taste, unless I think more of the people than of nature, which don't often happen. We come here to see the river. We can take one of these fleet row-boats with two oarsmen, if we like, and make a long run. But the row-boat is too small for us, and it don't rest us to see human muscle always at work for us. That's the thing for fishing, when your oarsmen rest, turn fishermen, help you, but not for a pleasure trip. What then? Why here's the thing. One of these baby steam yachts, carry half a dozen nicely—steam and steel need no sympathy—room for lunch-baskets and exercise, go where we please, fast or slow, land anywhere we wish; skipper knows the intricate river as well as his garden. Cheap, too, all things considered, best pleasure boat in the world, sensible, straightforward, reliable, safe. Here we go for it. And now reader, as you can't go with us, suppose I go alone and you look on (the page), and fancy yourself with me.

Here I am on the great St. Lawrence, notebook in hand, on board of a steam yacht about the side of a Bahama turtle. But it is cozy and tidy, has a fore "saloon" upholstered in striped reps, seat all around, carpet on floor; skipper at one-foot wheel at the fore; five-foot flag flying six feet above his head. In the waist of the vessel a six-inch engine churns away, driving vigorously a twenty-inch screw that makes a white foam at the stern. A wooden awning on stanchions keeps off sun and storm. Then there are curtains which we can let down if we wish. I sit on this side-seat, in navy blue flannel suit, notes on knee, lean over the gunwale, and trail my fingers through the hoary, white crest of the wave split off by the rushing stern. The vast flood of the St. Lawrence, nine miles wide here, is blue as indigo this morning. The scenery, an unending panorama of the Isles of the Great Spirit, floats by like a glorious painting, as we wind in and out of the mazy channels that form this mighty labyrinth of land and water. Some of these islands are high and bold, some low and flat. Some are densely wooded with pine, oak, and maple, some are almost bare.

Some have a thicket of bushes, over which towers a single lofty pine. Some have gravelly benches, rarely sandy coves, but most have rocky shores. Now we creep around a green and grassy point, now under an ancient tree whose gnarled and drooping arms almost sweep our deck. Again we are lost in the solemn shadow of a stern and lofty cliff whose perpendicular front is seamed and shattered by the great angular notches peculiar to granite in which feldspar largely predominates.



LAKE OF THE ISLES.



THE RIFT—WELL'S ISLAND.

Over the beetling brow of this, cliff leans a dark, densely tufted, rugged pine, with one huge projecting limb that runs out horizontally far over the water, like the arm of a black giant stretched out in silent threatening toward sea and sky; or perhaps as a

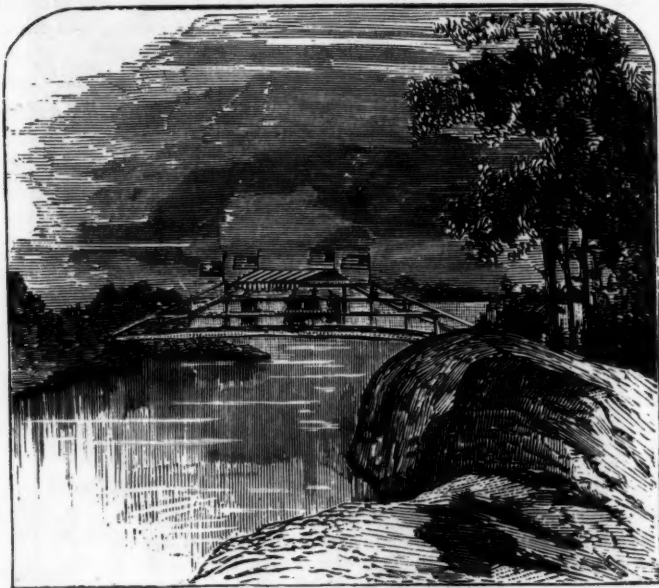
guardian sentinel over the deep and shadowy dell, carpeted with winter-green, that winds inland from the foot of the cliff. Just such a cliff, and the finest one on all the river, is that known as "The Palisades," on Wellesley Island, and owned by this Thou-

sand Islands Park Association—a part of their grounds. And now we float through a still, deep cove, around whose margins the great pike basks under the broad, green, lily pads, and the snowy lily exhales divine incense from its heart of gold. Now we come into a narrow strait between two bold, dark headlands, where the deep and crowded current rushes and boils and whirls and foams in eddies, and heaves in surging billows,

our plunge beneath the limpid glassy flood, and a fine swim, with many a lusty stroke and cooling dive. And now, fresh as from Olympus, we are away again in search of new worlds to conquer.

Now we are gliding over a great meadow, only it is six feet under water, perhaps twelve. But the water is so clear that all the forms and foliage of these subaqueous plants are as distinctly revealed as in a mir-

ror, or in the open air. See how they stretch upward toward the sun, and turn toward its light with faces as eager as sunflowers. From twenty to fifty species of plants, with a wider range of form, size, color, and character, could here be defined within a few square rods. Again the plants are all of one kind, or all grasses. Here and there are bare spots of sandy or gravelly bottom, where many small fish congregate, and where many have their spawning beds in



VIEW ON FREDERICK ISLAND.

should a strong wind blow up stream. Such a place is the one called Fiddler's Elbow, and where the white foamy eddies suggest that this fiddler, like too many others, was decidedly "out at the elbows." Anon we turn a point and lie as in a cradle in a little emerald bay, with a white, hard, clean sand beach sloping beneath the crinkling waves. A verdant thicket comes down to the marge at two points. There is grass between, and a tufted hemlock overhead. Diann's white limbs would shine like pearl beneath these translucent waves. Great nature made this as a spot where she might take her lovers to her heart. The idea of finding such a spot on a July afternoon and not taking a swim in it were stark idiocy. And so we have

the Spring. Now we pass over bare rocks lying but a few feet below the surface of the stream, sometimes spreading in a broad, flat table, again broken and full of dark fissures. Now the rock suddenly drop off in a precipice as abrupt, perhaps as high, as any we have seen above water. The eye follows the cliff down, down, into the deep, dark water, until it is lost in depths from which the gaze recoils with a shudder; and and now we are in the deep blue water of some main channel, one hundred, two hundred feet deep, a lake of itself. In that meadow the pike lurked among the weeds, and the perch and sunfish basked in the clear places. Among those rocks, the black bass and his smaller cousin, the rock bass, had their

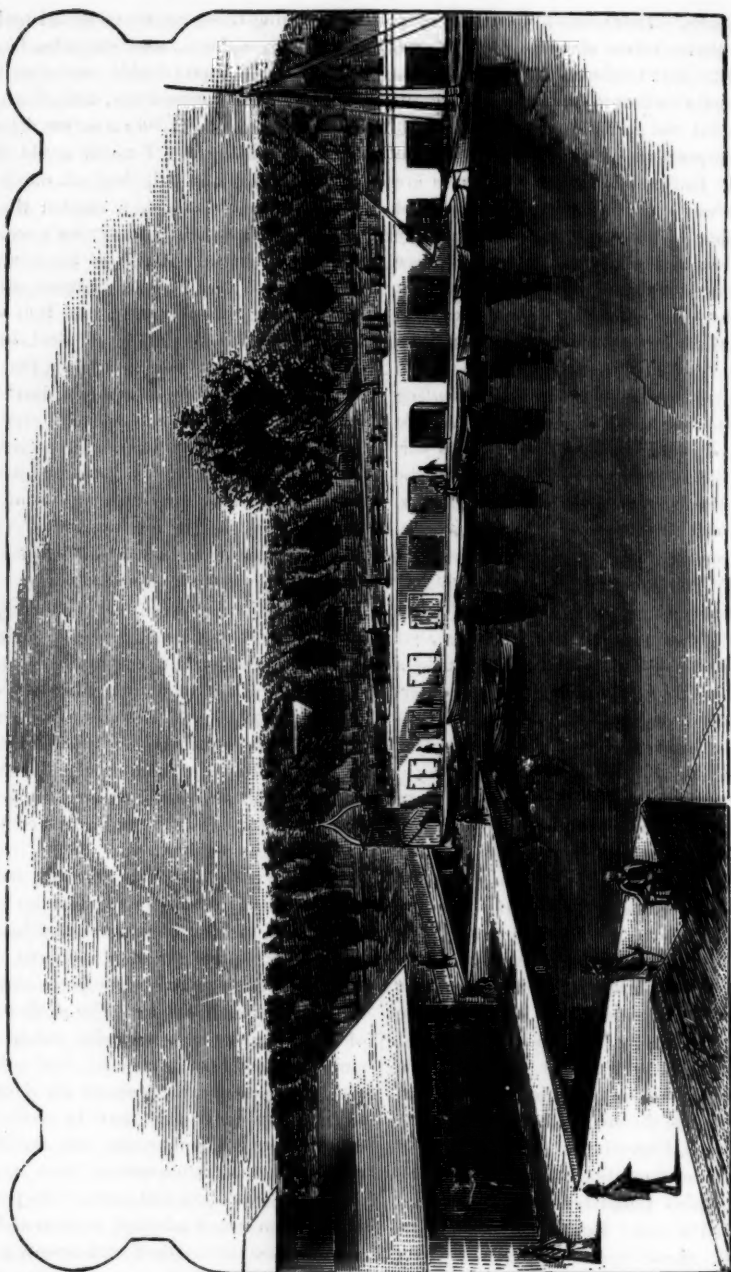
hiding-places. There was a populous community there, scores of forms of life, large and small. But in these dark, blue depths it were as vain to cast a line as in mid-ocean. Every plant and animal has its zone of soil, light, temperature, food, etc., in water as on land. Only under water the zones are much more restricted in extent and abrupt in boundary. Deep water is comparatively a desert, dark, cheerless, chilly, unvital, save for the lowest forms of life. "Bury me not in the deep, deep, sea," has more meaning, perhaps, than the author of the lines knew of.

And we can have the whole day, a week a month of this same fascinating, enchanting cruising among these islands, and never see the same spot twice, if we wish. This portion of the river has long been called the Lake of the Isles, or of the Thousand Isles, and with high propriety. It mingles, in their happiest elements, the characteristics of both lake and river. I am not writing an intentional eulogy of Thousand Islands Park; still it is a satisfaction to know that our Methodist brethren have not made a blunder here, as in too many such enterprises, but that they have chosen the very and consummate flower of all this realm of beauty, as their Summer sanctuary of health, culture, and worship. Surely they have not brought the lame or the blind for sacrifice here. Every year's experience and widening knowledge of this resort must only increase its charms in the eyes of old dwellers, and increase the throng of new comers. And especially will this be the case from the seaboard cities, to whose residents the change to inland air and fresh water is a wholesome contrast with life by the ocean.

It will be expected that I will give a sketch of the fishing facilities of the river. I almost fear to do this. I once indulged in such a sketch, forgetting to state that it took place after camp-meeting was all over, in the work of which I had become quite weary, and needed a rest. But, alas! for my forgetfulness. Some well-meaning but sadly mistaken Jersey brother inferred that I had been profanely mixing pickerel with preaching, and pike-perch with prayer-meeting; and he got my sermons and snells, my texts

and trolling-lines, my rhetoric and reel-rods my saints, sinners, and snapping-bass all tangled up in inextricable confusion in his conceptions and conscience, and the upshot of the matter was, that in a severe attack of piety or mulligrubs, I never could decide exactly which, he fell foul of me in the Church papers in such a fashion that my sides were sore with laughter for a week. I would n't run such a risk of laughing myself to death again for the longest muskallonge in the St. Lawrence; and that's saying a great deal, a very great deal, indeed. Let me, therefore, solemnly avow that I do not fish during camp-meeting, unless to satisfy hunger; and that I look with stern and orthodox displeasure upon such recreations during the time set apart for sacred worship and special effort for the salvation of men. Nevertheless, let it be understood that a three months' Summer residence, such as many people make here, and at Ocean Grove and many similar resorts, is not all camp-meeting, and not meant to be so. Health-giving recreation is a very important part of the Gospel of modern civilization. Let us thank God for it. It tends to longer life, more cheerful spirits, better morals, manlier and womanlier piety, and to the dissipation of morbid fanaticism and dyspepsia together. Let them go; the millennium will come the sooner for their going.

And now for the fish and the fishing. The "regulation" way to get up a day's fishing here is to hire a fisherman and his skiff for the day—price for man and boat, three dollars; though you can hire boats alone by the day, week, or season. The skiffs are all of the famous Clayton model which took, and deserved, the Centennial first prize as the best rowboats in the world for rivers, as they undoubtedly are, both in model and construction. They are very long and sharp, round-bottom, double-enders, with a good deal of sheer at bow and stern, in fact a genuine Indian canoe, adapted in form and material for heavier burthen, and for oars rather than paddles. They row with outrigger row-locks, and make great speed, especially with four oars. They are elegantly built of oiled hard woods and cedar, with nickel-



VIEW OF ROCK BASIN.

plated hardware, and furnished with two high-back, legless, cane-seat chairs, cushioned, turning on the thwarts in the stern-

sheets, designed for two passengers and the skipper, who is captain, crew, fisherman, when desired, and cook to the party. Some-

times a third passenger is carried in the fore. The fisherman has all the lines, spoon-hooks, etc., necessary for trolling for pike—the most common fishing. Some have also tackle for still fishing, etc. He furnishes also the necessary coffee-pots and frying-pans for setting up the dinner. His guests must bring their own provisions and table set, and these lunch-baskets are generally something well worth getting into, at the right time of day. And now “all aboard!” and we are off. If we are a gentleman and lady, the lady is seated at the stern, the gentleman next forward, and facing her, to assist her in fishing and to watch both lines. In pike trolling here stout ash rods, made in a single piece, about eight feet in length, are used; and these are set in supports, and stand out one from each side of the skiff, thus spreading the lines to prevent fouling the hooks. It seems a lazy way to fish, and many prefer to hold the rods in the hand in order to feel the heavy strike of the game. But the old fisherman will tell you that the regular oscillatory motion of the spoonhooks, under the impulse of the oars, best imitates the movements of living bait, and that the solid strike of the rod lying in the support is surest to hook the fish firmly.

And now we are under way, and the long, strong lines are paid out, the glittering, deceitful, murderous snare flashing at the end, as it leaps revolving through the water. No keen-eyed pike can lie within a rod of where it passes and not see it, and once seen, the hungry fish dashes at it with the same blind and confident ferocity with which he rushes upon a minnow or a glittering water-bug. For a while the lines run along quietly, and your first vigilance relaxes a little. Perhaps the lovely scenery of the islands attracts your attention, or the monotonous rhythm of the oars makes you half-drowsy. But suddenly there is a heavy jerk on your rod that startles you. Your first thought, if you are a novice, is that your hook has struck a snag, and that it will be broken. But the next instant there is a heavy vibratory shake, and then a rapid series of jerks and twitches on your line, and you discover that your snag has most decidedly come to

life, and that your line is starting off at a tangent from the course of the boat. Hurrah for the first bite. You lay back the rod over your shoulder, quite a pull to lay it back sometimes, and take the strong line in your hands and begin to haul in. If the fish fights hard you let him run out the line again a little, applying some friction with the hand to tire him, and when he slacks then haul away again. When you have hauled him short, unless you have had some experience you had best let your oarsman land him into the boat, as you are very likely to lose him in doing so. In he comes with a whop and a flop, a fine fair-sized pike, of say five pounds. “There,” you say, “my dinner’s safe at any rate.” He goes into the fish-box under the oarsman’s seat, through which the river-water flows continually, and you cast and pay out again. This catch is several times repeated, sometimes a pair of fish rushing together, striking both hooks at once, and then the sport is lively. By and by there is a lull in the sport. The fish seem to be done biting for the forenoon. You are a little sated, perhaps a little drowsy again; and you remark to your oarsman that the morning sport is over, and he may as well steer for some island for dinner and rest, when all at once the drowsiness is jerked out of you, and you are well-nigh jerked out of the boat by what the skipper calls a “yank,” and then a series of “yanks,” that make the stout rod crack and quiver, and test the muscles of your arms to keep it at a right-angle with the line. Heigh ho! here’s work on hand. See there! and a great fierce glittering pike a yard long leaps vertically a yard into the air away there, flashing like light in the sunshine, scattering a white spray all around him, and shaking the torturing hook in his great open jaws as a terrier would shake a rat, in his efforts to break loose and escape. Down he goes with a splash, the hook still holding him. And now he dives for the bottom, and pulls with redoubled force under the superincumbent weight of ten or twenty feet of water. But the strong tackle brings him up again, and then he rushes to right and left, leaps and dives time and again, flounders and fights



COUPER'S COTTAGE.

furiously, and at last, tired out, he gives up for a moment, and you rush him in hand over hand, steady now, and with the help of the keen gaff-hook, smash he comes on board, knocking things about in a lively way, and almost threatening to knock out the bottom of the boat. Hurrah! again; a ten-pounder, perhaps a fifteen-pounder! Ugh! what a mouth! Do n't fool around those jaws after your hook. See those triple rows of glittering, conical teeth, nearly half an inch long, sharp as needles. One snap of those jaws would send those teeth clear through your fingers, and make them sore for a fortnight. Our fisherman has a tool for such fellows in the shape of a miniature policeman's club, one tap of which behind the skull reduces our shark to order, as the locust does a Baxter Street bully, and then he is quiet, and can be unhooked and examined. What a magnificent coat of mail he wears—mottled with olive green, and brown, and silver, and gold, all changeable and flashing with iridescent light in the rays of the sun. What a mighty death-trap to the living tribes around him yawns in that cavernous mouth, closed by those horrid, rending jaws

and teeth! What a neighbor that for minnow and chub and dace and mullet to live with! Those great fierce eyes frightening them out of their wits, and that awful mouth ingulfing some of them ever and anon. Now we see what the perch wants his thorny back-fin for, to prick the throat of this monster who would fain make a meal of him.

A double woe often awaits the small fish who has taken the hook. If this monster is anywhere about he is very likely to dart upon his neighbor in trouble, and swallow fish, bait, hook and all, and make off with the whole, unless the line is too strong for him. And he is a shocking cannibal, too. His own kind, nay his own offspring, he deems to be none the worse eating on account of their relation to him, and acts accordingly, carrying out patriarchal prerogatives to the extreme extent of eating up his own family by thousands every year, as well as every other living thing he can master. A gentleman once caught a large pike, who had another good-sized pike in his stomach, pike No. 1 being large enough to have recently swallowed a water-rat, and thus pike No. 2 got both at one haul. I fancy, if the

smaller fry down below there do as we do, there'll be a day of thanksgiving appointed to celebrate their deliverance from this wolf of their realms. And yet the glutton-pike or muskallonge (*esox eator, eator—devourer*) is a far fiercer and more predacious fish than this basking fellow.

But this capture makes a grand finish for our forenoon's work, and stirs up all the latent and rising appetite within us. Now for dinner. We land on some one of these countless islands, and leave all to the "skipper," while we rest and gossip in the shade, or ramble in the woods, or over the rocks, or along the strand. Our skilled cook—these men are fine cooks—first of all makes a fire between large stones set on edge to form a draught, and sets the water boiling. Then he peels the potatoes, husks the green ears of corn, and has them in the pot. Next he dresses the fish. The larger ones are reserved for show when we get home, but the smaller and really better ones are soon in the frying-pan, with liberal butter from the basket. The ladies spread the table-cloth on the grass, or on an improvised table of deal boards resting on poles and crotches, and the biscuits, sandwiches, butter, pickles, often a cold roast chicken, pies, cake, and coffee hot from the pot, are soon all ready, and we fall to on the fish and gravied vegetables with a zest which takes all the moral out of our remarks about that sanguinary pike. He ate a few fish in his day, no doubt, but then he ate them economically at least, for he ate head, tail, and all between. But here we sit, and then lie down and eat pike, perch, bass, bass, perch, pike, the choicest sides, skinned and boned, white as chicken breast, rolled in meal or not, as you choose, browned to a turn, hot from the frying-pan. A little more, and then, like *Oliver Twist*, "more." Then a pull at the vegetables, then at the sandwiches, then at the chicken; then a pickle to sharpen up with, and then, by way of variety, more pike! Coffee, canned peaches, a pie or two, a nibble at the cake, and to close up with, a little more pike! This is the glory of fishing. A fish to have his perfect flavor should flop from the hook into the frying-pan, turn himself with his

last flop, and be eaten immediately, on the nearest shore to where he grew. Then you have eaten fish. Well, we guess we have had some for dinner, well-earned, healthily cooked, gloriously relished. No fast day this. But please do n't mention what we said about that old fellow down in the boat. We are a little sensitive on that subject just now. So we'll roll off here in the shade—excuse us from rising—and go to sleep over the morning newspaper, while "skipper" dines and takes his rest and smokes—how many poor men smoke away part of their wages!—and then stows the kit back in the boat, ready for a new start.

After a good *siesta*, with digestion well under way, and by the time the fish are awake—for they, too, have a midday torpor—we are all snugly seated again, and rocking gently over the limpid waves. But now we are in a quieter mood than in the morning, and so we'll try "still fishing." We call at a fisherman's cabin on one of the islands, and buy for twenty-five cents a lot of live minnows which are caught in nets by the boys and kept in water for customers. Then we get out lighter tackle, reel-rods, lines, sinkers, floats for those who wish to use them, and row to where the currents meet around submerged rocks. Here we anchor and fish for bass and perch. We took a few on the trolls this morning, but that is not the best way to catch them. But here, on the right ground, the biting soon becomes lively, and the game comes in well. Several large black bass are taken. They are very game, and make stout fight. The smaller rock-bass are inconveniently plentiful, and the larger perch take the minnow as well as the bass. Here's a new customer, resembling a sunfish, but several times larger, very nearly circular in form, thick and chunky, of dark slate-colored back, and whiter below, with bright red appendages at the tips of his gill covers. Ah! he's an old boyhood acquaintance on Little Sodus Bay, the Long-eared sunfish, there called the "big sunfish," and here called the "moonfish," the *Pomotis appendix*; belongs, like the common sunfish, roach, or bream (*Pomotis vulgaris*), to the perch family, often weighs from one to three

pounds, and is an excellent pan-fish, only found in a few localities. Had the day been rainy an eel or two would most certainly have been added to our store. As for taking a muskallonge we have no such anticipations, though we shall see several during the season, and a fisherman tells us that he can put us on sure ground to get one almost any day. But I observe that they seldom do so.

And now we have our box full of fish, say fifty pounds' weight, and it is getting towards sunset. And so we take in lines, put out a trolling line for the lady to catch one more pike on the way home, and the gentleman mans the second pair of oars for a little exercise and to help the tired oarsmen on the long pull of several miles home. The lady contributes her part by singing a boat song, and with the steady pulsation of the rhythmic oars the sharp skiff cuts its way homeward. A couple more good fish are taken, and at sunset we are at the dock, where half a dozen other skiffs come in, some with more fish, some with less, but a fair day's catch; for all the boats out seldom aggregate less than two hundred pounds, often much more. A great crowd of friends throng around the

parties to view their fish; and this is the hour for the lucky skipper to make more engagements, often for two or three days in advance. Some of these men make several hundred dollars in a season. A sudden cheer from the crowd! There comes a boat flying a red flag! That means a muskallonge. There he lies, the king of the river, four feet long, beautiful as a trout, fierce even in death. He will weigh forty pounds. An "old salt" (should not one say "old fresh" here?) has fished all day for him, and counts himself well repaid. He is the hero of the camp for the day, perhaps for the rest of the Summer. Fly-fishing for bass has been neglected here for several years past, though formerly it was much in vogue. Dr. Bethune and his sportsmen friends of former years preferred this, and rightly, to any other form of fishing on the river; and there are some famous stories lingering here yet concerning their exploits with fly and reel-rod. Mr. Charles S. Brooks, of New York, a member of the Bethune Club, bass-fishing here, took five bass at a cast for three successive casts, and four at the fourth cast, making nineteen fine fish in four successive



REV. J. F. DAYAN'S TENT.

casts. My authority for the statement is that well known patron saint of the St. Lawrence River, after Bethune, "Parson" George Rockwell, who was for twenty-four years the first permanent pastor of Dr. Bethune's Mission "Church of the Thousand Isles," at Alexandria Bay.

Mr. Rockwell, by the way, has long been a noted character in this region. He has done the work of an apostle here, being the principal pastor and shepherd of the island and shore population hereabout for an extent of ten miles each way. In his own miniature steam yacht, himself both skipper and chaplain, he has cruised all about among these island cabins, preaching, holding social meetings, marrying the young, visiting the sick, and burying the dead, doing a work worthy of a long and grateful recollection. As a surveyor, too, he has mapped every rod of the river through all this archipelago, and his compass and chain ran out the beautiful winding avenues of Thousand Islands Park. A most genial and mellow man is he withal, with his long beard getting frosty with age, but the merry twinkle still in his eye, and his fondness for good fishing and a good story still proverbial. He has some stories to tell of other people, and like all good story-tellers, some good ones on himself. As I have cruised about with him, a happy guest, winding in and out through the intricate labyrinth of these verdant wilds, on the long sunny days, I felt that his healthy, sensible, manly heartiness was worth more than a steamboat load of starch, rapid official divinity in which the cloth and title is every thing, and original manhood next to nothing.

As to fly-fishing for bass, I have some fresh stories to tell, which have the advantage of being perfectly authentic. Mr. A. F. Migeon, of Wolcottville, Connecticut, a gentleman of wealth and culture, at present a member of the State Legislature, is a frequenter of the Thousand Islands. Dr. Cameron, a very reliable gentleman, an apothecary, of Gauanogue, just over there on the Canada shore, told this to Mr. Migeon, and Mr. Migeon told it to me. Dr. Cameron was bass fishing with a strong reel-rod and gang-fly tackle near the

upper end of this Wellesley island. Four heavy bass struck at once, and after a long conflict he captured them all and the four weighed twenty-one pounds.

Mr. Rockwell told me that about the most interesting haul of his life was in the same line. He had fished all day in various ways with only so-so luck. Toward sunset he was running down the Canada channel toward home when he came upon ground that promised well for bass. He took out his fly-rod with a long leader and four snells, and made one cast, near a bank. Instantly the bass struck every fly, and after a long contest he landed the whole four, the smallest weighing two pounds, the largest nearly four. That was enough to balance the books for the whole day. He was more than satisfied, and started for home at once without a second cast. He says he has never had a more exciting or agreeable half-hour's work in his life. He can feel that team pull yet. I have no doubt of it. The tenacity of peculiar sensational impressions in brain and nerve is a well-known physiological fact, of which all men have more or less consciousness. I have such a memory, on a smaller scale. A scientific, piscatorial, and theological friend from Oswego, and myself, resolved one day to try over again the old classical sport of fly-fishing for bass. The result was that in two hours, on ground constantly visited, at no time over half a mile from Thousand Islands Park dock, we took eighteen bass. We took two fish at a cast five times that morning, and, as Parson Rockwell said, I can feel them pull yet. Such fishing is far finer sport than trolling for pike, and the bass is a better fish, too, and far more game on the hook.

But we must now take a social pleasure trip among the islands, with one of the excursion parties that are going out almost daily on the steamers that ply here all Summer. Nothing of the kind is more charming. A company of thirty or more ladies and gentlemen often do this. Sometimes they are all select people, personally invited by some central authority. Clergymen, physicians, lawyers, professors, authors, editors, correspondents, public speakers, bankers,

merchants, and their ladies, young folk and children, people from various sections of the United States and Canada, who have been laboring together, perhaps, in some of the great gatherings here, and so have become personally acquainted, many of them being known by reputation before, now all go off together for a whole day's sail among these ever-ravishing islands, and for a basket lunch on board or on some green island, or a hotel dinner at the famous "Crossman," or the Bay House, at Alexandria Bay. The corporation is represented by President Haven,

pier than she in marble, who reigned over the muddy lagoons of the marshy delta of the river Po, at the head of the Adriatic. I am not enough of a Jenkins to care to enumerate and dwell upon the names and ownership and expense of these fairy castles of this enchanted realm. The only one I cared to visit was Bonniecastle, the Summer home of Dr. J. G. Holland, the gifted editor of *Scribner's Monthly*, the "Timothy Titcomb," whose numerous works, in prose and poetry have charmed and instructed so many. We had the happiness to call on Dr. Holland on

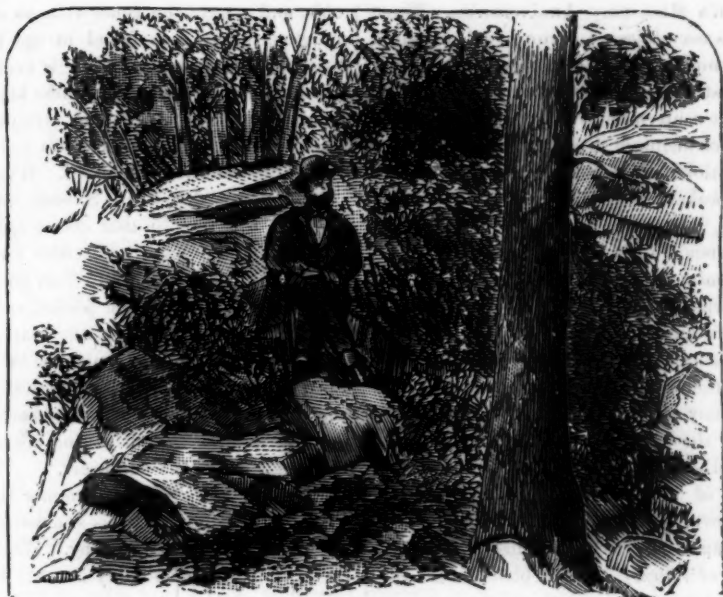


AMERICAN EAGLE.

its classic head, or by Mr. Dayan, its soul and life, or by some other officer, perhaps several. The upper deck is one of the liveliest social scenes in the world. A perfect fusillade of witty sallies, good stories, merry laughter, rapturous exclamations over the scenery, and much of the best and most profitable conversation with the best of heads and hearts. Ah what a day that makes! Several such have we enjoyed. The new cottage scenery of the islands is best seen in such a trip. A perfect Venice has grown up here in a few years past, a Venice in pine, indeed, but brighter, healthier, perhaps far hap-

pier than she in marble, who reigned over the muddy lagoons of the marshy delta of the river Po, at the head of the Adriatic. I am not enough of a Jenkins to care to enumerate and dwell upon the names and ownership and expense of these fairy castles of this enchanted realm. The only one I cared to visit was Bonniecastle, the Summer home of Dr. J. G. Holland, the gifted editor of *Scribner's Monthly*, the "Timothy Titcomb," whose numerous works, in prose and poetry have charmed and instructed so many. We had the happiness to call on Dr. Holland on

one of these trips, and to introduce to him our friends, and join in a ramble over his delightful promontory, and to share the antique and elegant hospitality of his "castle," built by the sales of the book, after which, with an intentional deviation of spelling it was named. It is a model Summer home, and the out-door improvements, including a wind-mill pump for irrigation, fine lawn, kitchen garden, fruit yard, arbors, dock, boat-houses, etc., make the place a very complete affair, and its connection with the main-land by bridge as well as boat, and its location within rifle-shot of Alexandria



AMONG ROCKS—SUMMIT OF SUNRISE.

Bay, make it a most desirable and valuable property. The talented doctor may be most heartily congratulated on this substantial and well-earned trophy of his pen. There are nearly one hundred of these islands now occupied with Summer cottages owned and occupied mostly by people of wealth and taste from various parts of the Northern States. "Fairy Land," owned by the Hayden brothers of Columbus, Ohio, is one of the most expensive of these establishments, and well deserves its name, as also might many others. The outlook, with a marine glass, over these fairy-palaced islands from the tower on the roof of the Thousand Islands House is one of the finest views on the river, and well repays the long climb to the top.

And now, having glanced at some of the more prominent characteristics of this wave-girt realm we must conclude by a notice of its nobler intellectual and religious advantages. Of these the principal center is Thousand Islands Park. Westminster Park, recently laid out on the north-east or downstream end of the same is not designed for great assemblies. It is rather intended for

Summer residence. It has a neat house of worship, appropriately named Bethune Chapel. Its religious leanings are mainly Presbyterian. It will, no doubt, soon be connected with Thousand Islands Park, at the upper end of the same island, by a fine boulevard, which, winding through fields and forests and among wild crags and glens, will make a most charming drive of some two or three miles. In fact, such a boulevard will no doubt soon encircle the entire island, which must ere long be incorporated into a separate township, as has recently been done at Ocean Grove and Asbury Park, on the Jersey shore. All this will, however, only enhance the value of Thousand Islands Park as an intellectual and religious center during the Summer. For several seasons past no less than five great gatherings have followed each other here in rapid succession. Of these the camp-meeting proper is, of course, the grand center piece. But this is parsleyed around with Sunday-school Parliaments, Temperance camp-meetings, Young Men's Christian Association International Gatherings, Scientific and Æsthetic Conferences, Normal Institutes of Educators and

Women's Missionary Anniversaries. These various assemblies are all run on well-prepared programmes, and are addressed by many of the most prominent divines and scholars of both the conterminous countries. One of the strong elements of interest here is the really international character of every thing done. The speakers not only represent the two nations, but the rank and file of the audience is made up from both, and many of the most eminent laymen and ladies of both, here form life-long friendships. The beautiful stars and stripes and the glorious cross of St. George here fly in friendly emulation from either end of the great dining hall, and from many a cottage and tent; and the subjects of the one government and the citizens of the other are all as brethren. The unseen banner of a higher than earthly powers waves over willing thousands of friendly hearts, and the humanizing and refining influence of literary culture blends with the charm of natural scenery and the gracious sweetness of true and unostentatious piety to weave a threefold spell of power around such a spot.

During the whole season no passenger or freight craft is permitted to land at the company's dock on Sunday. A conspicuous sign-board, and a vigilant watchman enforce this rule. The result of this fidelity to Christian principle is that passengers come by steamboat loads on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, and spend Sunday, often Monday also, on the ground in joyful and reverent worship, undisturbed by the sacrilegious uproar of Sabbath arrivals and departures. In consequence of this the Sabbath services are especially interesting and profit-

able, and many who come with no especial religious intent, are found in the inquiry meetings before the holy day is over. The preaching of the Gospel on these high days is always a great treat, and always represents the pulpits of both nations and generally of different denominations. It was after one of these delightful Sunday morning sermons, this time by that choice spirit and able Christian scholar and writer Dr. William H. Withrow, of Toronto, that the writer, with pocket Bible in one pocket and notebook in another, rambled to the near summit of the woody and rocky eminence known on the Park maps as "Sunrise Mountain," and there spent a sort of private Sabbath of his own, of a most delightful and memorable sort to his own mind and heart.

And so closed a peerless Summer Sabbath day, and so must close this summering gossip, already, we fear, too long. Where Father Le Moyne's missionary bateaux were

"The first that ever burst
Into that silent sea,"

a city of Summer health and joy has now sprung up, and a mission of Christian light and love, culture and grace, fairer and purer than that borne to the fierce Iroquois by Le Moyne, is now spreading its genial influences over a mighty population, that Le Moyne's raptest visions never dreamed of. Long may this asylum of health and cheerfulness and grace prosper. The brightest gem of this archipelago is Thousand Islands Park; with the gifted and cultured Haven as its head, and a host of noble men and noble women as his helpers, may this spot continue to prove that

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."



MY LAND OF BEULAH.

CHAPTER I.

BLACK-WINGED rooks sailing across the blue sky, and cawing lazily as they go; a wide expanse of fields, not level fields, but fields that are like small hills, extending and undulating far away to the left. Peeping up above the farthest one, the square tower of Bromley Church, a very jack-in-the-green of a tower, that the ivy has clasped and clung to, leaving nothing but the clock-face visible.

Sweetly ring out the chimes from that old church tower on a Sunday evening, and I have a childish fancy that my friends, the rooks, hush their cawing to listen.

You must please to understand that I, a small, very small child, am supposed to be standing in the wide, old-fashioned garden of Summerfield, and telling you of these things. The trees above me are so tall that in trying to watch therein the gymnastics of the rooks and their large and ever increasing families, I have more than once fallen ignominiously backwards on the soft green grass, and with an inward conviction that the impudent birds are laughing at me, had to scramble to my feet in no pleasant frame of mind.

Summerfield stands well back from the high-road, along which, in the days that my memory is now recalling, stage-coaches ran to and fro between London and our county town. The carriage-drive from the big white gates upon this road slopes gradually down to the dear old-fashioned, irregularly built house, that belongs to no particular style of architecture, but is full of delightful surprises in the way of unexpected gables and casemented windows coming upon you unawares just where it seems most unlikely that a window should be.

Bromley is the village, dominated by the church that I have already mentioned, and containing only one house of any pretensions at all, and that is the vicarage. The other tenements of the settlement are white-washed cottages, with great black bars cross-

ing them in every direction, and thatched roofs, whereon grow many lichens and a golden-green plant called house-leek, that—so I was informed—brought good luck to the inhabitants if it flourished, and boded evil if it withered away.

There is only one shop of any pretension in Bromley, and drawing upon the store of my personal recollections, I should say that steel pens and sweet stuff of various kinds, were the chief merchandise therein displayed; however, this seems improbable, therefore it may be that the nature of my own purchases flavors these reminiscences, and that Mr. Twinkler provided more substantial articles than those above named to the primitive inhabitants of Bromley village. Burglars can not be a production of the country neighborhood that I am trying to describe, for in Summer time the hall-door of the old manor-house stands wide open "from early morn to dewy eve," and one can see the red and white roses bobbing their heads in the breeze round the doorway, and now and again flinging a shower of scented petals ever so far across the hall.

This hall, like all the rooms at Summerfield, is low and broad. On either side the door is a high, narrow window, arched at the top and filled in with colored glass. The subject of the one on the right is the Prodigal's departure, that on the left that individual's return. In the first of these the hero of the story is setting out with a jaunty step and self-confident air generally, to riot in the pleasures of the world; in the second, he is coming droopingly home, while in the extreme corner stands the fatted calf, looking uncomfortably on at the preparations for his own decease. I remember wondering many times and oft why the Prodigal was depicted with a green face, and being so sorry for the solemn-faced calf, that I stood a tiptoe and tried to stroke it. Two huge carved chairs further ornament the hall, and between these is a low stand, whereon

stands the golden cage of a gray parrot, reputed to be a traveler of vast experience.

No sooner does any one enter the hall than Polly, with her head held knowingly on one side, questions them as to their intentions: "What do you want? what do you want?" And then taking it for granted that their intentions are evil, adds promptly, "Fie, for shame! fie, for shame! Oh, you naughty girl!" If opportunity offers she then proceeds to ruffle her gray poll against the bars of her cage, looking up sideways in a most knowing manner, and saying suggestively, "Is n't it nice? Oh, Polly, is n't it nice? Ha! ha! ha!" This means that she would be glad to have her head gently scratched; a process during which she lolls out her black tongue in lazy rapture, and whispers hoarsely to herself, "Is n't it nice? Oh, Polly, is n't it nice?"

I can look back as I write, and see myself a small mite of five years old, in a dress so short and stiff that it stood out pretty nearly at right angles all around me, and a sash so large that I must have looked like a butterfly whose wings were too big for it, standing by Polly's cage, and trying ever so hard to solve the mystery of a bird being endowed with the power of speech. Then I see the little figure tripping onwards, stopping at a doorway on the right, pushing the door gently open, glancing admiringly at the reflection of a child with big brown eyes, a mane of hair to match, tied back with a blue ribbon, and tiny feet with blue rosetted shoes, and so making its way into the wide bay-window, where sits a lady with drooping curls of mingled gray and black, bending over a work-frame.

"Is that you, Nellie?" says a kind, loving voice; while Polly outside, less affectionately inclined, calls out, "fie, for shame! fie, for shame! Oh, you naughty girl."

"I wonder who has left the door open?" says the worker at the frame; and with a penitent air I trot across the room and shut it close. Then I come back and climb up on to the seat that runs all round the window; not, however, until I have had a good stare at the sampler that is stretched tightly across the frame. It represents Elijah fed by the

ravens. There is a marvelous background of shrubs and trees, all being done in the finest tent stitch; and beside a stone (in shades of orange) lies the recumbent figure of the prophet. A flock of birds, each laden with what is generally known as a "two-penny pan-loaf," are gracefully approaching from the left hand corner of the canvas.

As I look upon this striking picture two ideas rise to the surface of my innocent mind.

"Dem do be my dee-ar rookses," pointing to the ravens. "Him have n't dot no node," pointing to the prophet. In fact Elijah has two prominent eyes of the deepest cobalt blue, and a red stitch or two by way of mouth, but of nose hath he none.

To the sensitive mind of the worker my last remark savors of irreverence, and a grave look upon her gentle face makes me so conscious of some fault that I am glad to creep away into the corner of the window-seat and leave the features of the good Elijah an open question.

It is Summer time. Could it have been always Summer at that old manor-house, or is it that in the record of my memory the Winter days have been forgotten, and only the happy sunshine of my child-life and the scented air coming in from the rambling pleasance, where all old-fashioned flowers grow and flourish exceedingly, have made a lasting impression? I can not tell. In each life is recorded the memory of some dear "Land of Beulah," where "they heard continually the singing of the birds, and saw every day the flowers appear on the earth," and where the air was "very sweet and pleasant;" and my Land of Beulah was, and ever has been, the many-gabled, rose-wreathed, ivy-clad home among the meadow-lands called "Summerfield."

But I have drifted sadly from the little figure crouched upon the window-seat, and the gray-haired woman with her sad, dark eyes fixed upon the tapestry that grows beneath her deft fingers. It is Summer time: and I—happy I scarce know why—am fain to draw a deep sigh of content, and sing a little song softly to myself as I look out upon the green upland lying in the glow of

the sunlight, and the myriad daisies starring the lawn whereon Flick, the hairy terrier, rolls in an ecstasy, crushing their white flower faces mercilessly. The wealth of roses, red, white, and creamy yellow, peeping at me as they cluster round the open window, the cawing of the rooks in the tall fir-trees, and the gurgle of the thrushes in the hawthorns, all add to my content. A plump robin, too, hops along the walk, and after glancing at me with his round, shining eyes, hides himself in a rose-bush, where his ruddy breast makes him look like a living rose among the green.

All these things give me a keen sense of happiness, child as I am, and added to them all are other secret and inner sources of delight. The Rev. Daniel Girdstone, Vicar of Bromley, and his sister, Miss Theodosia, are coming to drink tea at Summerfield this evening, and I am to share the festivities in the "best drawing-room." I have, in fact, donned my best sash and shoes in honor of the event; and I know that the steel-gray silk and large cameo brooch of my companion also mean company apparel and company manners. Mr. Girdstone is an old bachelor, with an old maiden sister of such grim and starched propriety of demeanor, that I constantly lose myself in speculations as to what effect the sudden overturning of the tea-pot on her best tabinet dress—ground invisible green, pattern apparently small orange-colored beetles at distances—would have? I also tremble when I notice that Polly is not awed by Miss Girdstone's martial carriage and deep bass voice, but salutes her with the disrespectful adjuration: "Oh, you naughty girl!" just as if she were any one else. When this happens I look to see some convulsion of nature take place; but Miss Girdstone only says, "Oh, what a rude bird!" and takes my hand in hers, to lead me away from possible contamination, I suppose.

Miss Girdstone's hand is not a comfortable hand to hold; it feels like a bundle of little sticks, and does not close on mine, but just lets itself be held. On one of these occasions, very much afraid, but still determined to put a bold face on matters, I looked

up at her, and said, the while my heart beat so fast I wondered it did not unfasten my sash: "Why does your hand be so nassy, Miss 'Dosh?"

In thinking over this occurrence subsequently in the light vouchsafed by added years and experience, I have come to the conclusion that Miss Theodosia considered it the part of true dignity to ignore my unlucky remark altogether. At all events, I can not remember that she took any notice of it, beyond putting on a stony stare, that half frightened me out of my young wits, and ever afterwards caused me to connect the idea of the vicar's sister with a certain milliner's block in a little room upstairs—a hideous thing with vacant countenance and hairless scalp, used, as I afterwards discovered, for making up caps upon.

Again I am guilty of a divergence from the thread of my story; but it is a needful one, since it will explain the fact that sitting in the window-seat among the roses, in all the glory of my best sash and shoes, and happy in the glory of the Summer-day outside, my joy held a dash of awe, as one who, having greatness thrust upon her, knew the consequences.

Still this cloud of dread, Miss Girdstone's grimness, and the trial of having to touch—perhaps hold in mine, who knows?—those wooden fingers, was one "with a silver lining," if so poetical an idea may be fitly used to indicate the conviction, founded on the evidence of my olfactory sense, that Sarah, the buxom cook of the establishment, had been baking cakes all day, and that the savory results of her labor would presently appear on the round table that stood in the corresponding bay-window to the one in which I sat and meditated upon these things.

Of the vicar himself I had no fear; indeed, he and I were great friends. He was a little man, with a shining bald head, encircled by a fringe of grizzled curly locks. He had a way of putting this head on one side, and trying to look knowing when he said any thing funny, that set me wondering whether, if I watched it, he would say, like Polly: "Is n't it nice? is n't it nice?" I think I knew that these thoughts savored of

irreverence, and would have been considered shocking by every well-regulated person, for I kept them to myself; as, indeed, I did many strange and weird imaginings that, I know now, were eerie guests for the chamber of a young child's heart.

Somehow, I know not how, it was borne in upon me in these days, that Mr. Girdstone enjoyed himself more thoroughly and unreservedly at our tea-table on the occasions when Miss Theodosia was "laid by," as she called it, with "her rheumatics." She always laid a personal claim to these mysterious ailments, and appeared to put on a certain air of distinction in doing so; once telling me that "they" had been in the Girdstone family for centuries.

Be this as it may, I was well assured that the kindly vicar told his old jokes, and repeated his old puns with a keener zest when his sister was absent from our weekly tea-drinkings, and I am ashamed to say that in my own mind I accused him of some hypocrisy in saying, as he greeted us: "Theodosia is mending nicely, I am glad to say."

Well, where was I?

Sitting in the window-seat in my best sash and shoes, watching the rooks sailing across the sky, and Flick rolling upon the daisies.

My companion is very silent. She has looked sadly all day. I know quite well that she often looks like that when she gets a letter from a country that is a long way off—the country Polly came from, Sarah says. Those letters cost a great deal of money, and things more precious than money, too, I know, for I have seen the tears roll down the face that is shaded by the gray ringlets, and fall upon the closely written paper. More than this, I once came creeping in, and found her weeping—oh, how bitterly!—with her face hidden in her hands. The vicar was standing by her, speaking in that soft low voice of his, that is such a contrast to his sister's. When he saw me, he just lifted me in his arms, and carried me away—out into the sunshine in the garden. "See, Nellie, dear," he said; "gather the daisies, and make me a chain to take to a poor sick child over in the village—a little child that can not play about like

you." Now, looking furtively at the sad face bending over the work-frame, I call to mind that day. "Why," I think, "do the big, naughty letters come from the place where Polly used to live, and make Miss Mary sad and sorry, I should like to know?"

But, outside, a new claimant for my thoughts now appears; a big burly bee bungling about among the roses, and buzz, buzz, buzzing, as he creeps into their open chalices, and drinks the nectar therein stored.

He is a beautiful fellow—barred gold and black—and the fancy takes me to prison him in one of the half-blown roses.

Quick of hand as of thought, I grasp rose and bee and all; and then, with a sharp cry of pain, draw back my hand, spring from my seat in the window, and fling myself, sobbing loudly, into the arms of my companion. At the first sound of my distress she has pushed back her frame, and now she cuddles me up against her breast, and tenderly touching the wounded hand that I thrust upon her notice, tries the old receipt of "kissing the place to make it well."

But my hurt is beyond kissing.

Not only has a cruel thorn torn my finger, but the insulted bee has stung my little pink palm, the pain of the wound increasing every moment, in a ratio with which the loudness of my lamentation keeps pace.

"My pet, my dearie!" croons the pitying voice in my ear. "Oh, the poor wee handie!" Then, as a figure, also in gray silk and a cameo brooch, is seen sauntering along the garden-path, she bears me in her arms to the open window, and calls: "Sister Jane! Sister Jane! come to the child, a bee has stung her!"

What a fuss they make over me. How many cures they try to stay the burning of my wound!

As the smart moderates I yield myself up to the soft delight of being looked upon as an interesting sufferer.

I find the position delightful, and screw my little mouth up and cry, "Oh, oh!" thus drawing new drafts upon that exhaustless bank, the sympathy and tenderness of the two spectators. I do more than this, for,

with the ingenuity of my sex, I take advantage of my position as an invalid, and sitting on Miss Mary's knee, overshadowed by the drooping ringlets that are bent above me, I take heart of grace, and pointing with my uninjured hand to the sketchy prophet, reiterate the irreverent comment made before:

"Him dot no node."

I look up in the face of my comforter with unabashed eyes. She can't scold me when the naughty bee has stung me so cruelly, and I am still now and then shaken by a sob.

She does n't. She only silences my presuming lips with a kiss, while Sister Jane, standing by, actually smiles at my naughty ways.

Oh, dear and gentle friends, I look back now across the vista of the years, and know that all your love and all your tender care given to a little motherless child is written in the Book of God, there entered by the Recording Angel with a smile upon his radiant face. For know, my reader, that Summerfield is no ancestral home of mine, but only my school, while Sister Mary and Sister Jane are only my school-mistresses. My lines had fallen to me in truth in pleasant places in that dear Land of Beulah, whither, in the weary days to come, my eyes looked back with tender love and longing.

Before the expected visitors arrive, I have fallen asleep upon Miss Mary's lap, and soon upon my drowsy ear falls the unwelcome sound of a voice I know to be Miss Theodosia's:

"How you two do spoil that child!"

And then another voice—the voice that once bade me make the daisy chain for the sick child—replies:

"Tut, tut, tut! spoiling's good for little girls, is n't it, Miss Jane?"

CHAPTER II.

THERE is great sadness about the idea of a child that is motherless; but to me, Eleanor Maud Vansitart, otherwise called Nellie, this was not so. We can not mourn over the loss of what we have never known, and as my mother gave her life for mine, I had no indistinct memories, like broken, fitful shadows

in a pool, to look upon with yearning eyes. To me the word "mother" was a blank; and the clearest association in my mind with Hazledene, my father's place near the Cumberland coast, was of the big mastiff, Roland, with his drooping jowl, who, ever so much taller than myself, represented to me a whole tribe of elephants, and more than once haunted my baby dreams as a sort of avenging and pursuing monster.

Inconsolable at the loss of his young wife, my father for a time had seemed to forget—or rather, perhaps, shrank from remembering—the fact of my existence. But time, that soothes all sorrows, even against the will of the sufferer, soothed his, and he began to take a fond delight in his baby girl. Being wise as well as fond, he did not, when my mind began to open to those first impressions on which so much of the future character depends, leave me to the companionship of servants; but hearing of Summerfield, a school kept by three maiden sisters, the daughters of a clergyman, made due inquiries, visited the quaint old manor-house himself, and then confided his treasure to the keeping of "the Misses Sylvester," as their school prospectus had it.

I have said that, like the Graces, they were three—Miss Maria, Miss Mary, Miss Jane.

The first of these—why, I know not—was never called Miss Sylvester; but always "Miss Maria." She was stout and florid, with a hearty, bustling way of managing things in general, and a basket made of bonnet straw, and shaped like a boat, without which, never in the memory of man, had she been seen, save and except in Church, at which times the basket, keys, and all, was imprisoned in a certain cupboard. Miss Maria looked after the housekeeping, kept the accounts, took the arithmetic class, and superintended "the deportment" of the young ladies; beyond these matters her duties did not extend.

I must not, however, forget to say that, as a rule, she received any visitors who chanced to arrive at Summerfield, and was reported by our elder girls to have what they called "a fine manner." After having heard this

comment I watched her closely and gravely, as is the manner of a child, but never discovered any thing particularly "fine" about her, save and except a hearty, genial way of making people welcome, which I have since learned to be the very "best" manner in the world.

I have already hinted that in my beautiful Land of Beulah dwelt that ghastly inmate of a household, a family skeleton; and it has always seemed to me that at such times as he rattled his bones, and stalked abroad along the low, broad galleries, haunting the dreams of those three sisters, the only shield they had against their terror of him was that close, indissoluble bond of love between them, that made the smallest sorrow of one the sorrow of all. Miss Maria wore spectacles, and had a bunch of little, stiff, round, snow-white curls on either temple. The spectacles had rims of gold, and I noticed that the eyes they covered had many times and oft red rims, too, on the days when the letter that cost so much postage came from the land that was honored by being Polly's birthplace. Indeed, that astute bird herself had some connecting link with the family skeleton, for I once heard Miss Jane say, with the tears stealing down her face, "But then, remember, sister Mary, he has good impulses, for he sent Polly to us, you know."

"Who has good impulses sometimes? Who sent Miss Polly over the sea in a boat, I should like to know?" thought I to myself that day, as I gathered golden cowslips, and made them into balls that never would be round, but persisted in having nasty, square, uneven sides, as if they were badly made boxes.

At that time I had been nearly two years at Summerfield, and considered myself quite an "old girl," so many new pupils had arrived since my first appearance.

When first papa brought me to my new home among the Cheshire hills I was a perfect mite of a thing. I was so small, that my dear instructresses had a board made to fit on to the side of my little bed, so that I might not fall out upon the floor with a crash in the night. I could not very well

have managed to fall out on the other side of my bed, since it stood alongside Miss Mary's; indeed, sometimes, beset with those childish fears that come and go in the misty realms of sleep, I used to crawl across into her bed, and fall asleep encircled by her arm. It was delightful to wake up in the morning, and investigate the mysteries of the little three-cornered paper cases in which she was wont to prison each one of the gray ringlets, and pin it there with a hair-pin.

Miss Theodosia might well say those dear ladies "spoil me sadly."

I was at times imbued with the very spirit of mischief; as on the never-to-be-forgotten occasion upon which, awaking one Summer morning with the earliest little birds that began to twitter under my window, I stole out of my cot into the long dormitory into which Miss Mary's room opened, and, standing in its midst, with my white night-gown gathered up in one hand lest its length should trip me up, shouted at the top of my clear, ringing voice:

"Det up, zoo naughty durls!" thus disturbing the repose of twelve young damsels, none the best pleased to be roused from their slumbers at four A. M. by a mite, who, to quote the elegant Miss Amelia Staveley's own words, "ought to have been well whipped."

Perhaps the said mite ought to have received that chastisement; all I can say is, I know she didn't, but was instead gravely reasoned with upon her sin to such an extent by Miss Mary and Miss Jane, in one combined burst of eloquence, that she shed bitter tears upon her pinafore, and had an uncomfortable feeling that Polly knew all about it, and cried out more jeeringly than usual as she went slinking through the hall: "Fie, for shame! fie, for shame! Oh, you naughty girl."

During the first three years of my sojourn at Summerfield, my father, Sir Charles Vansittart, of Hazledene, lived abroad. When I say lived, I mean wandered; for he never settled down anywhere for long together, and his yacht, the *Ladybird*, carried him from this fair land to that, in search of peace and forgetfulness. Meanwhile an old family

servant, Terence Mahaffy by name, reigned supreme at Hazledene, and doubtless Roland guarded well the gate of his absent lord. That was the one thing connected with my home that I used to dream about—the deep, mellow baying of the old hound, as Terence carried me into the yard to look at him, chained beside the big kennel, and looking so wistfully at us both, as much as to say: “Do let me loose, and give me a run all about the place.” Roland had belonged to my father from the day he was a blundering, staggering pup, with soft feet many sizes too big for him, and a marvelous attachment existed between the two. When the hound lay with his big head resting on his outstretched paws, and his golden-brown eyes fixed upon the gateway, Terence would say: “It’s watching for the master, he is—is Roland.”

I could remember this, and the sudden bound of the loving creature, as papa’s step was heard—the sharp, peculiar bark of rapture that was quite different from Roland’s voice at other times.

Was it any wonder that any one or any thing should love papa?

Why, when he came back after his long wandering, and standing in the hall at Summerfield—with Polly looking on critically all the time—caught me in his strong arms and held me close, when he cried out, “Is this my little girl?” how glad I was; how my little heart swelled within me to think that I could answer “Yes;” to think that of all the little girls in all the wide, wide world, I, Nellie Vansitart, was his—his very own? Oh, the rapture of that golden day when first he came to see me, and I led him—he so big and tall, and I so small beside him—into the long, low drawing-room, where the very roses at the window seemed blooming to do him honor.

He sat in the seat that I loved, because there you could smell the sweet breath of the flowers; he looked at me with such dear, loving eyes; he bent and touched my long locks, drawing them through his fingers, and, a sudden shyness coming over me, I was constrained to throw my hands about Miss Mary’s neck, and hide my face upon her

kindly breast! Oh, happy, golden day! Well might the sun shine; well might the birds sing. I could not walk staidly at papa’s side. I held his hand, and danced along. And then how droll it was, after we had passed through the corn-fields, where the grass stood tall and green on either hand, rustling softly in the gentle Summer wind, to escort him to Mr. Twinkler’s shop, and watch the embarrassment of that good man as he did up a packet of sweets for me. He answered papa’s courteous remark upon the fineness of the season with a “Quite so, my lord,” that made me run out of the shop to have my laugh outside, where papa found me sitting among the buttercups that were making the banks golden. I got up as he approached, spread out my dress, and made him a reverence like the one that Monsieur José, our dancing-master, had taught me, crying, gleefully, “I hope I see my lord well!”

I was glad that day to see my school-fellows, of whom there were five-and-twenty, peeping through the school-room windows at papa; and held myself more erect, giving a proud look up at the tall figure beside me. Miss Staveley’s papa had been to see her only the week before, and he was short and squat, and chuckled to himself after every sentence. He called us the “lassies,” too, which I did not think at all genteel, though he was a barrister; indeed, I confided to my companion in our walk next day in that he must look very ugly in his wig, with which criticism she agreed as fluently as our halting school-girl French permitted.

After this visit from my father I was in a very effusive state of mind, and treated all the girls of my own class to sweets and a new steel pen each: pens, be it known, of rare and curious construction, the which, as I have never seen any like them since, must have been a patent of Mr. Twinkler’s own.

“Beg pardon, Miss; I trust his lordship is in good health,” said that worthy, on the occasion of this reckless and wholesale expenditure on my part; and I think I liked the other girls to hear this remark of Mr. Twinkler’s, and was a little condescending in my manner during our walk home. Pride,

they say, must have a fall, and on this occasion mine met with such disaster as no tumble of less magnitude than complete heels-over-head can typify; for we met Miss Theodosia in one of her most unpromising and acrid humors. This good woman was in the habit of visiting with ceaseless energy the poor of her brother's parish, and investing the unhappy little bodies of the children thereof in flannel garments of so harsh and raspy a nature, that their tender skins were frayed, and their young lives rendered miserable thereby. It was said that on one occasion she made with her own fair hands, for a girl who promised to be the village beauty some day, a bonnet of such awful proportions and general outline that that young damsel wept copiously from "Dearly beloved brethren" to the conclusion of the second lesson, when, her grief becoming uncontrollable, she was led forth sobbing by Mr. Tapper, the sexton, and set upon a nice, cold tombstone to "bring her to."

Indeed, Miss Theodosia hated any thing like personal adornment, and had waged such a life-war against beauty of every kind, that it was a wonder she let the flowers grow in the vicarage garden, and did n't have the robins shot for wearing red waistcoats.

Seeing us—six of us—chattering and laughing, and making as much noise as a flock of starlings, coming toward her, I suppose that all her nature rose in protest against our light-heartedness. The path through the fields was narrow, and we could only walk two abreast; I, as the heroine of the hour, being one of the first couple.

I am inclined to think that there was always something peculiarly aggravating to Miss Theodosia in my appearance, and peculiarly antipathetic to her ideas of the training suitable to youth in the way in which the gentle sisters, Jane and Mary, spoilt me. Now, as I noted the extra rigidity of her always upright figure, and the stony stare of her colorless eyes, despair claimed me for its own.

"Out walking by yourselves, young ladies, eh?" she said, standing there right in our

way, and looking, in her hideous tea-green dress and granny bonnet, like a blot upon the beauty of the fair Summer day.

"We're allowed to walk by ourselves through the fields any time out of school," said I, feeling by the sudden grip of my companion's hand on mine that she was rendered incapable by cowardice of holding parley with the enemy.

"Umph! I should n't let you go out alone if I had the management of you," said Miss Theodosia.

The body of the force following in my wake now huddled one against the other, listening eagerly to what was going on; and glancing back, I felt that the credit of the Vansitarts was at stake.

"But, you see, you have n't the care of us," said I, showing a bold front to the enemy, though I could feel my heart beating to my finger ends for all that.

"You are a very rude little girl," said Miss Theodosia, getting as unwholesomely green in the face as the shade of her bonnet-ribbons; "and a very untidy one too," she added. "If you were my little girl I should have all this cut off, and done up in a crop.

"This," was my brown mane, that Miss Mary had never yet had the heart to turn up high with a comb, or prison in a net, after the hideous fashion of that day; and oh, horror! the bony fingers of the vicar's sister clutched a bunch of the locks that papa's dear hand had touched so lovingly only a day ago.

"But I'm not your little girl," I cried, struggling against the loathing of her touch that possessed my soul; "you have n't got any little girl, not one; if you had she would n't love you—not a bit," I added, with that air of entire conviction that is beyond words exasperating to the subject of it.

Indignation held Miss Theodosia silent from sheer breathlessness, while with me fear began to take the place of courage; and yielding to the impulse of flight I sped by her like a lapwing, the upper class of the lower division of Summerfield Academy for young ladies following in much haste and dire disorder.

In all my life at school I had never yet had a concealment from Miss Mary. Even when in days that now seemed long ago, I plucked some little tempting bright, green balls from the fruit trees on the kitchen-garden wall, and was straightway overwhelmed by a sense of my wrong-doing, my first impulse was to seek out that dear instructress, and lay upon her lap a little guilty hand, upon whose open palm lay the unlawful spoil. Now conscience warned me that I had broken the laws of courtesy—that I had been less than a gentle-woman—that good old-fashioned title that meant so much, and that all our training at Summerfield strove to make us worthy of. Well, it was all told before I had been home an hour, and if the secret sympathies of the mother confessor were inclined to side with the penitent, that fact—of which I was furtively and tenderly conscious—was allowed to avail me nought as to the reckoning to be paid.

Which heart I wonder was the heavier, Miss Mary's or mine, as hand in hand we went upon our way toward the vicarage, with its many gables, and its marvelous old yew-tree, pruned into the semblance of an arch above the gateway?

Whose eyes were most prone to grow misty with tears, hers or mine, I wonder, as the moment of my self-abasement drew nigh?

I almost fancy as I write that I can hear her sweet, low voice, trembling a little, yet—as I know—full of resolve that I shall do what is the only right thing, as she leads me to Miss Theodosia's side, and says:

"I have brought a little girl to tell you how sorry she is for her rude words yesterday."

The pride of the Vansitarts was not in a very flourishing condition, as I stood there blushing up to the parting of the hair Miss Theodosia so highly disapproved of, and down to my chin that shook with nervousness; but the clasp of the hand that held mine gave me courage. I looked the offended dame in the face, and spoke out clearly enough as I owned myself wrong.

How well I remember it all; and the good vicar coming in, seeing me in tears—for when the ordeal was over I melted into

limp distress—saying, as he patted my little hot hand:

"Tut, tut, tut! what's all this, eh?"

Papa came to see me many times after that, and the "golden days" in my life came round in happy succession. I hardly thought then, dearly as I loved him, how their memory would shine one day with a new and exquisitely tender light—the light that shines for all of us on the things that we have "loved and lost;" but I was very happy, and grew tall and stately with the passing of the years.

At last I was considered old enough to go home to Hazeldene for the Summer holidays, and when I got there, found that Roland was not by any means so big as he had seemed to be in the days when Terence carried me into the yard to look at him.

CHAPTER III.

AMONG many other precious relics of the mother who gave her life for mine were some paintings of exquisite finish and design—one, a landscape, with the reflected light of the hidden sun catching the edges of the hay-ricks in a farm-yard, and glancing on the figure of the goodman coming home to the low-roofed, rose-wreathed cottage where his wife and child were keeping watch at the open window; another, the sea sparkling beyond the hills, and a tiny craft, black and silver in the moonlight. These, and such like kindred subjects, had once warmed into appreciative love the sensitive nature of Alice Vansitart, my unknown, unseen mother.

Not only these, for traced and colored upon ivory, I had here a frond of fern crossed by a solitary heather-bell, there an Autumn-tinted leaf, with ruddy berries, round and ripe; both flowers and leaves so skillfully drawn that they almost looked as though some careless hand had dropped and left them lying where they fell.

They were to me the records of a beautiful mind—links between the dead mother and the living child; for had I not inherited that passionate love of nature and of the beautiful that those dear records told of?

During the first days of my happy life at Summerfield, I discovered in the hedge that bordered our vast old rambling garden a gap—a most delicious gap—just wide enough to let my little body creep through, carefully guarding against thorns in the process.

This gap of mine led into a wood; a wood so lovely in its miniature hills and dales, its tiny, trickling, tinkling brook, that sped along its shallow bed as blithely as though it were laughing at the flowers upon its banks in rippling merriment that I thought it quite a fairy-land.

There was such moss, too, in that wood—moss like spears, moss like cups, moss like miniature-trees. For the spears, green and rose-tipped, my fancy called into existence a fairy army; for the cups, white-chaliced and green-stemmed, a host of fairy revelers. Great fungi, too, grew here and there, and these I thought must surely be the fairies' tents, under which they held nightly merry-makings, when I was fast asleep in my cot beside Miss Mary's bed.

How I loved my wood, with all its wild, uncultured loveliness! Now, looking back, I know that the joy that filled my heart as I looked upon these things was a heritage—part of that awful and mysterious sympathy that exists between the mother and the child, for good as for evil. Not only to love what was beautiful, but to love it blindly and passionately, was then a part of my nature; and here I use the word "beauty" as applying to moral as well as to physical perfection. I loved with devotion Miss Mary's placid gentleness. I saw and recognized, with marvelous intuition for so young a child, the tenderness of the three sisters for each other—the common sorrow, borne as a common burden. I was, in a word, like that unknown person who sent Polly to Summerfield, full of impulses—some good, as witness my devotion to the friends who made my motherless childhood full of sunshine; some evil, as witness my outbreak of passion to Miss Theodosia in the barley-field.

"That child has a terrible nature," I once overheard Miss Mary say to Miss Jane; "she will be prone to idolatry all her days."

I had been talking to her about papa—

about all I meant to be and to do for him when I should go to live always at Hazledene, and had worked myself up into a state of trembling excitement.

Soon after this, Mr. Staveley, the old gentleman whom I had laughed at and felt sure would look amusingly ugly in his barrister's wig, died suddenly. He was pleading a cause, when all at once he threw up his arms and fell back dead. His daughter was sent for that night, and it fell to Miss Mary's lot to break her sorrow to her. I saw the poor girl come out from this interview, her eyes swollen with weeping, her face pale and tear-stained. She went away, and, together with the blow that had befallen her, was soon forgotten by those who had been her companions. Not, however, by me; I went into my wood—the gap was a stile now, and there was no need to creep through it—and sat by the murmuring stream, thinking, pitying, sobbing to myself. It was not exactly Louisa Staveley that I was pitying thus, but rather myself, as a supposed mourner. "Whatever should I do if my papa were to die?" That thought was the root of all my sadness. I knew that mothers died, for had not mine? But hitherto I had hardly realized that fathers too were mortal.

"I should not be able to bear to see the flowers or listen to the birds. I should lie down somewhere on my face where no one but God could find me."

And then with a rush of consolation, intense enough to hold an element of pain, the thought of papa's grand stature, hearty ringing voice, and perfect health, came across me, and I felt so glad, oh, so infinitely glad, that such a sorrow as Louisa Staveley's was safe not to come near me.

I had now reached the age of thirteen years, and could lay claim to something like culture. My appetite for reading was insatiable; my love of music a passion. Miss Jane, herself a fine performer on the piano and harp, did not disdain to play duets and concerted music with me. The occasion of our annual examination-day and its attendant festivities was a triumph for me; the sweetness of which not even Miss Theo-

dosia's sour visage, watching me from her place of honor beside our principal, could blight.

One source of satisfaction may have soothed her somewhat, for my long locks were no longer flowing about my shoulders as of yore, but decorously twisted into a coronal, that is, as decorously as their curly nature would permit.

And now I come to an eventful period in my life, for a new influence, and one that was destined to be a fateful one for me, crossed my path.

Eulalie Le Breton came to Summerfield, and that love of the beautiful, that worship of perfection in any form, of which I have already spoken as being a salient characteristic of mine, led me to fling my heart into her lap, as it were, and to rejoice greatly in all the close companionship of a school friendship.

Hitherto, beyond my dear Miss Mary, I had had no chosen friend. Now I walked with Eulalie, talked with Eulalie, nay, dreamt of Eulalie.

Such girl-loves are but the shadows of coming loves still deeper and more absorbing; the outcome of the awakening romance of the awakening woman in the child's nature; but they are oftentimes leal and true, and full of the holiest lesson love in any form can teach, namely, the lesson of self-forgetfulness, training the mind to think of and for another, and molding the character that will one day find its highest development in wifehood, and the still more selfless love of the mother.

In these days few tasks would have seemed to me too hard to be undertaken for love of my school friend. I was more vain of her beauty than of any personal gifts of my own. For any one to admire her was a passport to my good-will; the hand that could have striven to injure her would have seemed my bitterest enemy. There even seemed a sort of shame to me in the thought that I was rich while she was poor; that I was a wealthy baronet's daughter, while she must one day face the world single-handed, and earn her bread before she ate it.

Have I not well said then, that in such

attachments lies the very shadow of love in its fullest and deepest sense?

Eulalie was four years my senior, and had come to Summerfield partly as a pupil, partly as a teacher. She had had great sorrow, and known great reverses, my dear Miss Mary told me, with a tearful mist in her own dark eyes. These sorrows naturally enlisted my sympathies for the new pupil-teacher even before I looked upon that lovely face, of which, through all the years of my life, I have never yet seen the equal.

The first time I saw her she was sitting at the end of the long, low school-room by the window, through which came the level golden rays of a Summer's evening; a child stood at her knee, who, by her aid, was stumbling through that first step to learning—the alphabet.

Small and finely cut as some rare cameo, Eulalie's face had that appealing grace of expression that draws out the sympathies of the beholder in one look, a glance doing the work of years. Her eyes, dark and deeply fringed, were soft with a pathetic sadness; the close rolls of her ebony hair twisted into a classic knot low on her neck, the chiseled mouth, the finely penciled brows, all combined to form a perfect picture of the highest and most refined order of beauty; and when she spoke her voice was in keeping with the rest, soft and low. My own stature bade fair to be equal to the average height of woman, but Eulalie towered above me as the pine above the hawthorn in the garden. She was slight in figure, and her hands were a marvel—so were mine; but mine were a marvel of redness and roughness rather than of beauty. Eulalie's were exquisitely white, and each slender finger tapered to a tiny oval nail, rose-tinted.

"Oh, Miss Mary, how beautiful she is!" I said that night, still true to the old habit of telling every thought of my heart to that good friend.

"Yes, poor child!" said Miss Mary with a sigh, and said no more.

"Was it a sad thing, then, to be beautiful?" I wondered, as I lay awake and heard the swallows who lived beneath our wide eaves, disturbed by troubled dreams, twit-

tering in their sleep. "How could it be a sad thing?"

At all events, in Eulalie's case, people seemed to think so; for, replying to some comment on the girl's exceeding beauty, I heard Miss Mary say: "It would be better for her if it were not so. Life is an easy enough thing for some women; indeed, it would be hard for them to step aside; but to others life is difficult, and of these, I fear, Eulalie will be one."

Later on I learnt that, through a train of sad misfortunes and still sadder sins, my school friend's father had made shipwreck of the chances fortune had given him. From one step of degradation to another had been an easy descent, and at last he had perished miserably by his own hand. Her mother, weak in health at all times, succumbed under this heavy load of trial; and thus my pretty Eulalie was left strangely alone in the world. Ever ready to help and comfort those in adversity, those three dear sisters, the joint mistresses of Summerfield, offered her the advantages of studying under their roof, in lieu of what aid she could give with the little ones of the household. More than this, between them they supplied her with sundry luxuries, in the way of dress, that her slender purse could ill have afforded.

"We are glad to be able to help the dear child," I heard Miss Jane say to the vicar; "for her mother was once kind to poor, dear Charley."

The vicar only screwed up his mouth, and said, looking so like Polly, with his head held all on one side, "Just so," by way of reply. And I remember that I thought he might have been more expansive with advantage.

My letters home at this period of my life were like some song with an ever-recurring refrain of "Eulalie, Eulalie, Eulalie!"

When my birthday came around, papa sent me a dear little cross of massed turquoises, upon a gold chain of the finest workmanship.

"My cross is lovely," I wrote; "I send you a thousand kisses for it; but I should like it better if Eulalie had one too."

A day or two later the Misses Sylvester had a small and select tea-drinking, and there, to my unspeakable delight, was Eulalie, her slender throat encircled by a cross and chain so like my own, they could not be distinguished the one from the other when laid side by side.

Miss Theodosia, appareled in a costume of scant proportions and mortified tint, gave a sort of snort through her long nose as she saw our dual ornaments.

"I believe, if she tried, she could trumpet through that nose of hers like the elephants do through their trunks," said I to my friend, as I stood, flushed and indignant, in the dormitory afterward.

Eulalie sat on the edge of her bed in her pure, white dress, looking, I thought, like a saint. She was not angry with Miss Theodosia in my hot, indignant, outspoken fashion; she only smiled as her pretty hand toyed with my gift, and, raising two soft, sweet eyes to mine, she brought calm common sense to bear upon my unseemly warmth.

"What does it matter what she does, Nell, so long as she can't take our crosses and chains from us?"

Her placid gentleness so reproved me, that, mentally, I prostrated myself anew before her little slippered feet, and felt as though one of them might well be set upon my neck.

"How will she ever get through the world, poor, sweet, gentle Eulalie?" I thought, as I unclasped my chain, kissed the cross for the giver's sake, and laid it in its velvet bed.

But in time to come I learned that there are other ways of opening that oyster, the world, than by main force; and that, by virtue of her very gentleness, Eulalie could mold others to her will far more certainly than I, with my headlong impulses and ready tongue.

PSALMANAZAR: IMPOSTOR AND SAINT.

IN the year 1702 a young man appeared in London calling himself a native of Formosa, and professing to be a convert to Christianity, at the same time subsisting upon a diet composed of raw meat, roots, and herbs. Having been introduced by a Continental chaplain, he soon found his way into learned and aristocratic circles. Though unable to speak English, he conversed fluently in Latin and French, and while evidently not more than twenty years old, he exhibited so much knowledge that he astonished the listener, whether he took for his theme the English establishment, the remote Island of Formosa, or the vexed subject of predestination. His fair European complexion, however, was an anomaly; but this he explained by the statement that those of his countrymen who lived at home, or in sheltered apartments under ground, escaped altogether from the effects of the sun, which shone vertically down the chimneys.

There were those who refused to accept his stories, but who, nevertheless, were unable to refer him to any particular European nationality. Besides, his claims were fortified by an apparently correct life, or at least one that was superior to the times, his virtue yielding to no solicitation. In fact, a certain unworldliness seemed to pervade the thought of this remarkable young man, who appeared to care nothing for wealth or preferment, though he represented that his father was a Formosan of high rank. Kind and charitable in his conversation, he seemed desirous of nothing more than a bare support. Still, in addition to many friends he found an abundance of enemies, the Roman Catholic portion of whom declared that he was an impostor in the pay of the English Protestants, while the Protestants declared that he was a Jesuit from Rome. On the Continent the Dutch took sides with the men of the Vatican, and maintained that he had been hired to explode their views of predestination and serve as a secret tool of the non-jurors.

When his knowledge of the Formosan language was questioned, Dr. Innis, who had brought Psalmanazar from the Continent, persuaded him to translate the Church Catechism into his "native tongue." When the work was finished the critics were astonished by finding, as they believed, a perfectly grammatical composition, though they pronounced that, both with respect to words and idioms, it bore no relation to any language that they knew.

Finally, the booksellers saw that there was money to be made, and Psalmanazar was urged to write a work upon Formosa, an island then very imperfectly known through the history of *Candidus*. At once, and without any other help than a work on Japan, by Varenus, our young author undertook the task, and in the course of two months turned out "An Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa, an Island subject to the Emperor of Japan," together with an account of the religion, customs, and manners of the inhabitants. This work was first composed in Latin, and then translated into English, appearing with illustrations in 1703. In this production he satisfied the curiosity of those who desired to know how and why he left his native land. They were informed that he fled secretly with his tutor, a Jesuit disguised as a Japanese, who won his confidence, excited his imagination with tales of Christian lands, and brought him to Avignon, in France, seeking to reconcile him to the religion of Rome, which, however, he had rejected, in order to accept the Protestant faith.

His narrative at once involved him in difficulty, nor could he be persuaded by his friends to abate so much as a word from a statement, whether it related to the slaughter of ten thousand infants as an offering to the gods, or to the Formosan breakfast, a meal usually finished by cutting off the head of a viper and sucking out the blood, which, "in my opinion, is the most wholesome breakfast that a man can make."

But it will be perceived that we are telling the story of an impostor. Who, therefore, was George Psalmanazar? for thus this individual was known. In later years, when he had made a careful study of the Hebrew, it was reported to the then bishop of London that Psalmanazar was preparing to publish a refutation of his lordship's theory of Hebrew meter; whereupon the latter exclaimed, "There never was a Jew of them all that understood any thing of Hebrew." The reader, however, will not be caught so easily. It requires no profound learning to prove that a Jew would as soon call his son Beelzebub as Psalmanazar. The individual in question was neither an Assyrian nor a Jew; at the same time his exact origin will never be known. Nevertheless, in his thirty-second year, he became weary of imposture, and drew up a sketch of his history for posthumous publication. In this autobiography he says nothing of his family or nationality, since he desired to cast no reproach upon either his country or his kindred, though it would appear that his parents were French. At the age of nine he was placed at school in a convent in the south of France, and taught Latin, heraldry and something of geography and fortification. Next he studied philosophy at a Dominican convent, though he soon quarreled with his teacher and neglected his studies.

Finding his way to Avignon, he for a time served as a tutor; but, wearying of stupid youths, he whimsically set up for an Irishman, traveling far and wide, begging his way. Succeeding so well in this he conceived the odd idea of assuming the character of a Formosan, though he knew less of Formosa than of Ireland. This new rôle necessitated the invention of a language; but he did not hesitate, being altogether too intrepid; and though a beggar upon the road, he devised an alphabet, coined words, and framed the structure of his so-called Formosan tongue so scientifically as to deceive the critics to whom reference has already been made. He also invented some ceremonies of sun worship, though at that time, by conviction, he was still a Roman Catholic. Practicing his gibberish and an-

tics and occasionally conversing rationally with priests and men of learning, Psalmanazar made his way across France to Germany, descending the Rhine to Holland, visiting all the famous cities on the way, and gratifying his taste by the inspection and study of the great monuments. At Aix-la-Chapelle, he laid aside his gown and staff, the ex voto's of a real pilgrim that he had stolen from a church, and became a man of all work in a casino. Soon, however, he ran away and went to Cologne, where he gazed with wonder upon the growing monument to the Magi, which then consisted simply of two towers and the choir. Here, while considering the subject of returning to his home, he was invited by a recruiting officer to enter the army, and accordingly enlisted. Though passing for a Formosan, he excelled all his companions in the effort to blaspheme; but though he "swore terribly," he was not considered fit to fight and was soon discharged, being weak and under size. From the camp he made his way barefoot back to Cologne, which city he had left temporarily. Here he met a captain in an English regiment, who gave him good clothes and put him into his company, as a "Japanese and a heathen," our soldier changing a letter or two of his name to make it appear different from that of the magnate in the Book of Kings.

Psalmanazar now entered upon a fresh life, being a favorite with his commander, whom he reported as a man of good sense, who could speak both Latin and French. There were several "good scholars in the company," they being "loose gentlemen brought up in some of the best universities, who had been prevailed upon to exchange their gowns and books for a musket." The officers delighted to engage their "Japanese" in controversy, while he, in turn, was pleased to find himself set down as a "heathen, infidel, and unbaptized;" assuring them all, however, that he could give better reasons for his heathenism than they could for their Christianity. The regimental chaplain came to the rescue, and opened a heavy fire upon the pagan divinities, evidently regarding the raw recruit as a dan-

gerous foe in the camp, which only added to Psalmanazar's satisfaction. Hence, on occasions of public worship, he would turn his back to the chaplain, and employ his time with his face to the sun, affecting a kind of adoration. He says that his ritual was contained in "a little book with figures of the sun, moon, and stars and such other imagery as phrenzy suggested."

At Sluys, where there was a French regiment in the Dutch pay, Psalmanazar attacked the Roman Catholics and Protestants indiscriminately. His sarcasms upon their creeds excited far more spiritual uneasiness than "the most dreadful oaths they commonly swore, or any vices that reigned among them." As the *quasi* pagan avoided their evil living, he had the better of those who professed and called themselves Christians.

Soon, however, the time came for a change in his tactics, and upon meeting Dr. Innis, he surrendered his paganism, and affected to accept the Protestant faith, being baptized under the name of George Lander. An apt scholar, he soon made great progress in theological and ecclesiastical questions, being much in the society of the chaplains. All the while he was, as we have seen, a Roman Catholic, having been educated in the belief by his mother. Nevertheless, he expressed an earnest desire to repair to England, and open a school for the education of missionaries who might proceed to Formosa and establish Protestant Christianity. A discharge was accordingly secured for him, when the bold impostor was escorted in triumph to London, where we first found him.

After completing his *History of Formosa*, he took up his residence at the University of Oxford. There he was supported by the contributions of admiring friends, being well received and having rooms assigned to him in one of the colleges. The authorities also provided him with an English tutor, and he at once prepared a revised edition of his history. For several months he followed an easy life, but by degrees he lost that appearance of virtue which he had been accustomed to maintain, and then returned to London. Here the mask was dropped, greatly to the scandal of the friends who had trusted

his professions, and his manners became decidedly loose, while the idle habits which first threw him a vagrant upon the world resumed their sway. Deserted by his supporters and reduced to extremity, he joined himself to an individual for the purpose of filling the market with "white Formosan ware." This attempt at fraud failed, when he became once more a teacher of youth, only to proceed next as clerk to a regiment of dragoons, in which he was known as "Sir George." It was hinted that he had been knighted by Queen Anne, and thus the way was prepared for a temporary readmission to good society. But in turn the war failed, when he devoted his facile genius to instruction in drawing and painting. At this point one might pause to offer some suggestions in connection with the case of a large class of men whose name may have come under a cloud; but we hasten to say that eventually the evil courses of Psalmanazar cured themselves, and that he at once began to illustrate the recuperative powers inherent in strong moral natures; for, happily, it was this particular kind of a nature that George Psalmanazar possessed. Henceforth his remarkable talents were no longer thrown away. From a life of shame he rose to respectability, and thence to something like eminence.

The key to his conduct is given in his confessions. He tells the reader that he was moved by a consuming vanity, and by a desire to appear singular. A reckless indolence did its part, and set him forth upon the road to beggary. Of his vanity, indeed, he never succeeded in divesting himself wholly, for he was evidently proud of his "humility." But the residue of his vanity was at least turned into harmless channels.

In London, while engaged upon the first edition of his book, Psalmanazar lived in an atmosphere particularly calculated to develop the feeling of self-admiration. Speaking of his patron, the chaplain, he says in his autobiography, "My doctor failed not to spur my pride still farther on by telling me what gentlemen said in my commendation, which, whether exaggerated or not, gave me such an extraordinary notion of my parts that I was proud of every opportunity of

shewing myself in all companies and public places. . . . Ere I had been in London three months I had been so cried up as a prodigy that they were all desirous of seeing and conversing with me; and not only the domestic, but the foreign, papers had helped to blaze forth many thing in my praise, for which there was no foundation." Accordingly, when at Oxford, our erudite Formosan took great pains to be equal to his reputation, and he tells us in his confessions, "I used to light a candle, and let it burn the greater part of the night in my study, to make my neighbors believe I was plying of my books; and sleeping in my easy chair."

Vanity was indeed the ruling passion of this singular man. This is curiously illustrated in connection with his use of opium, to which he was so far addicted at one time as to consume enormous quantities in the form of laudanum. Of his capacity for this kind of indulgence he was particularly proud; and when, at one time, he had reduced his allowance to half an ounce per diem, he would put with it a quantity of "hierapiera," in order to *appear* to be taking his usual dose. It is worthy of note, also, that in diminishing the quantity he came to have a complete abhorrence of opium, and, for a time, he abstained altogether. During a period of depression, however, he fell back into his former way, and to the end of his life continued to take a minute quantity every night "in a pint of very small punch, to which," he adds, "I attribute, next the blessing of God, that good share of health I have hitherto enjoyed." In this pernicious notion, which, perhaps, is without a parallel, he was evidently sincere. At least, when he became a Christian, his word was never questioned, any more than his natural abilities, which enabled him to acquire a new language in a short time with perfect ease. Indeed, he spoke Hebrew with elegance, while of his English, we have specimens in the "Universal History," of which he was a promoter; and in his *true* "History of Formosa," written after the full acknowledgment of that memorable imposture, which even deceived the great naturalist, Buffon.

That his Christian profession was sincere and free from the least tinge of hypocrisy, there is the best of proof. Mrs. Piozzi says, "I have heard Johnson frequently say, that George Psalmanazar's piety, penitence, and virtue exceeded almost what we read as wonderful in the lives of saints." On one occasion, when she asked the great moralist who was the "*best* man he had ever known," he replied, "Psalmanazar." She thought that there was much esteem, though little confidence, between them, and the reason that she appears to give for the opinion is, that they "*conversed merely* about general topics, *religion* and learning; of which," she adds, "both undoubtedly were stupendous examples." Her reason, appears the more odd, as she had said previously with respect to Johnson, that when he was even told that a person was good, he would at once "*begin*" to be affable and kind. At all events the sage used to go often to some neighboring ale-house to meet Psalmanazar.

Johnson, whose rough, boorish, and dictatorial manners were notorious, was once asked if he ever contradicted George Psalmanazar, whereupon he instantly replied, "I should as soon have thought of contradicting a bishop!" Dr. Johnson's opinion of his friend was confirmed by patient endurance of a tedious and painful illness which terminated in death. Johnson used to say when sick and consequently unusually irritable, "It is so very difficult for a sick man not to be a scoundrel;" and would playfully add, "Oh! set the pillows soft, here is Mr. Grumbler a-coming."

George Psalmanazar died May 23, 1763, in his lodgings in Old Street, London, previously making the request that he might be buried in a mere "shell" of the "lowest value," and without "lid or covering which may hinder the natural earth from covering in all around." Even here we find an illustration of the ruling passion strong in death, for there is certainly shown a tinge of the old desire to appear singular. Still even saints are human, and Psalmanazar's canonization by Johnson can not shut our eyes to the fact that the best phase of his character appears odd.

BAYEUX AND ITS MARVELS.

THE Normans from fierce, wandering seakings, became, in process of time, feudal nobles, and the "Pirate's Land" sunk into the most loyal, though the most powerful, of the fiefs of France. A broader change of faith accompanied the change of manners. During the tenth and eleventh centuries the Normans were the champions of Christendom. Monasteries rose in every glade, cathedrals adorned every city; pilgrims crowded the highways. And this was not all. The doughty warriors took cross and shield, and in many a heathen land—green Ireland, beautiful Sicily, and under the burning skies of the East—fought glorious battles for the Savior, as they had formerly fought for Odin and Thor. In embracing civilization and Christianity the sons of the pirates lost none of their energy and enterprise. The old northern spirit of adventure only turned into new channels. The Norman nobles became the beaux of Christendom; they feasted sumptuously, rode superb horses, dressed in armor embossed with gold, built glorious structures of art and religion, encouraged poetry, and, more than any other race, gave character to that growing spirit of chivalry which was the one redeeming phase of feudalism. Through wars and the changes of many centuries Normandy remained Normandy still. The line of Hrolf was extinguished, the feudal dukedom became an integral portion of the kingdom of France, but the characteristics of the Norman people remained the same. They never lost their taste for adventure and the sea. While improving their lands at home they also traded and explored. They were Norman mariners who took possession of the Canary Islands in the fifteenth century. Norman mariners discovered the St. Lawrence and colonized its banks. Their love of liberty, which was the proudest heritage of every free viking, has come down to their descendants. In the revolution of 1793 Normandy played a most important part. It was the stronghold of the Girondists; bloody

scenes were enacted in all of its towns, and from one of them went Charlotte Corday on a beautiful Summer morning to rid France of the blood-thirsty Marat.

A walk through this ancient and food-producing land is like re-reading a chapter of English history. The student remembers well enough the time when Normandy was a part of England—or would it not be more exact to say when England was a part of Normandy? Those earlier Norman kings had little love for the island their valor had won; they loved much better the broad, rich valleys, the grand forests of Normandy, and the castle homes of Falaise, Caen, and Rouen. England to them was only a conquered province. Normandy was their home. The traveler sees every-where in this land something to remind him of this former connection. The whole story of the conquest is written better than it has ever been written since, on a delicate, embroidered fabric which can be seen under the roof of its shrine in Bayeux. The conqueror's presence stands beside his tomb in the stately vault of the minster at Caen. Each hamlet by the roadside has its memories for English eyes and ears. That fragment of castle wall marks the early home of the Bruces. The Percy's glory enshrines a tiny hamlet. Nor is there any want of resemblance in the aspect of the country and its people to that of England. The apple orchards, the corn-fields, the dense hedge-rows are like those you see in Kent and Sussex, and the peasant in his blouse and cap would pass anywhere in the southern and midland counties for an Englishman. Those square gray keeps on the windy heights were built by the same hands that upreared Chepston, Arundel, and Middleham. The huge cathedrals that lift themselves above the red tiled roofs of the market towns on the Orne, the Dive, and the Seine might be taken for Westminster, or that at Canterbury.

Here, however, the resemblance ends. In Normandy the land is not inclosed by fences,

as in England and America. The continuity of the surface is not broken by walls or hedges; but vast tracts spread in every direction, which, divided into plots and squares of various sizes and forms by the varieties of cultivation, look like a vast carpet of irregular pattern. Nor do the cultivators of the soil live, as do the same class in America, in little farm-houses built along the road-sides and upon the hill slopes. They live instead in compact villages, and every morning may be seen the peasants in picturesque dresses, men and women together issuing from the brown stone houses, to go miles perhaps to the scenes of their daily toil. The trees, wherever there are any, stand in rows, mathematically arranged, as they were planted centuries ago by their royal or noble owners. The absence of isolated dwellings causes the country to seem like a vast solitude, though teeming everywhere with fertility and beauty, and one is glad to see now and then women in their queer white head-dresses, laboring in their fields, and the husbandmen in groups gathering their corn or vintage. The roads which traverse these scenes are magnificent thoroughfares, broad, and straight, sweeping for many miles in an undeviating course, and with nothing to separate them from the fields but rows of ancient and venerable trees. Most of these latter are linden, elm, or poplar trees, making most delightful shade in the Summer time, and hiding ever and anon a wayside wooden Christ, or a little murmuring well crowned with a crucifix.

Normandy in the nineteenth century has been revolutionized, not by a political, but by a mechanical principle. Like old Egypt, Italy, and our own broad western prairies, steam has thrown it open to communication with the world, and induced an overwhelming inroad of modern ideas. All of its cities are connected by railroad with Paris, which is not so far off but that the fair-faced, lithe-limbed Norman maiden and her peasant lover visit it at least once in their lives. The whistle and the smoke of the locomotive dispute sovereignty with the chanting of cowed monks and the clouds of perfumed incense. The modern factory and magnifi-

cent hotel jostle the cathedral and antique Gothic houses. There is a singular combination of the old with the new. It is apparent in the dress of the people as well as in the architecture. On any street you will meet the latest Parisian styles, side by side with the gray kirtle and the high-peaked white cap of ancient Normandy. The pure Parisian accent will be heard one moment and the next one's ears will be jarred by the rude Norman patois. Some of the by-places have resisted the modern influx with tolerable success, and exhibit a willingness to retain the manners of the Middle Ages, rather than take on the new nineteenth century dress of their neighbors. Of all such places, perhaps, Bayeux is at once the most antique, the most quaint, the most thoroughly unchanged of all Norman cities.

Bayeux is, indeed, a place of the Middle Ages still. Here monks' cowls and golden crosiers and white-robed acolytes are seen in the antique streets. People are seldom seen abroad except on fête days or market days, and one wonders whether the city has inhabitants or not. Great flat-bottomed boats come up and down the river, under the projecting eaves of the ancient dwellings, and the oarsmen and oarswomen wear the identical costume that their ancestors wore four hundred years ago. The only street lights at night flash from lanterns swinging on cords drawn from house to house. At the doors of the traders are quaint signs and wondrous scroll works. The identical street cries arouse the citizens now that aroused their ancestors centuries ago, and the menders of old ware, and the wandering musicians are exact copies of their prototypes of King Charles's day. It is a beautiful, old, shadowy, picturesque place with little life and less excitement, its sweet, sad, silence only broken by the sound of bells or the chanting of choristers.

The habits and faith of the people are strangely in sympathy with this antiquity and quiet. They are singularly conservative, a quality that has ever distinguished the inhabitants of Bayeux. For centuries the people of the city and vicinity were a

class distinct from the Franco-Normans of the rest of Normandy; they submitted with reluctance to ducal authority, and long retained their old heathen war-cry of Thor-aide, instead of Dieu-aide. Their Northmen of Bayeux clung stubbornly to the Danish tongue and the Danish fashions, and one of the old dukes who desired to rear his son after the brave manner of his ancestors sent him to be instructed among this conservative people. The patois of the people to-day is different from that of the people around them, and though they long since relinquished the faith of Odin, they have not been touched by the skepticism of the nineteenth century. They believe implicitly in witches, in good and evil omens, and in fairy rings. The visitor to the city will be told gravely of a knight who, in his encounter with some formidable enemy, received the aid of a beneficent fairy, and in proof of the assertion he will be shown the family arms of the house of Argonges, which has for a crest a nude female figure, and the motto, "*à la fée*."

In their religious ceremonies some traces of the old Scandinavian worship are still seen. They passionately adore St. Michael and St. Valery, but practically retain many of the heathen rights and customs changed from their original meaning and purpose. All Christendom does this, as may be seen in the observance of Christmas, in which there is more of the old Druidical Yule-tide than of any suggestion of the Scriptural babe of Bethlehem. But besides Christmas, which the Normans observe religiously, there is another festival which has been handed down from a time anterior to Hrolf, called the "Fête of the Three Kings." It occurs in Winter, and its incantations and ceremonies are superstitiously kept up by the inhabitants of the city and the surrounding peasantry. On the evening of the festival, when the fields and gardens are enveloped in the curious fog which every visitor marvels at, and the towers of the cathedral rise like phantoms in the darkness may be seen the torches of the peasants gleaming outside the walls. The procession, led by priests, that go out from the city, for three hours march

through the fields, singing in a loud but mournful tone, a strange ditty that is as much heathen as it is Christian. This it is thought will have a beneficent fertilizing influence upon the soil and insure a productive harvest.

Bayeux formerly was not the silent city it is at present. It has a rude history of wars, of pillage, and of massacre. From the time of the Celts, when a cluster of rude huts stood on the banks of the river, up through the splendid days of the Norman dukes and the terrible days of the Reformation, Bayeux is prominent in history. The place was a favorite residence with some of the Norman dukes and English kings. Religion and love and chivalry went hand in hand in Bayeux. On every side there are landmarks of cruel wars and the sites of battles. Every old house has its legend, and a volume might be written of curious and entertaining lore, in which every scene and incident might be located in this weird, antique city. Your guide will show you where the engines of Henry I broke down the feudal walls at the time he destroyed the city, and in the market place there is pointed out the exact spot where the citizens lighted the flames of revolution in the bloody days of 1793. In ancient times Bayeux had a population of forty thousand. To-day its population is about a quarter of that number. The old city, with its present population of ten thousand souls, instead of its former forty thousand, appears to have forgotten all her pomps and sieges and scenes of stirring romance and to have settled down into what the guide-books express as "a quiet, dull, ecclesiastic city."

The famous cathedral seems to be the only live place. Here may be heard and seen at all times monks chanting, and devotees kneeling at the altar. The quiet, religious people may forget to labor, but they do not forget to pray, and certainly there are few shrines of worship as grand and magnificent as this. The stately Gothic edifice is the glory of the city, and the inhabitants cease not to honor their cathedral. At almost every minute of the day you will see people streaming in and out of the imposing and

beautiful portal. Swart laborers, fair-faced peasant girls, mothers bearing babies in their arms, and now and then richly dressed dames, and men with statuesque figures that remind you of the effigies of knights seen in some of the old castle vaults, all come religiously to pray to the Virgin, who looks down benignly, with Jesus in her arms, from the sculptured niches. If there is a time that the city is ever alive it is on some fête day of the Church. Every citizen turns out at a religious festival, and the good monks reap a rich harvest from the pockets of the superstitious worshippers.

Though the cathedral of Bayeux is not so grand as that of Chartres or Rheims, it is nevertheless a magnificent edifice. The story of its erection is an epic from beginning to end. It owes its foundation to Odo, half-brother of the conqueror of England, and first of the long line of bishops that have had ecclesiastical sway over the city. Arlotta, the tanner's daughter, married again after the death of Duke Robert the Fiery, who became a pilgrim and a saint, and by her second husband, Herluin de Contreville, had two sons, Robert, Count of Mortain, and Odo, the famous churchman. They were high in favor with William, and Odo was his priestly confessor and counselor for years. Made bishop of Bayeux, the ambitious and enterprising churchman devoted himself to the adornment of his bishopric. The monument that has outlasted all the others is the religious shrine, which has many times since, indeed, received architectural touches and improvements.

The century that witnessed its erection was one of religious enthusiasm. Light was beginning to break into the heathen darkness. While Christian warriors buckled on their swords to fight the Paynim, and Christian pilgrims made weary journeys to the Holy City, the devotion of Christian monks and rulers, and the genius of Christian architects created structures that in their amplitude and majesty shame the productions of later piety and genius. The Gothic romanesque style then shone pre-eminent in its pristine purity, and the sanctuaries then built have been marvels to succeeding

ages. This cathedral which rose under the direction of Bishop Odo was worthy of the age and of the fame of the builder. But it is only in the crypt, in the old spire, and in the western portal that the ancient style is preserved; every-where else the art of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries triumph. But magnificent as is her cathedral Bayeux has something else more wonderful and still more attractive for visitors. It is a simple piece of brown linen stitched and embroidered by a woman's hand, and, though a thousand years old, is nearly as fresh and perfect as when Matilda, the wife of the conqueror, and her maidens bent over it with their needles. It is probably the oldest piece of ladies' needle-work in the world, and one of the most renowned relics of antiquity. But its value does not lie alone in age or in being the work of such an august woman as the wife of the conqueror. The Bayeux tapestry is a pictorial history of one of the most interesting and important events of modern history. The Norman invasion of England and the fall of Harold stir the blood even when one thinks of them. All the characters that throng about them are grand ones, the able and plotting William, the sainted King Edward, Harold the brave and dauntless, Lanfranc the scholarly, and the crowd of gallant Saxon thanes and chivalric Norman barons were all men of a century. Mr. Tennyson's drama entirely fails to do them justice. Nor, indeed, does this tapestry, though it is quite as interesting as the pages of Mr. Freeman's or Miss Strickland's histories, and has the merit besides of being the chronicle of eye-witnesses. Little thought had the great duke as he grappled with stout Harold at Senlac that the truest history of his victory was being wrought by the hands of his queen upon a piece of delicate canvas.

This priceless piece of needle-work is at present preserved in the Bibliothèque of Bayeux, which stands on one side of the public square of the city. It is all in one piece of canvas that has the color of brown holland, and it is about two hundred and thirty feet in length and twenty inches wide. The case has been cleverly con-

structed so that the scenes can be followed in chronological order without a break.

The first glance at the tapestry is one of disappointment. It is not nearly up to the standard your imagination had created. In fact, there is something grotesque about those uncouth, strangely colored figures when seen across the room. But as you approach closer and study the arrangement of the groups, the expression of the faces and attitudes, the charming naiveté and graphic vigor with which the scenes are depicted, you will be filled with reverence at the mediæval skill that could produce such a work. It is, in fact, a more marvelous work of art than Raphael's cartoons, or Buonarrotti's frescoes, if we consider the paucity of material, the ignorance of perspective and all principles of coloring, and the many other disadvantages under which an artist of the eleventh century labored. Frail, slender, delicate, are the fibers of these woolen or linen threads; but they have outlasted the stone walls of palaces and the thrones of kings.

Matilda seems to have been somewhat limited in her stock of colors. The first thing that will be noticed is the incongruous coloring of some of the subjects. She had but five colors, red, black, blue, green, and yellow, and sometimes when there was doubtless some difficulty about the shaping, about which the poor woman must often have been troubled, a red horse was represented with a blue leg, and a black one with green legs. Unlike all other tapestry the ground of which is entirely worked over, this Bayeux masterpiece has its figures and pictures worked on a clear or blank ground. Sometimes the faces and naked limbs of the figures are left white, though they are usually worked in green and yellow. The texture of the worsted used is nearly like that of the common yarn of the present time.

The scenes represented on the canvas are arranged in fifty-eight historical groups. The designs are very unequal, and flag in interest toward the end, although nothing can be more graphic than the depicting of the battle of Hastings. Arrows shower upon uplifted shields, battle-axes flash and glitter,

horses and men, Norman and Saxon, roll together in the ditch. It is really a battle of giants. Most of the earlier scenes are spiritedly portrayed. You can see Harold riding to the sea-coast on a red steed with a green leg, and holding a hawk on his wrist, a fine, kingly looking personage. The story of the shipwreck on the sands of Ponthieu and his capture by Count Guy and all the episodes that followed are seen true to life on the faded canvas. William and Harold march like two brothers to do battle with the duke's rebellious tributary, Conan, count of Brittany, who is brought under subjection again. The scene where Harold takes his fearful oath of allegiance to the Norman, his hands resting on two ark-like shrines full of the relics plundered from churches, is, perhaps, one of the most interesting scenes in the collection. The very expressions of the faces of the principal figures are as one would imagine them. William, haughty, commanding, his features scarcely concealing the joy and satisfaction that he must have felt. Harold, scarcely less stately, but with all that hesitation and fear apparent in his countenance that he experienced when he saw the sacred bones of the saints grinning at him from under the altar. Perhaps the fact that this all happened in the cathedral near at hand renders the scene more interesting.

The story ends with the conquest of England. Queen Matilda became tired of the work, or else found other employment. One regrets that it was not continued, or that other ladies of by-gone days have not left as interesting and graphic pictures of the events in which they participated. From that ancient canvas you learn not merely the story of the conquest, but also something of the home life of the common people. You see the farmer plowing and sowing his fields, the mariner in the shrouds, the carpenter with ax and chisel, and the ladies in their chambers, and these are depicted with so much reality that it is like going back eight hundred years and dwelling with the common people. Their costume, their implements of toil, their modes of labor are all portrayed with graphic fidelity.

Saxon and Norman appear on the canvas as they appeared in life, the Normans with shaven crowns, beardless faces, dressed in ring armor and riding prancing steeds, the Saxon retaining the long hair of his ancestors mustached like a pard, and striding along on foot over the broad English wolds. It is curious to note the distinction in the national weapons. The Normans use long lances and long bows, and Odo of Bayeux fights with a mace, for priests were forbidden to shed blood. The Danish battle-ax and javelin are wielded by Harold and his Saxons. The very battle flags are rendered to life. Over the Norman host waved the three Normandy lions; the Saxons fight under a banner representing a warrior, worked in golden thread and precious stones—the ensign of Harold—while the Wessex dragon is seen in the distance.

The peasant laborers of the eleventh century are depicted on Matilda's canvas in their simple dress of cap and tunic. The better class wore chausses and shoes or shovel boots, and in bad weather or when traveling covered the head and shoulders with a cloak having a cowl attached to it, called the *capa*. Their implements are of the rudest description, and the tapestry shows among other things the lack of iron in those days, for the spades and plows are only *tipped* with that metal. All the details are portrayed of the felling of trees, the building of ships, and the harvesting of crops; and it is wonderful to think how correct the queen was in her treatment of those difficult subjects. As affording a study of national British costume, the Bayeux tapestry is one of the most valuable authorities respecting the age which it represents.

In Bayeux is the house of "Master Wace," one of the oldest in the city. Robert Wace was a historian and poet whose "*Roman de Rou et des Ducs de Normandie*," is one of the most valuable pictures of the early ages of Norman and English history. He lived in the twelfth century, and his account of the battle of Hastings was written from the information of persons who lived at the time: "as I heard it told my father, I well remember it; I was then a varlet," are his words. In 1161 he was made a canon of the cathedral church of Bayeux by Henry II, with

whom he was a favorite. The house stands nearly as it did in the poet's day, surrounded by its ancient linden trees, the antique gables and carved oaken work of the twelfth century uninjured by time. What stories the old house might tell if its walls could speak! Here Master Wace toiled for many unwearyed years. Norman nobles and English kings have gone in that door. Minnesingers have tuned their harps in its halls, and the most famous *raconteurs* of the time came to listen to the words of the famous writer, which they afterward repeated far and wide.

And now we turn to look upon the Bayeux of the present. It is market day, and the square is thronged with the peasantry of the surrounding country. Mule teams and ox teams and horse teams stand under the lime and poplar trees, and old women, with baskets of eggs, butter, cheese, and piles of merchandise, sit patiently in their carts, till their customers come to them. Norman maidens, lithe-limbed and trim bodiced, as that other one who won the heart of Duke Robert not many centuries ago, bring in their flowers to sell, and while awaiting patrons busy themselves in knitting lace. All these women wear the high-topped, white, starched caps, so important to the Normande, whatever may be her means. Nothing asserts so much the dignity of the wearer as one of these steeple-crowned caps.

Some of them are costly, and may have descended down from mother to daughter through successive generations. When the weather is doubtful the cap wearers provide themselves with umbrellas nearly as antique as the head-dress, red, clumsy, and not a whit more graceful than the original with which Jonas Hanway braved the jeers of the London populace.

And now our last morning was devoted to the purchase of mementos of our visit in the shape of photographs, of which we supplied ourselves without stint. In the afternoon taking a farewell glance at the cathedral, we will betake ourselves to the train for Paris, leaving behind us the quaint and fascinating old city, sleeping amid its groves and orchards.

THE LIFE OF AN ACTRESS.

THE "Letters and Memories" of Charlotte Cushman,* recently given to the public, bring the very best side of the theater into the light. That lady was one of the not very large class of actresses who have passed through the perilous ordeal of a theatrical career without staining the purity of their womanhood. Where multitudes have fallen, she, like the veteran of many battles, wore a charmed moral life. Her letters and memories, edited by a friendly admirer of her genius and an apologist for the stage upon which her heroine won her laurels, may be accepted as affording as favorable a view of the modern theater as can be given. Carefully keeping out of view the immoral side of theatrical life, the book chiefly portrays the virtues by which it is occasionally adorned, when an actor or actress appears whose rare virtues triumph over the abounding corruptions of the dramatic profession. Hence we propose to look at the stage through Miss Cushman's eyes, and to discover, if we can, whether there exist any just grounds for reversing that long established judgment of the evangelical Church, whereby she has placed the theater in the category of amusements to be conscientiously avoided by every truly spiritual Christian. A brief sketch of her life must precede our inquiry.

Charlotte Cushman inherited good ancestral blood. Robert Cushman, the founder of her family in America, belonged to the noble army of English Non-conformists, was one of the original "Pilgrims," and the "right hand" of those immortal adventurers, who planted the banner of religious liberty beside Plymouth Rock. Between him and Charlotte Cushman's father we find a line of eminently respectable, if not all distinguished, men. Her maternal ancestors were also remarkable for energy and perseverance. Hence her characteristic moral qualities were a sort of family heir-loom, transmitted, as such qualities often are, from generation

to generation, but her dramatic genius was peculiarly her own.

She was born in Boston, July 23, 1816. She said of herself that she was "born a tomboy." She could crack a doll's head, but could never learn to dress one. She delighted to climb trees, to romp like a boy, to play boisterously on the wharf, and on the vessels moored near her father's store, to work with mechanical tools, but not to ply the needle. In brief, she was what people sometimes call an "awful child," brimful of an energy that would overflow in all sorts of rough and provoking, though not malicious, acts. But all this girlish rudeness was chastened by a sweet and affectionate disposition. She vexed her friends, but did not wound their love.

At school she was a good arithmetician. She excelled all her classmates in reading. Her imitative powers were remarkable. She could enter into the spirit of any thing she read, and could mimic the manners of her associates with almost inimitable completeness. Still no one looked upon her as a genius. Yet in that childish independence, that force of character, and that imitative power, the girl was emphatically the mother of the coming woman. The germs of those idiosyncrasies which characterized her life on the stage, though not understood either by herself or her friends, were quite remarkably displayed during her girlhood.

The business misfortunes of Miss Cushman's father deprived her of the benefits of an academic education, and led to her being placed under the tuition of a music teacher, when she was thirteen years old. She was endowed with a fine voice, which by culture was to be fitted to contribute as early as possible to the maintenance of the family. Her friends intended to make her a music teacher.

An accident prevented her from entering on this career. Mrs. Wood, a popular actress, needed a contralto singer to sing with her in a duet at a public concert. A mutual friend recommended Miss Cushman.

*Charlotte Cushman: Her Letters and Memories of her Life. Edited by her friend, Emma Stebbins.

Mrs. Wood was delighted with her performance, and told her, that "her voice, properly cultivated, would lead her to any height of fortune she coveted." Thus encouraged, and assisted by Mrs. Wood, she sung shortly after at the Tremont Theater in Boston, with great acceptability. This success led her to become the pupil of Mr. Maeder, musical director to Mr. and Mrs. Wood, and to accompany him to New Orleans. There, after singing awhile at the theater, she injured her voice by excessive use. She then went to the manager for counsel. "You ought to be an actress and not a singer," said that gentleman. She accepted his advice very gratefully, and, aided by his friendly influence, gained the opportunity of appearing on the boards of the principal New Orleans theater in the rôle of Lady Macbeth! This was a daring attempt in a callow girl not yet fairly out of her teens. It indicated her consciousness of great powers, and that the manager and actors who had listened to her singing already saw in her the germs of high dramatic ability. Not to fail utterly in such a rôle would have been at least partial success. But Miss Cushman sustained it well, though without creating any *furor*. She thus struck the key-note of her coming career.

A period of hard, devoted study, and of harder struggle for popular recognition, succeeded. She acted in numerous rôles in New York, in Albany, in Buffalo, in Detroit, in Philadelphia, and in Boston, for several years, constantly gaining the good will of the theater-going community and winning social distinction because of her family connections, her moral worth, and her dignity of character, which she maintained in spite of the tendencies of stage associations to detract from both. But though her rare ability made her quite a favorite with her audiences, she was not yet generally recognized as an actress of the very highest order.

She won that recognition, however, when, in 1845, she made her appearance on the stage in London, as Bianca, in the tragedy of "Fazio." Her success there was "brilliant and triumphant." In a letter to her mother she says with justifiable exultation, "All my successes put together since I have been upon

the stage would not come near my success in London." This was no exaggeration. She had, indeed, captivated the patrons of the drama in that great city. The critics wrote in praise of her genius, the theater was crowded whenever she acted, the applause which greeted her was unbounded. She was lionized by artists, by literary men and women, and by the leaders of the highest circles of fashion. Nor was her triumph an evanescent flame. It continued with undiminished splendor to the end of her career. Whether on the stage or in the reader's desk, she was henceforth always received with the most rapturous applause. Many years after when she bade farewell to the former at New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, her admirers gave her such ovations as have rarely been given to the greatest of public characters. And to the very last, her dramatic readings gained her a surfeit of applause. It is no exaggeration to say that she was a popular idol in the dramatic world both of England and America from the day of her first appearance on the London stage to the hour of her death in Boston in 1876. Through thirty years, she reigned queen of the stage, or of the reading desk; and she held undisputed possession of her scepter until it dropped from her hands at the command of the King of terrors.

Conceding, as it seems we must, that Charlotte Cushman maintained a spotless reputation and displayed many noble qualities throughout her marvelous career, it may assist us in making up our opinion of the modern theater, if we gather up the results of her dramatic success. What did she accomplish by her life-work? We know that she afforded *amusement* to scores of thousands of people in two hemispheres; did she do them any good? Did her wonderful acting lift them into a higher plane of thought and action? Was it ever known to reform the vicious, to restore the fallen, to beget high moral purposes, or give birth to aspirations after that spiritual life which is the true life of man?

The volume before us contains numerous *critiques* of her performances, and of what one may not inaptly call *confessions* of the

effects of her acting on minds evidently capable of analyzing their own emotions. Among the former we find that of the great leader of public opinion in England, the *Times*, which says, "for passion, real, impetuous, irresistible passion, she has not at present her superior." The London *Herald* remarks, "Her tenderness is beautifully energetic and impassioned, while her violence, such as when the sentiment of jealousy suddenly crosses her, is broad and overwhelming, but at the same time not overdone." Another critic observes, "Miss Cushman is earnest in whatever she undertakes. She thinks nothing of individual self, but every thing of that other self with which for the time she is identified, so that she becomes the very character she represents." Another friendly pen writes that, "her special quality which distinguished her throughout her whole life" was "intensity, the power of plunging her whole mind and spirit, and, indeed, her entire self, into the character she for the moment desired to personate. She was, for the time, that very character, that man Romeo, that woman Juliana, Viola, or Katherine."

These are typical criticisms, and, no doubt, describe exactly and correctly the sources of her extraordinary attractiveness when on the stage. Now let her admirers tell us the effects produced by her rare power to simulate the various passions which stir the human soul.

One writer long familiar with the theater and with Miss Cushman's performances, says: "Sometimes the intensity with which her acting affected me also vexed me. The 'Stranger' and 'Fazio' are both plays that I could never see for their own sakes, but I have been so moved by Miss Cushman's Mrs. Haller and Bianca that I have gone home ill from the effect of the acting. I was unutterably ashamed of myself to be so prostrated by compositions of such spasmodic melodrama and such maudlin sentimentalism; but the artist created the tragedy in her own person, and that which was frigid in the book was pathetic in the woman."

Louis Blanc, after seeing her in Mrs.

Haller, said to her, "Miss Cushman, I assure you, I never cried so much in all my life." A London critic said of her acting: "It always rouses the feelings without offending the tastes." James Sheridan Knowles, speaking of the effect of her Romeo, writes: "It was a scene of topmost passion, not simulated passion—no such thing, real, palpably real—the genuine heart storm was on—on in the wildest fitfulness of fury, and I listened and gazed, and held my breath, while my blood ran hot and cold. I am sure it must have been the case with every one in the house." Madame Vestris said that Miss Cushman's personation of Meg Merrilies "made her turn cold;" and Braham, the actor, after seeing her in the same character said, "Miss Cushman, I give you my word, when I saw you in that first scene I felt a cold chill run over me." Another said of her Meg, "It is terrible, it tears one all to pieces;" while still another remarked, "It is lovely, it melts my heart."

Similar effects were produced by her dramatic readings, concerning which the editor of her memoirs writes: "Here also was felt this mastery over the nerve-centers of her listeners, the same instinctive grasp of all the subtleties of the poet's meaning, the same intense, sustained, and powerful working up without apparent effort, to an artistic climax, of which not many were capable of realizing the full force until they felt it in their nerves and blood, and then they hardly knew what had so thrilled them."

These testimonies are from the lips and pens of Miss Cushman's warmest friends and most cultivated admirers. They doubtless represent the very best things that could be said of her performances. They must convince the reader that she was a woman of marvelous magnetic power—a mighty sensationalist! She made even strong men weep and hold their breath. She thrilled both men and women with terror. And she did all this, *not by the thoughts to which she gave utterance*, but by the abnormal intensity of her own feelings. Let the reader recall what her admirer confesses respecting her power in acting Bianca,—that he was ashamed of the mental prostration

she caused in him by uttering the "*maudlin sentimentalism*" peculiar to the character she was personating. Let him note also that the editor of her "memoirs" testifies that when her audiences shivered while listening to her dramatic readings, "*they hardly knew what had so thrilled them.*" What do these confessions prove, but that Miss Cushman's instrument of power was not lofty thought passing through the intellectual to the emotional nature, but her own wonderful nervous force, which acted upon the nerves of her audiences and subdued them for the time being into automats on swayed hither and thither as by the occult art of the magician?

This was assuredly very remarkable artistic power. But it may be fitly asked, of what benefit was it to society? Among the numerous witnesses cited in this volume to prove the sensational effects uniformly produced by the acting of this gifted lady, there is not one who speaks of having been led to aspire after a higher, nobler, better life by her thrilling influence over his feelings. It was mere sensationalism—"only this and nothing more." Precisely what listless souls seek in sensational novels they found under Miss Cushman's acting. And because they found it, they crowded the theater whenever she was announced to tread its stage. Apologists for the drama often boast that great actors do good by interpreting and impressing great ideas upon thoughtless minds. The confessions of Miss Cushman's critics prove that they do no such thing.

While conceding this rare power to move multitudes to Miss Cushman, we can not admit that her acting possessed even the negative quality of *harmlessness*. Its effects were unhealthy—not directly vicious, but *morally unhealthy*. Like sensational novel reading, it caused abnormal agitation of the emotional nature. It aimed at this excitement, not as a means of moving its subjects to noble actions; but *as an end*. In this it violated the purpose of nature, which intends emotion to be a spur to action or a reward for its performance. Hence it is that the cultivation of emotion *as an end* always hardens the heart and deadens the

moral susceptibilities. And we have no doubt that this paragon of actresses, the results of whose life were very foolishly compared, by one of her funeral eulogists, to those of the thoughtful Horace Bushnell, did great moral hurt to thousands. Horace Bushnell gave the world great thoughts calculated to beget religious devotedness, and his "works do follow him." But what did Miss Cushman give to mankind? Only sensations for their amusement! What legacy did she leave? We will let her answer this latter question in her own words.

"She often said sadly," writes her editor, "'What is or can be the record of an actress, however famous? They leave nothing behind them but the vaguest of memories. Ask any number of persons to give you a real picture or positive image of the effect any great actor produced, . . . and they can tell you nothing more than that it was fine, it was grand, it was overwhelming; but ask them, How did he do such or such thing, how did he render such a passage? . . . and they are at once at a loss. It is all gone, passed away. Now other artists . . . produce something which lives after them and enshrines their memories in positive evidences of their divine mission; but we,—we strut and fret our hour on the stage, and then the curtain falls and *all is darkness and silence!*'"

This is melancholy enough, but it is true as far as it goes. It certainly is not in harmony with the teachings of those who would fain persuade the modern Church that the stage is, or might be made, the auxiliary of the pulpit. The good which men do lives after them. Men like Horace Bushnell bequeathed ideas and influences which are inspirations God-ward to many, and which reproduce themselves in succeeding generations. But Miss Cushman herself being judge, the residuum of the life of the greatest actress is—"darkness and silence!" Sad confession! Yet it omits that hardening of the moral sensibilities in thousands which is the inevitable result of exciting aimless emotions, and that earthly influence which is inseparable from so thoroughly earthly a place as the theater. The curtain may fall and hide

the actor; but those excited sensibilities he helped to harden in thousands live on, and contribute to the downward tendencies of many lives. The theater, therefore, is not a place of harmless, but, even in its best conditions, of positively hurtful amusement. In its lowest and prevailing plane it is "earthly, sensual, devilish."

But the apologist of the theater may say, the stage can not be so bad a sphere as the Church has taught it to be, inasmuch as it did not corrupt Miss Cushman. She loved it, believed in it, spent her life upon it, and was nevertheless a pure and religious woman. This, indeed, is *informally* the logic of the volume we have under consideration.

It is admitted that Miss Cushman was a chaste, kind, generous, noble-minded lady; but she was so, not because her theatrical life tended to make her such, but in spite of it. Her Puritan blood, her native majesty of character, her genius, made her mistress of her fellow actors, and repelled the vile tempters who are generally found among the accepted adorers of popular actresses less strongly fortified by natural goodness and personal dignity. We may apply to her the language of Cicero, who, when commending his theatrical friend Roscius, said of him, "He was so much a master that none but himself was worthy to tread the stage; on the other hand, so good a man that he was the most unfit person of the gang to come there." In like manner one may justly say of Miss Cushman, that she was too good a woman to associate with people who, as Dr. Tayler Lewis once wrote, "never have been, and probably never can be, regarded as a respectable class in society."

But was Miss Cushman a *truly religious* woman? The editor of her "Memoirs" claims that she was, and offers what she obviously believes is satisfactory evidence in proof. But, after sifting this evidence, we have reached the conclusion that this magnificent actress, though manifesting a sort of sentimental respect for and dependence upon the Creator, was wholly unacquainted with that spiritual life which is the characteristic feature of a disciple of Christ.

Her biographer says, "She was always

sincerely religious, without cant or pretension, and she had a reverent sympathy for all forms of belief which enabled her to worship as devoutly under the dome of a Roman Catholic cathedral as in the simplest and barest of tabernacles." This passage proves too much. It implies that Miss Cushman's worship was mere feeling kindled by superficial sympathy with surrounding circumstances, by the architecture of the building, the music of the choir, the pomp of the ritual, and not that devotion which rises from a heart moved by clearly defined beliefs derived from the Word of God. Assuredly, no mind possessed by strong convictions of Scriptural truth could be as devout in presence of idolatrous papistical ceremonials as in an assembly of genuinely spiritual souls.

It is impossible to satisfy one's self from Miss Cushman's letters as to what her religious belief really was. Sometimes she uses language such as a Christian disciple might use, as when she speaks of her submission to God, and of her love to God as being perfect. But then she affirms that in acting she was doing "God's work!" and that God helped her to do it! These assertions convince us that the God of her affections was not "He who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity," and surely her views of theatrical work as approved by a holy God were not a little distorted by fanaticism. Think of God helping a woman to act the part of Romeo or Bianca! There is blasphemy in the very thought!

In a letter written in 1861 which treats of her religious opinions, she writes in a strain which leaves one in doubt as to whether she was a transcendentalist, a pantheist, or a deist. She calls the soul a "heat spark" wearing out the body, returning to its "original source, to be again given out through its own purification, . . . and so doing God's work." Christ she regards as a Savior *only as he was the "founder of a creed"* for such as "needed a sign and a symbol." His creed she places on the same level with the creed "of any other of woman born," a mere "scaffolding to help different thinkers mount to their distinct and separate entrances." Original sin is the weakness

and folly of parents, entailing evils upon their children which make the struggle of life harder. Vainglory, self-assertion, and pride are effects of education, clogs of the flesh, which can not prevent her from seeing God any and every-where, nor from being saved if she will. She finds that some of the purest lives are among Deists. It is all one, she says, whether we call the *first cause* God, or nature, or law. A life of devotion, is "doing every thing a human being can do for the largest good of all."

What a farrago of theological jargon! Her stage wardrobe did not contain a more motley medley than appears in these statements of her creed. Evidently she did not understand the doctrines of our holy religion. It is equally evident from her letters that she had no real experience of that spiritual life which is born, not of confused and contradictory notions, but of the truth firmly grasped by the faith of an aspiring heart. As she had no evangelical faith, her character, though adorned with many natural virtues, did not attain to the standard of a truly Christian woman. Though she was chaste, liberal, kind, and temperate, she, nevertheless, gloried in her ambition, cherished great pride of character, lived on the praise of theatrical audiences, and devoted

her life, not to the elevation, but to the mere amusement of mankind. She was also sadly unconscious of that consolation under affliction which is one of the fruits of genuine faith. We see her writhing with the pangs of disease, depressed in spirit at times even to "hopelessness," and we are moved to pity when we hear her saying that she flies from these deep griefs for refuge, not to Jesus, but to *constant occupation*. Professional work, by which she kept her mind preoccupied, and not the compassionate bosom of the Redeemer, was her resort in sorrow. Alas poor actress! It was not, therefore, a *Christian* character that she maintained through her theatrical career, but only such a character as has been attained by a few strong minds, both within and without the pale of evangelical Christianity, by natural moral strength alone. Hence we find nothing in her life to prove that a Christian experience can be enjoyed by one who deliberately accepts a dramatic career as a profession; nothing in the results of her much celebrated and really wonderful performances to reverse the opinion long held by the Christian Church, that the theater is still what it always has been, inimical to pure religion, to elevated morality, and to all the highest interests of society.

WOMEN OF THE BIBLE.

SELDOM has any author been equally successful in depicting both men and women. Searching the hidden springs of action, recording the pulses of thought and emotion, and studying the passions of one, is learning also of the other; but in the outlining of a personality, in the shading of a character, in all those subtle distinctions of nature, position, and life, that go to make up the difference between man and woman, no writer has shown equal strength in treating of both. Even Shakespeare is not altogether an exception to this rule. It is Desdemona and Juliet that we think of, Portia and Lady Macbeth that stand out distinctly. Ruskin says that Shakespeare has only

heroines; that all the wrong is brought about by a man, and the salvation, if there is any, by a woman.

But in one book we find the noblest heroes side by side with the truest heroines, and both equally faithful to life and duty. In the myriad personages of all other literatures there is always one figure pre-eminent—sometimes by virtue of its doing, sometimes because of its suffering. Achilles, Iphigenia, Antigone, individualize the Greek drama for us as Alexander, Napoleon, and Cromwell represent history.

Dignity, justice, courage, faith, love, whether in the character of man or woman, makes that one heroic, draws us to it by an

irresistible magnetism, and constitutes it ruler of all surrounding personages. As the embodiment of at least two of these elemental traits woman is every-where in the foreground. Beautiful are the panegyrics that have been pronounced upon her, priceless the devotion laid at her feet through all ages. Alas! that she has so often been careless of the one and unworthy of the other. But what is her place in the Bible? Holding no inconsiderable rank in all literatures and among all peoples, what testimony is given of her in the sacred volume? The Egyptians may have been fanciful in enshrouding the spirit of wisdom in a woman's form; the Greeks for poesy's sake may have given the shield and olive-branch to Athena; but the prophets, historians, and lawgivers, dealing not with goddesses but women of flesh and blood, must have drawn their characters truly.

One very peculiar fact is noticeable in comparing the men and women of the Bible with those in other books; while the Biblical heroes are incomparably greater, the heroines gain proportionally little and often fall below the ideal. Nowhere are there such types of manhood as in the Bible. Ulysses, Æneas, Hamlet, Faust, Rob Roy,—what are these beside Abraham, Moses, Solomon, Job, and John the Baptist? How does self-will the destroyer in Coriolanus compare with self-will destroyed in Jonah? Where among the world's Apollos shall we find a soul as majestically great as that in the plain, little body of Paul? How infinitely superior is David the poet-warrior, great in sin and in suffering, to Tennyson's King Arthur!

No author has as yet given us a man who is equal to the measure of our faith; in no novel or poem have we the pattern for our youth as worth the following as the flawed lives of our generals in history. But though man has drawn himself not as an ideal,—but in selfishness, cruelty, and blood-shedding, he has always pictured a being radiant in purity, goodness, and tenderness, and paid her homage under the name of woman. But though painted and sung of by humanity as angel, goddess, and prophetess,

Ruth and Mary are "more lovely and pleasant in their lives," than Dante's dead lady, Deborah and Esther more inspiringly heroic than any Greek or Shakespearian ideal.

The two women first introduced in the respective Testaments are the types of those to follow, and we find every phase of womanly character delineated from Eve to Jezebel, and from the "haughty daughters of Zion," against whose fashionable follies Isaiah inveighed with such bitter scorn, to the Mary hailed by the angel as most "blessed among women." With Eve desire was leader, as it always is when the soul is generated into time and mortality. By her the race was to enter upon a long, downward course, reaching the depths out of which it should be regenerated and come under a new guiding principle, the reasonable faith of Mary.

In Eve childish inexperience and impulsive ardor together with that strong sense of power that makes all thing seem possible, and that egoistic temperament that can take no testimony but that of experience, made the pangs of an unknown future weigh light in the scale against present enjoyment and power. Only until such a nature should be humbled by pain and disappointment, and sent home upon herself; until death should rob her and threatening desolation force her, like the spider, to spin her fortunes from her own bosom, could she begin to realize her own capacities, and work out possibilities before unguessed.

John Wesley is reported to have said that if it had not been for the fall we should all be idiots. But whether with Mary as the first woman typical goodness would, in these latter days, have ended in insanity, or not, we shall not consider. Certainly Eve is a fit representative of her children, who are full of passions and endeavors, ever failing yet as continually aspiring.

How those Hebrew women rise before us! We see Sarah in her romantic wanderings, winning riches from kings and princes by her beauty, in her fear lest the slave she herself had put into the wifely relation should rob her of a husband's love, and finally in the jealousy of a proud mother driving Hagar out lest the bondwoman's son be heir with her own.

We imagine Rebekah's dreams as she journeys to meet her unknown lord, who loves her at first sight, and who, as the writer says with a touch of pathos, was, by her coming, comforted after his mother's death. We watch the mothers' love for the son who remained at home with her gradually absorb every other consideration, and at last, after she has sinned for her child, we hear the cry that has filled mothers' hearts ever since: "If Jacob take a wife of the daughters of Heth, what good shall my life do me?"

But the mother's fears were idle, as the sequel proves. Of the life of Jacob and Rachel we quote an eloquent passage from a recent writer in the *Quarterly Review*, who is herself a Hebrew: "What can surpass among either Greek or Roman idyls, the story of Jacob and Rachel? Such tender, enduring, and constant love as Jacob evinced, from the very first moment of courtship until that last sad scene at Bethlehem—love which could give wings to time, which could keep strong and true in spite of a detestable fraud, which proved unalterable during the blight of childlessness (considered as the greatest possible calamity in the Orient), such love gives us one of the greatest and best of proofs that woman's position among the Hebrews was full of dignity and that her life was not untouched by that spirit of romance which we sometimes imagine to be only the fruit of modern life and sentiment."

It is something remarkable that to the women of Israel as well as to the men was given the spirit of prophecy. Ezekiel, after denouncing false prophets, says: "Son of man, set thy face against the *daughters* of thy people, which prophesy out of their own heart." But if such made the "heart of the righteous sad," there were others who gladdened it with the inspiration of a true message. The lips of Miriam, Deborah, Hannah, Huldah, Anna, and of the four daughters of Philip were touched with living coals from the eternal altar.

Mary's feet were beautiful as the bearer of good tidings to the sorrowing disciples in Jerusalem. Dean Stanley, in his "Lectures on the Jewish Church," says of Deborah: "She is the magnificent impersonation of

the spirit of the Jewish people and of Jewish life. On the coins of the Roman Empire Judea is represented as a woman, seated under a palm-tree, captive and weeping. It is the contrast of that figure which will best place before us the character and call of Deborah. It is the same Jewish palm, under whose shadow she sits, not with downcast eyes and folded hands, and crushed hopes, but with all the fire of faith and energy, eager for the battle, confident of the victory. Hers is the one voice of inspiration (in the full sense of the word) that breaks out in the Book of Judges. . . . Hers is the prophetic word that gives an utterance and a sanction to the thoughts of freedom, of independence, and of national unity such as they had never had before in the world, and have rarely had since." Though we echo this praise, it is of Deborah, "the avenger," that we think; we can not admire the woman who has no thought of mercy or pity for the bereavement of the Canaanitish mother. Alas, that patriotism, one of the noblest virtues, should in its reflex action, mete out only bitter inhumanity to its antagonist.

Whatever may be said in praise of the cool purpose and steady nerve of Jael in killing her country's foe, the cruelty of the deed must debar her from a place with the truest heroines. There is a courage that is like that of the wild beast—pursuing, lying in wait for, and tearing to pieces the enemy; as evidencing power this must always appeal more or less to man. Only until the new dispensation of bearing persecutions and loving enemies is fully believed in, can we cease to applaud the well-planted blow at the oppressor. Ridiculous as are the futile struggles of puny rebellion, there are few hearts so tender as not to rejoice—momentarily at least—when the giant is wheedled into a trap or is caught unawares in his own pitfalls. Little pity is wasted on Haman or Holofernes. Two examples of the highest physical courage meeting with a happy result, both intensely interesting, yet widely different, are presented in the lives of Esther and Judith.

Dr. Tyng says: "The Book of Esther is a microcosm with specimens of all the va-

riety of facts which make up the great world abroad, completely displayed. It is a succession of tableaux, in which every phase of human society is successively displayed;" and then he proceeds to apply his theory of Divine Providence, overthrowing wickedness, leaving "virtue reigning, and the heavenly kingdom supreme."

But we can not but wish that the lovely queen, called by her parents their myrtle (Hadassah), and by her Persian admirers, a star (Esther), had added but one more virtue to her many—that of forgiveness toward her cast-down adversary.

But by as much as the daring impulse of a Charlotte Corday exceeds in interest the obedient carrying out of another's plan, by so much is the story of Judith fascinating above that of Esther. Who will say that Judith in her extreme beauty, her piety, her patriotism that made her lay aside her widow's robes for the "garments of gladness wherewith she was clad during the life of Manasses, her husband," to weaken the mighty one by her beauty, her wit in plotting, her skill in executing, and finally her after-picture of the woman, who had rescued her "weak ones," as she calls her people, in that poetical psalm of praise, dedicating her spoils to the Lord, putting on again her mourning garb, and living in quietness to the end of life, who will say that she is not greater than any of our warrior maidens of history—that she does not rival even Schiller's "Maid of Orleans?"

But there is a higher courage than the steeling of nerves and the bravery of blows. There is grander heroism in suffering for the right than even in fighting. For the climax of heroism in the quiet—rather triumphant—laying down of life, we turn to the seventh chapter of the II Book of Maccabees. Seven Hebrew brothers and their mother were taken before Antiochus Epiphanes, to be compelled by scourging to eat unlawful meat. When the eldest said, "We are ready to die rather than transgress the law of our fathers," the king in a rage commanded his tongue to be cut out and his body otherwise maimed, to be burned before his mother and brethren; who, far from yielding before the

dread spectacle, exhorted each other to follow his example and die manfully. The second was also mangled and killed, the third likewise, and the others in order, each seeming, by the unflinching boldness of the preceding, to rise to sublimer courage. But, says the author, "the mother was marvelous above all and of honorable memory, . . . and exhorted every one of them in her own language," upholding them by her undaunted spirit. When the king seeing himself despised, offered the youngest riches and honor if he would forswear his religion, and exhorted the mother to counsel her son to save his life, the lion-hearted woman "laughing the cruel tyrant to scorn, spake in her country language: O my son, have pity upon me. . . . Fear not this tormentor; but, being worthy of thy brethren, take thy death, that I may receive thee again in mercy with thy brethren." Last of all, says the record, after the sons, the mother died.

Instances of the tenderest affection are not wanting in our Scriptures. What is more charming than the idyl of Ruth, as perfect in its simplicity and beauty as a symphonic poem? The friendship of David and Jonathan has a rival in that of Damon and Pythias; but what can be instanced in comparison with the love of the young Moabite for a woman so far beyond her in years, and who came of a strange people? Are not her words proverbial for their devotedness? And is not the courtesy shown that gentle gleaner a rebuke to us even, coming from what we are pleased to call those lawless times?

That Ruth belonged to the class for whom poets write we can well imagine. Hers was the receptive rather than creative intellect, co-operating where she could not originate, listening raptly to the singer's tuneful breath though her own voice might never be heard louder than a cradle song. Mated truly, we can believe Ruth as filling Tennyson's ideal in "The Princess:"

"She set herself to man,
As perfect music unto noble words."

In the life of her grandson, David, with his three wives, Michal, Abigail, and Bathsheba, we have a series of wonderfully dramatic pictures. How one longs for their elaboration!

Never were there fitter groups or finer materials for a great play than we find from time to time gathered around the shepherd king. In the first act we have Saul in his royal prime; Abner, the mighty general; Jonathan, the prince, the well beloved of the people; and the handsome youth who should usurp the crown of the one, claim the allegiance of another, and knit himself soul to soul with the third. In the background are the women—like the chorus in a Greek tragedy—with their songs and dances striking the key-note, "Saul has slain his thousands, but David his ten thousands." Just the one to captivate the fancy of a young, high-spirited princess. Is it any wonder that Michal loves him?

As the wife of his youth she must always have held a place in his regard. But soon our attention is drawn to a new heroine, the wife of a churl, who wins our favor, as she did David's, by her discretion, her sensible advice and prudence. It is with a sense of poetic justice that we hear of Nabal's death, and the rescue of this jewel from the swine's snout, and we are not surprised when David remembers his handmaid, Abigail, and takes her to himself. But whatever may have been his feelings toward these two, who perhaps cheered him in those days before he received the promised throne, it was Bathsheba that he loved, Bathsheba for whom he sinned; it was to her son that he promised the kingdom. Possessing much of the wisdom of her grandfather, the statesman, Ahithophel, she was the one sent by Nathan to the dying king to remind him of the promised succession; hers, the intercessory aid entreated by Adonijah; and she was held in the highest esteem by her son, Solomon. What were these three women to each other we wonder?

Very suggestive are the sketches of character that we come upon, here and there, in the Bible. How earnestly we desire to hear of some of them again, as we long to know the history of some sweet, expressive face that passes us in a strange crowd; as we strain our ears after another note of the melody that suddenly drops into eternal silence. Ah, the snatches of song broken off! Alas,

that the shifting panorama of life hurries us forward so relentlessly, in and out of kaleidoscopic forms with the uncensured rapidity of ever-changing time. These glimpses of life are significant.

Jephthah's daughter, whose tragic story reminds us so strongly of Iphigenia; Vashti, who, in her purity and dignity, like Lucretia, of Rome, chose any thing rather than dishonor; Job's wife, who is generally regarded as the Hebrew precedent for Xanthippe, and whose one speech has made her world-renowned, who does not feel the life-likeness of these?

Tell us more of Rizpah, we involuntary cry, when we have seen her twice in such remarkable positions; once, as the cause of a quarrel that broke up the last remnant of kingly power in the house of Saul, and again in that never-to-be-forgotten vigil through the wheat harvest, beside her dead sons. Was the mother-heart of the Shunammite woman at last gratified by the honorable maturity of her son? How much we like this friend of the good prophet, who provided for him with such tender hospitality, and who, when asked if he might not speak to the king for her, or otherwise do her service, replied with such simplicity and true self-respect, "I dwell among mine own people."

Unsatisfied with the particular virtues dramatized so variously, so attractively, and in such touching situations, the Jews have crystallized their ideal in the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs. And are Ruskin's thoughts, so poetically expressed in "Queens' Gardens," any higher tribute to woman than this picture of a perfect wife and mother? Industrious, energetic, and prudent, she buys understandingly and her store multiplies itself by her management; with her own hands she ministers to the needy, and by her presence comforts those who are distressed; she clothes both herself and her household in beautiful garments, she makes a home full of grace and gladness, fear can not trouble her, for her soul though like the earth, responsive to the slightest magnetic influence, can never be thrown off its balance. But she is more than this. "*Strength and honor are her clothing.*" Is this homage

to the weak? Is this woman placed in the category of the sick, the suffering, the helpless, who are to be burdens—however willingly he bear them—of the strong man? Is it not rather homage to the woman of free and healthy action, of unfettered thought, of independence and helpfulness? Personal charms are not despised, although they can not be relied on; "favor is deceitful, beauty is vain," she is told, but a woman that feareth the Lord, "she shall be praised." Wise and gentle in her conversation, the grave, sweet pattern of the highest womanhood to her children, the joy of her husband, upon her lifted brow she wears the true crown of rejoicing. "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

High as was the Hebrew standard of excellence, and nearly as it was approached, if not actually attained by many of their women, there are some remarkable only for their crimes. As Shakespeare has given us three wicked women, Regan, Goneril, and Lady Macbeth, so we find in the Book of Books Jezebel, Athaliah, and Herodias. Which is the greater in her depravity? Are not the queen of Ahab, with her four hundred false prophets, and Athaliah ruling for six years upon a throne that she had covered with the blood of her kindred, more awful in their lives and more tragic in their deaths, than the cruel daughters of King Lear, and the terrible power of that unsexed Macbeth in working out her fell designs?

If proverbs are the wisdom of a nation in small compass, a collection of them respecting women would be both interesting and instructive. Many of the "pithy sayings" of the Bible are in regard to conjugal happiness or its reverse, or are maxims in reference to the treatment of wives and mothers. An Apocryphal writer has personified wisdom in a beautiful woman and gives her unprecedented compliments. From "The Talmud and a Collection of Rabbinical Proverb," we take the following to be added to those so often upon our lips.

"The loss of a first wife is like the loss of a man's sanctuary in his life-time."

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"Every thing in life can be replaced; the wife of early days is irreplaceable."

"If thy wife be small, bend down to her and speak to her; do nothing without her advice."

"Man and wife well-matched have heaven's glory as their companion. Man and woman ill-matched are encircled by a devouring fire."

"Rather any ache than heart-ache; rather any evil than an evil wife."

"A man who takes a wife for the sake of her money rears ill-behaved children."

"An honorable man honoreth his wife, a contemptible one despiseth her."

"He who has no wife lives without comfort, without help, without joy, and without blessing."

"An old man in a house is a terror; an old woman is a pearl."

"May the Lord save thee from something worse than death—a bad wife!"

One book of the Old Testament remains to be considered, being, as it is, a poem with which no modern work can be compared. As the undraped Venus of Praxiteles is the ennobling study of mankind, while the nude figures that throng our galleries are debasing in the extreme, for the daring of high art must always be a savor of life unto life, or of death unto death, so is Solomon's Song the one Epithalamium of the world. Shelley's is beside its delicacy only gross materialism. Before its purity the sensuous word painting of the Swinburne school is as the Fornarina in the presence of the Madonna. Listening to Byron and Shakespeare we grow hot and ashamed, but the Hebrew talks of beauty so exquisite and so chaste, that we are conscious of nothing but the vision that lifts us above the material into the spiritual and beyond the earthly shows us the heavenly.

The characters rapidly diminish in number and importance as we enter the New Testament, giving place to the Christ, as stars pale and finally disappear before the rising sun. But wherever there are human figures we find women; in tender ministration, in loving discipleship; "last at the cross, first at the sepulcher," and first in bearing the glorious news of the resurrection. Dor-

cas and Rhoda, the woman of Samaria, and that Syrophenician who touched the hands that held the universe, constrained from them a blessing and won for her sex those blessed words of appreciation and promise, "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt;" with these and other sketches remarkable in their outlines and only unnoticed because eclipsed by infinite wonders, we find four women whose names are as familiar as our childhood's prayer, whose lives were poems brimming with pathos, whose deaths were entrances upon glory unspeakable.

Bishop Brooke dwells upon the development of Jesus' character by external nature and especially by home influence. Respect toward others, which is the marked principle in Christ's dealings with man, is the notable feature also in his mother's character. Mary's was that meek, grave nature, in whose conception life was a something awfully sublime, standing as she stood before an eternal altar-place and gazing in calm reverence upon the divine face of her Savior-son. So lowly, so quiet, albeit so honored, so blessed, emotional expressions would have jarred harshly upon that heart-worship, ever secretly ascending.

Mary Magdalene, who by the help of an omnipotent hand, reached a place from which she could look down upon life with the infinite pity of comprehension, who understood the meaning of desolation, who had been companion with despair, who had loved and enjoyed, teaches us more than one lesson as she rises on her "dead self to higher things." Martha in her active zeal, her quick out-

running to her Friend when in the depth of her sorrow, her sublime declaration of faith, and her sister Mary weeping out her love and trust at the Master's feet, and whose soul stood continually before him in rapt adoration, who will deny that each of these lives is

"Pure as carved ideal,
A woman's life, strong, deep, and large to embosom
The fullest meaning of the grandest real?"

Is it only a fancy that these women were enduringly patient and incorruptibly good? Is it a myth that in them was found the inspiration of a Fra Angelico? Certainly they did not deny the Christ. No woman's fingers plaited the crown of thorns! Judas gave the kiss of betrayal to his master—it was a loving woman who reverently knelt and kissed that Master's feet, washed them with her repentant tears, and wiped them with her hair.

Such is the Hebrew testimony regarding the dignity, power, and duty of woman. Such the Christian testimony of the heights to which she has attained. And will not American woman look upon these, their sisters, who were neither Aspasias, Agrippinas, nor Lights of the Harem; who entered life's conflicts, were stirred by its passions, made one in its tragedies and fell in its battles,—will they not look, and in looking and learning, endeavor to walk as worthily? Will they not desire a wider, stronger, purer life, from these examples, and by them gain inspiration? Will they not follow—"not a Maud, but a Madeleine, who went down to her garden in the dawn, and found One waiting at the gate, whom she supposed to be the gardener?"

A SABBATH IN JUNE.

IT is a Summer Sabbath-time;
And o'er the crags with hoary brow
The Summer noontide in its prime
Floateth in purple radiance now;
While on yon mountain's distant crest
Our stainless cloud has come to rest,
And o'er fair isle and gleaming sea
Distils a glad tranquillity!

Oh, hearts that God hath touch'd can tell
How o'er this earth in ruin laid,
Still breathes at times the Sabbath spell,
Mid sin and sorrow undecay'd!
What sympathies in earth and air,
With man's appointed rest there are;
And how a light comes down from heaven,
To crown the day that God hath given.

A PRINCESS'S MOONLIGHT FLITTING.

AN EPISODE OF FRENCH HISTORY.

CARDINAL MAZARIN, angered by the Great Condé's opposition to his schemes of ambition and family aggrandizement, and irritated beyond endurance by the mordant sarcasm and ridicule with which the hero of Rocroi attacked every part of his administration, had succeeded by a surprise in getting Condé himself, his brother, the Prince di Conti, and their brother-in-law, the Duc de Longueville, safely lodged in prison. Anne of Austria, the widow of Louis XIII, regent for her infant son, Louis XIV, had been bitterly offended in her own person by the overbearing insolence of her great kinsman; and Gaston, the brother of Louis XIII, who was lieutenant-general of the kingdom, had without difficulty consented to the strong measure which consigned the princes of the blood royal to prison.

But Mazarin knew France and the then state of men's minds and of parties too well to imagine that all was safe when he had succeeded in caging his enemies. He had contrived, it is true, to get into his power at the same sweep of the net all the principal persons who might be expected to make Condé's cause their own. It is true that the Duc d'Enghien, the hero's son, was only seven years old; that his mother, the princess dowager, was too old and infirm, and his wife, the princess, was too young and experienced, to be very formidable. But these princesses, together with Duc d'Enghien, the heir to all the greatness of the house of Condé, were living at the family residence of Chantilly, at no great distance from Paris; their residence there made Chantilly a center and rallying point for all the numerous intrigues that the friends of the family were busily fomenting with a view to the deliverance of the princes, and it was accordingly felt by the court that it was unsafe to allow those ladies and the young heir of the family, and their little court, almost entirely female as it was, to continue their residence there.

It was on Monday, the 11th of April, 1650, about two months and a half after the date of the arrest of the princes, that disquieting news reached the inmates of the chateau, which plainly indicated that they were not to be left unmolested there any longer. Six companies of Swiss guards were reported by faithful spies to have left Saint-Denis, who, together with two squadrons of light horse from Soissons, were quietly occupying all of the passages of the river Oise, Le Presy, Creil, and Pont-Sainte-Maxence, as well as taking up positions at Senlis and Luzarches. It was evident that, even if no molestation of the persons of the princesses was contemplated, they were to be cut off from all communication with Paris, and with their friends in other parts of the kingdom. Trustworthy spies were immediately sent out from the chateau in all directions; and by midday the princess dowager had received from them certain information that the tidings which had reached her were in no respect exaggerated. Dinner, at midday, passed as usual at the chateau; but immediately after it the dowager invited all the persons at Chantilly in whom she most trusted to meet her and the other ladies in the chamber of the Duchess de Châtillon. The choice of such a place for the little council indicated curiously enough the importance that was attached to secrecy, and the danger there was felt to be that any such conference taking place in any of the more public sitting-rooms of the chateau might not have been safe from the prying ears and eyes of some traitors in the midst of the little family. Arch-conspirator Lenet, trustiest of the trusty, was of course, among the first, quietly told that the dowager wished to speak with him in the Duchess de Châtillon's private apartment. And as there is nothing like trouble and danger for putting power and authority into the hands most capable of wielding them, and making captain the man most fitted to be captain, law-

yer Lenet very quickly took the leading part in the little council. There were not wanting one or two military men there; old Captain Dalmas, the commander of the little garrison of the chateau, who was always for remaining quiet and doing as nearly nothing as possible, and one or two others; and it might have been supposed that the business in hand belonged rather to their department than to that of any civilian; but for all that, lawyer Lenet was the man who assumed the general command of all in the chateau.

Lenet explained all the reasons why, even if the princesses should be allowed to remain quietly at Chantilly, it would be fatal to their ulterior hopes for the deliverance of the princes to allow themselves to be cut off from all communication with their friends, and laid before them his plan for an immediate escape to Montrond. Montrond was a fortified castle belonging to Condé, situated very nearly in the center of France, on the confines of Berri and the Bourbonnais, near the spot where the territory of the Nivernais touches them. It was a very strong place, both by its natural position, and by the works of fortification by which it was defended. And once there, in the midst of Condé's own country, the persons of the princesses and the young duke would have been safe from any thing short of a regular and prolonged siege, which, under the then circumstances of France, was hardly to be feared.

The younger princess instantly accepted Lenet's proposal with enthusiasm. If only they do not ask her to be separated from her boy, she was ready to go anywhere, or do any thing that might be deemed for the service of her husband. The princess dowager was in no such hurry. She praised the zeal of her daughter-in-law, and said that she should be ready to put the plan of escaping to Montrond into execution when the proper time should come; that they all had but one object—to save the heir to the house, and preserve as much as was possible of the fortunes of their family in this shipwreck, and would, therefore, do together whatever they should decide upon doing. The old lady spoke quite affectingly; but Lenet

knew that her "when the proper time should come" meant something very different from what he meant; and, moreover, that he did not by any means intend that the hazardous flight to Montrond should be incumbered and rendered more difficult by the company of the elder lady.

He had no opportunity at that moment, however, of urging his views upon the little meeting, for the council was interrupted by the announcement that the Bishop of Senlis had arrived at the chateau for the purpose of confirming all such of the inmates as needed that rite. No doubt there were sundry candidates for the rite among the younger maids of honor of the two princesses, and the bishop's visit occupied some hours, which Lenet, who knew that matters were more pressing than any one else in the chateau was aware of, grievously grudged to him.

At about five o'clock in the afternoon, however, Blanchefort, a thoroughly trusted servant of the dowager, came to her to tell her that he had met in the forest a stranger, whom he happened to know to be a gentleman attached to the service of the king; that about ten days previously he had seen this same person traveling between Sens and Dijon; and that when he had met the stranger in the forest just now, the latter had told him that he was there to have an interview with the princesses, but would not mention the object of his visit. Hereupon there was a fresh hurried meeting of the principal inmates of the chateau. The dowager communicated to them what she had just heard; and it was agreed on all hands that the tidings looked very serious indeed; that there was every reason to think that this gentleman of the chamber was the bearer of some order from the court either for the arrest and removal of the princesses and the young duke, or for the keeping of them as prisoners in their own house of Chantilly.

And hardly had the frightened party unanimously arrived at this conclusion, when old Dalmas, the commandant, came to announce that a gentleman in the service of the king, of the name of Du Vouldy, had arrived with letters for both princesses, which

he begged to be allowed to deliver in person. The announcement fell like a thunder-bolt on the little assembly. But arch-conspirator Lenet was equal to the occasion. Without the loss of a second he told Dalmás to say to the stranger that the dowager was ill, but would receive him in her chamber in a few minutes. He begged the old lady to get herself to bed with all possible speed, to assume all the appearance of a sick person, and when the messenger from the court should be introduced, to say all that was best adapted to keep him waiting a short time for the execution of the order of which he was the bearer. Then he flew to the chamber of the young princess, who really was in bed with a bad cold, made her get up in all possible haste, and caused a young English girl, one of her maids of honor, of the name of Gerbier, to get to bed in her place. This done he dashed into the nursery, where the young duke was with the women who attended on him, and while some of them ran to bring in a son of the gardener, of just the same age of the duke—seven years old—Lenet himself superintended a rapid changing of clothes between the two-children, and packed off the little duke to the gardener's house. This done he rushed back to the young princess's chamber, and took her with him and the Duchess de Châtillon into the dowager's room, just in time to hide themselves in the *ruelle*, that is, between the bed-curtains and the wall, so that they might hear all that passed when Du Vouldy was admitted.

The old lady performed her part of invalid perfectly. She read the letter the messenger brought her; and then said that it was impossible for her to make the voyage commanded by his majesty, or rather by those who persecuted her in his name; that she would write to the Duke of Orleans (Gaston, the lieutenant-general) to ask to be allowed a little time to make her preparations; and that in the mean time he, Du Vouldy, might go and deliver the letter he had for her daughter-in-law, and then do any thing that might make his sojourn at Chantilly as agreeable to him as possible till the reply of the Duke of Orleans should arrive.

Du Vouldy went accordingly to the princess's chamber, where he found Mademoiselle Gerbier waiting for him. She played her part, as Lenet tells us, to such perfection that it was impossible for a stranger to doubt that it was the princess. Her air, her manner of speaking, her complaints against the queen regent and the cardinal, were all so exactly what those of her mistress might have been supposed to be, that Du Vouldy had not the slightest doubt that he was speaking to Condé's wife.

Then he was taken to the nursery, where the deception that had been prepared for him was equally successful.

And not only did the clever English girl utterly mystify him upon the first occasion, but during the whole time of his stay at the chateau; so much so, that when afterwards there arose a rumor to the effect that the princess had escaped, Du Vouldy wrote every day to Paris, and to the cardinal in Burgundy, to the effect that he could answer for it that both the princess and the young duke were safe at Chantilly, for that he was in the habit of seeing them every day, and at all hours of the day.

When Du Vouldy had had these interviews with the personages to whom he had been sent, he was taken to admire the beautiful gardens and walks of Chantilly, was feasted, and kept amused while the princesses and their friends held another council. The first thing done was to put into Lenet's hands the letters which the royal messenger had delivered to the ladies. The contents of the two letters were very nearly identical. The princesses were informed that their longer stay at Chantilly was deemed "prejudicial to the king's affairs," that the person who was the bearer of the letters had his orders, and that the ladies and the young duke must accompany him whither he should lead them. Lenet thought that he perceived also from some phrases in the letter, that it was the purpose of Mazarin to seize Montrond also; and this, of course, made it appear to him more than ever expedient to have the princesses there to secure the loyalty of the garrison.

When Lenet had read the letters a general

discussion commenced. "But," says the arch-conspirator, "since there was no time to lose for the execution of the plan I had conceived, and as I perceived that they were all inclined to talk, I interrupted the second who spoke, and briefly explained my own plan."

Lenet had for some time past foreseen that matters might come to the pass at which they now were, and had made his preparations accordingly. His plan, in a word, was that the younger princess should escape with her son that same night. Every thing, he urged, depended upon securing the persons of the princess and her son, and every hour they remained where they were increased the danger of their falling into the hands of their enemies.

"The princess dowager interrupted me," says Lenet, "and asked, in a sour tone, where I proposed to lead them. 'To Mont-rond, madame,' said I. 'And I flatter myself that I shall bring them thither in all safety.' The old lady answered, with much anger in her manner, that I should cause them all to be taken prisoners. 'We are that already, madame,' said I; 'and if we are arrested en route, we can not be worse off than we are now.'"

All those who were present hastened to express their concurrence with this view except the dowager. She did not like to attempt the journey (and, indeed, Lenet had no intention of taking her), and she did not like to be left behind. It was pointed out to her how necessary it was that she should remain to keep Du Vouldy in his error for a day or two; and Lenet reminded her, besides, that it had been before determined that she should go to Paris to present a petition to Parliament praying the intervention of that body for the release of her son.

At last she was persuaded. And then Lenet let them know that his proposal was that they should start that same night at eleven o'clock. There was no little amazement and bustle and alarm. But the younger princess held firm to her promises, and made no objection. All was got ready with the utmost possible expedition and secrecy. Du Vouldy was safe in the apart-

ment which had been assigned to him, somebody—old Dalmas probably—having been told off for the duty of drinking with him and keeping him engaged till bed-time. Lenet had some time previously caused a plain carriage, without any arms on the panels, to be prepared, as well as several suits of gray livery unmarked by any distinctive sign. This carriage, drawn by two horses, was ordered to be in readiness in the immediate neighborhood of the house, and four other horses were sent into the forest, having been taken out of the stable as if to be led to water, the harness being carried out secretly by another way.

When all was ready it was found that the princess had packed a very valuable service of gold plate in a chest, which she proposed to have tied on behind the carriage. But to this Lenet objected, peremptorily telling her that they had to think of the safety of something more valuable than gold plate, which the weight of the latter might jeopardize! Then the fluttered young wife made a little bit of a harangue, which she deemed the solemnity of the occasion required. She divided the trinkets she had about her person among the ladies who were to accompany her, like one who was about to quit the world. To Lenet she gave a watch, which she took from her side, telling him not to forget her, and, above all, to remember that she confided to him what she had dearest and most valuable in all the world—her son; that he was always to bear in mind that, whatever might betide, the young duke was not to be trusted to the hands of the Spaniards, or of the Huguenots, or, above all, of the Duc de Bouillon. Her cousin, the Duc de Saint-Simon, on the other hand, might be trusted implicitly.

Lenet, nervous and anxious to be off, cut her short with the assurance that he would act faithfully in any circumstance and according to the circumstances, and would keep her informed of every thing—as far as he could.

Then there was much embracing and tear-shedding among the ladies who were to go, and those who were to stay in the chateau, and an infinitude of caresses to be bestowed

on the little duke, who was dressed as a little girl for the occasion; Lenet standing by the while, and every instant becoming more and more impatient. At last he got them off—on foot, that is to say, for the carriage was waiting in the forest. The princess, the Comtesse de Tourville, her pretty and clever daughter, the Comtesse de Gouville, and a Madame de Changrand passed from the chateau into the garden, and thence by a private door into the park, and so to the open forest where the carriage was awaiting them. Bourdelot, the physician, who acted also as the young duke's tutor, the squire La Roussière, and two servants, Fleury and Viâlard, the latter of whom carried the Duc d'Enghien in his arms, prepared to run with him while the others prevented pursuit, in case of an attack in the forest, made their way by another route to the same place of rendezvous. Lenet himself, after seeing them off, together with two other tried friends of the family, and the grooms, took a different road, in order to avoid the suspicions that might be aroused by the travelling of so large a body of persons.

All went well during the night. Lenet, with his party, reached the Porte Saint-Denis, at Paris, at the same time that the carriage with the ladies and the child in it, and the four above-named men on horseback escorting them, reached the Porte Saint-Martin. And all had joined at the appointed rendezvous in Paris by four o'clock in the morning. The somewhat hazardous task of getting clear out of Paris was accomplished before daylight; and a fresh carriage and horses, ordered from the Condé stables in Paris, met them at Juvisis—now a station on the Orleans railroad. During the entire journey all those on horseback rode two and two together, but not at so great a distance as to lose sight of each other or of the carriage. When they stopped for refreshment they went to different hostleries, and avoided all appearance of knowing each other. Madame de Tourville called herself Madame de la Vallée, and all those in the carriage passed for her family.

Thus they arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon of that day, the 12th of April, at

Angerville-la-Rivière, where the president, Perrault, who had been arrested at the same time that the princes were, and shared their captivity, had a mansion. Lenet had counted on finding at Angerville the carriage and horses of the president, and pursuing the journey by their means all the night. But the horses had been sold during their master's imprisonment—"contrary," says Lenet, "to orders which I had given when I first conceived the idea of taking the princesses from Chantilly to Montrond;" orders which illustrate curiously the absolute captainship of every thing concerning Condé's affairs which Lenet assumed as soon as the princes were in durance, and the ideas of the time, which made it a matter of course that all the goods and chattels of the friends of the family—or servants of the family, as the language of that day called them—should be held to be at the service of the prince if his needs required them.

The president's horses had been sold, however, and the anxious party were obliged to remain at his house for the night.

Very early the next morning, the 13th, they were again *en route*, and soon reached Choissy-aux-Loges, where another "servant" of the prince, Bellegarde, lived. He was absent, and, says Lenet, "I would not permit his wife to receive the princess, for fear it might injure her husband. But she met the fugitive at a 'hermitage,' that is, a sort of Summer-house in the grounds, and there offered any thing that she could possibly do for her service, and supplied us with fresh relays of horses, which were extremely acceptable."

It was necessary to pass the Loire at Sully, the place from which Henry the Fourth's great minister took his name. And this passing of the ferry was rather a critical affair, as it necessarily caused delay, and a gathering of people and the quitting of her carriage by the princess. The ladies were rowed over in a small boat; but as the bringing across of the carriage and horses was a much longer affair, the ladies had to wait on the further bank of the stream. "We all sat about upon the stones on the bank as if we had been of equal condition;

and in order to guard against all suspicion of that of the princess, she sat on my knees." The bringing across of a carriage, and so many horses and people, caused a considerable crowd to assemble; and presently, all of a sudden, Lenet heard a voice call to him by name. He strove to make the person who had addressed him believe that he was mistaken, declaring that he knew nothing of any M. Lenet. But the stranger, who turned out to be a valet of the Duc de Sully, said he knew him perfectly well, as well as the princess, and begged to be allowed to speak a few words to him in private. Lenet having stepped aside with him, the man told him that he knew perfectly well each person in the suite of the princess, and that he understood entirely that the princess was escaping from the hands of the court party; adding that his master had no wish but to serve the princess in any way in his power, and offering eighteen thousand francs, which the duke had just received from his tenants. When this was told to the princess she took a ring from her finger and gave it to the man, saying, however, that she had no need to accept his master's kind offers. "I longed, however, to accept the money," says Lenet, "for we were much in want of it, our finances being reduced to about five hundred pistoles, which the princess had, and twenty thousand francs which I had got together, partly by borrowing them and partly by the sale of some plate." After this incident they got on the same afternoon as far as Argent, in the province of Berri, where the Sieur de Clermont, an old "servant" of the prince, had a house. Clermont, who was the father-in-law of the governor of the fortress of Montrond, gave them horses throughout the night, sent on in relays every four leagues. Thus they reached, on the morning of the 14th, a château within sight of Bourges, belonging to another friend, the Sieur de Rhodes. There the princess dined, changed horses, and sent back Madame de Bellegarde's carriage, with a letter of thanks. And at midnight of that day, the 14th, they all arrived safely at Montrond, having made the journey, as Lenet remarks, with a rapidity greater than could

have been deemed possible, considering that it was made in a carriage, "with a lady and child of such a rank, and without having sent on any relays along the road."

The princess remained at Montrond till the 8th of the following May; and the life at the château during those weeks, as described by Lenet, who was the soul and mainspring of all the tangled web of intrigue, which made the business of the existence of every one of the party, is very characteristic of the curious state of French society at that period.

The first business is to send out letters—all under the direction of Lenet—to all the friends and connections of the family to ascertain how far each is prepared or can be persuaded to support the princes against the government, that is, against the queen regent and Mazarin; for all parties professed themselves most loyal subjects of the young king. Numberless messengers were arriving continually—for it was dangerous to write—from different *grands seigneurs*, some professing to be ready at any moment for any thing that it might be proposed to attempt in favor of the illustrious prisoners; others temporizing, and disposed to wait and see whether the party of the princes acquired consistency and force. The Duc de Saint-Simon was prepared to offer the princess and her son a safe asylum in his château, if they would accept it, but thought that he must wait awhile before overtly taking part in arms against the court. This offer was just the reverse of what Lenet wanted. He much preferred that the princess should trust for personal safety to her own house, but was anxious that the duke should declare himself. "Another person's house," remarks lawyer Lenet, "is never so safe as your own; because such a guest as the princess, and still more the young duke, her son, is always liable to be made to serve as the price of a reconciliation with the government if things should go amiss."

La Rochefoucauld, for his part, was ready for any thing; but as his sole motive was to please the Duchesse de Longueville, he could not be trusted to do any thing which did not come immediately under her eyes, or which had the result of removing him from her.

At the same time, all that was necessary to render Montrond impregnable was to be got together as quietly and secretly as possible. And at the same time the suspicions and fears of the queen regent and the cardinal are to be lulled to sleep as far as possible. The princess writes a letter to Anne of Austria, in which her flight from Chantilly to Montrond is justified cleverly enough, and yet with an effrontery of pretense that is amusing. She had received, she said, the king's orders not to remain at Chantilly; and, as the state of her mother-in-law's health made it impossible for her to travel at that moment, she, the young princess, had thought it best to lose no time in showing her eagerness to obey the king's orders, and had therefore left Chantilly, and thought that the most proper place for her retirement, so long as his majesty's displeasure against her husband should unhappily last, was her husband's own house of Montrond; that her one object during her stay there would be to remain in such perfect tranquillity as should give proof that nothing was further from her or her husband's thoughts than to give trouble or cause of displeasure to the king's government in any way.

To this letter Anne replied, assuring the princess of her good will and making offers of protection and kindness. The letter from Blanchefort to Lenet brought equally favorable and kind assurances from the cardinal. Yet both the queen regent and the cardinal knew very well that the wife of the prince they had imprisoned was at Montrond for no other purpose than to attempt to raise the standard of civil war in the country. They told her that she might remain at Montrond, knowing very well all the time that it would require the work of a regular siege to get her out of it. But in all these transactions it is very plain that neither party sought to push the other to extremity; neither acted as if they were fully and seriously in earnest. There is a strange, unreal air over it all, as if they were all at play, and doing it all—conspiring and governing and rebelling—for make-believe. And yet the results that hung in the balance seem to have been serious enough. It was quite on the

cards that that little Duc d'Enghien might have become sovereign of France instead of that other child for whom, under the name of Louis the Fourteenth, Anne of Austria and Mazarin were with difficulty steering the state bark among shoals and quicksands of all sorts. There was a vast deal of disaffection in the country, especially in the south, and in the important city and parliament of Bordeaux. And there was in every part of the country a dangerous amount of hatred and contempt for the cardinal. Condé was popular. He had rendered great services to France of the kind which Frenchmen most highly appreciate. He had acquired a deservedly high military reputation. Anne and Mazarin *did* succeed in preserving the throne for Louis the Fourteenth, while the country was demoralizing itself in such sort as to render possible the excess of despotism he was able to establish. But assuredly it was possible enough that things might have turned out otherwise. Yet the struggles seem all of them to have been fought with the gloves on. This one special episode of the imprisonment of the princes did not end without results that might very well have changed all the subsequent course of French history.

Those days at Montrond were, no doubt, more exciting as the plot thickened and Lenet's schemes drew nearer to their *dénouement*; but they could hardly have been so delightful as those quieter days amid the lovely gardens and woods of Chantilly. Like them, however, the Montrond episode came quickly to its end; and the princess found herself called on to make another moonlight flitting. On the 8th of May it was decided that things were sufficiently advanced to make it desirable that the princess should show herself among her friends in the disaffected province Guienne. And then the intrigues of Lenet and Condé's other friends produced their fruit in the rebellion of Bordeaux and the siege of that city by the forces of the court. The siege was successful; and yet was so only in such measured degree, like so many others of the struggles of that day, that the upshot was that Mazarin found himself obliged to give the princes their liberty.

THE SCHWARZWALD, OR BLACK FOREST.

THE present is an age of great cities. We can point to enormous centers of population where millions are crowded together commanding all the resources of modern civilized life. The past was an age of forests, when men were, with few exceptions, more scattered and less stationary; when they wandered from spot to spot with their flocks and herds, or in hunting expeditions, on foot or on horseback, and looked with wondering awe upon immense hills and valleys clothed with the thickest woods, and infested with wolves and boars. Even in the great forest age, the *Hercynia Sylva* was renowned. It reached from Suabia to Saxony, touched the Rhine and ran along the banks of the Danube as far as Transylvania. Cæsar spent nine days in crossing a part of it, and it took more than eight weeks to traverse it from end to end in its longest direction. The warrior and historian gives an account of its character and of its wild beasts in the sixth book of his Gallic Wars. In the *Hercynia Sylva* were included, on the north, a region called the *Marciana Sylva*, and, on the south, the *Mons Abnoba*; the former ran up near the countries now known as Thuringia and the Harz—the latter unfolded the sources of the River Danube. Of the vast sweep of these rather indefinite boundaries some idea may be formed by a glance at the modern map of Europe; roughly they may be said to correspond with the present Grand Duchy of Baden, and that district or cycle of the kingdom of Württemberg which bears the name of the Black Forest. The old *Marciana Sylva* and the *Mons Abnoba* are not identical with the German Schwarzwald; but they included this large region of wooded hills, bounded by the Rhine on the west and south, and by the Neckar and Suabia to the north and east. The Schwarzwald, according to the "Imperial Gazetteer," is one hundred and fifty miles long, and, in some part, forty-five miles broad. Toward the north the mountain chain rapidly subsides, and some geog-

raphers mark it as terminating near Neuenburg and Pforzheim. The north division is called the Lower Schwarzwald, the south portion the Higher. The culminating point is the Feldberg, four thousand eight hundred feet high. The whole of the Schwarzwald is now encompassed, and the south is penetrated by a railway.

At the remote period just noticed, the age of forests, it was scarcely accessible, and only a few daring spirits attempted to explore its dark depths. The somber hue of its wide-spreading woods has given it its modern name, and it seems to have suggested images of terror, and inspired emotions of fear, in the minds of the roving tribes who peopled the north and eastern sides. They looked upon it, however, as a natural defense against the aggressions of the Roman Empire, which made inroads upon Germany, and they rejoiced in the difficulties presented by the black chain of hills to the march of conquering legions. For a long period the forests had few or no inhabitants; but people wandered or settled on its skirts, and then gradually cleared their way into the interior, seeking in the valleys pasturage for their cattle, cutting down from the hills materials for their habitations. Ethnologists think that they can discover in the present inhabitants indications of physical and mental differences, which they ascribe to varieties of race; and hence they hazard a theory of distinct tribes having here come together, some of Celtic, others of Teutonic origin. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that an early date, however the Germans might look on the Schwarzwald as a bulwark of protection, the Romans made their way into the neighborhood, laying down roads and erecting forts in the Hercynian Forest, according to their established policy. The remains of a Roman settlement, it is said, are to be seen near Hüfingen, a station on the Black Forest Railway, not far from Donaueschingen, where, in an interesting museum, some Roman antiquities are preserved.

Up in the Forest, about Unter Kirnach, on the same line, near Villingen, an ancient roadway has been traced, marked by wheel-ruts, pronounced to be a Roman road connecting *Adaris Flavii* (Rottweil) and other places with the Rhine Valley. At Haslach, also on the Black Forest Railway, we are told there are Roman remains.

The best known of such relics are at Baden-Baden. The vaults of the masonry enclosing the *Ursprung*, the principal of the hottest mineral springs, are of Roman construction; and fragments of Roman sculpture dug up in the vicinity have been placed in the building over the fountain; among them are votive tables and altars to Neptune, Mercury, and Juno. Roman vapor baths seem to have existed where the *Neue Schloss* now stands, for remains are shown in the subterranean parts of that interesting edifice, which plainly point to Roman times. The district watered by the Oos, which gives a name to the branch line from the Rhine Valley to Baden, was partially subjugated by Drusus Germanicus, and then more fully conquered by the Emperor Trajan. A Roman colony, named *Civitas Aquensis*, occupied the site of the fashionable modern watering-place. The hot springs were then celebrated, and Caracalla gave Roman freedom to the town, whence it became known as *Civitas Aurelia Aquensis*. Baden-Baden is the chief center for excursions in the Lower Schwarzwald, and is to be regarded as the principal town in that part; and it would appear that this pre-eminence pertained to it of old, and clung to it during the ages of confusion which followed the fall of the Roman Empire. For when the Alemanni, who were the original inhabitants of the neighborhood, and were subjected by the Romans, fell under dominion of the Franks, the new masters of Gaul, Baden-Baden having accepted the Christian religion, made, under its Duke Gottfried, repeated attempts to establish independence, but in vain, and the dukedom was abolished in the eighth century by Pepin the Little. But, in the eleventh century, a Duke Berthold, a reputed descendant of Alemannian Gottfried, built a castle in the Breisgau and founded

the line of the Zähringen princes, one of whom, in the twelfth century, took the title of Margrave of Baden, and was the ancestor of the illustrious house which still reigns over the Grand Duchy.

The history of the country is dim and indistinct during the mediæval period. The Germans have a saying, when a number of particulars touching a subject perplex the mind, that "you can not see the wood for the trees." Certainly it is not on that account that we are unable to discern the historical line which runs through the Schwarzwald of the dark ages. There are scarcely any trees to be seen. The wood is lost in dense clouds, such as, to the disappointment and mortification of the Baden visitor, sometimes envelop and conceal the scenery all round the castle. Legends, it is true, float before the imagination. Like the images seen on the face of the Brocken mists—shadows of forms cast by spectators—stories are told in prose and verse of ancient heroes, and supernatural beings who lived mysterious lives. In the very indifferent frescoes painted on the walls of the Baden Trinkhalle, under the long and stately colonnade, some of these legends are embodied in form and color. There is the *Kellerbild*, which commemorates a phantom maid who haunted the spot so named—two hours' distance from Baden—and fascinated a wanderer, who, after thrice meeting her, in an ecstasy of love, threw himself into her arms only to perish in her embrace. There, too, is painted the *Mummelsee*, a rocky basin on the road from Achern to Allerheiligen, where the *Undines* or Lake Maidens, dwelt in crystal palaces, amidst gardens of coral, and, ascending at night, danced to sweet music in the forest dells, and then vanished at cock-crow. There also may be seen a picture of the *Teufels Kanzel*, a place six miles from Baden, not far from Gernsbach, where the devil is reported to have preached; while, near at hand, stood the *Engles Kanzel*, where an angel of light proclaimed the truth and destroyed the work of the evil one. In the room of history, such dreams gather round some of the woods and waters of the Schwarzwald; and but little can be discerned in the

shape of solid fact by the student who strives to penetrate into the condition of the region ten centuries ago.

Some faint rays of actual truth shoot athwart the dark vista as we travel up and down this romantic realm, for the ruins of abbeys meet us here and there, and castles, or remains of them, adorn some of the most picturesque landscapes.

The missionary labors of Boniface form an interesting chapter in German ecclesiastical annals, but the scenes amidst which those labors were carried on lay to the north of the territory now under consideration; through the influence of other like-minded evangelists, however, Christianity, as it was then understood, made its way into the Black Forest. It was preached to the scattered inhabitants; and at a time when monastic habits were in the ascendancy, brethren of the cowl erected convents in several nooks and corners of the Schwarzwald, and by their industry brought surrounding lands into cultivation, while they instructed the peasantry in some of the elements of the Christian faith.

Two miles from Baden-Baden, at the end of a charming avenue of trees, lies Lichtenthal, a bright, green valley, famous for a monastery built by the Margraves of Baden to shelter one of the religious brotherhoods. On the way thence to Wildbad, through Gernsbach, one may pass through Herrenalb, a village grouped around buildings which belonged to a celebrated abbey, and tombstones of the wicked chiefs who presided over the establishment are found in the church-yard. Hirshau is another village in the same portion of the Lower Schwarzwald, which can boast of the ruins of a convent dedicated to St. Peter. But of all the ecclesiastical ruins which we have seen in the Black Forest, there are none so remarkable as those of Allerheiligen, within a pleasant drive from Achern on the Baden railway.

We might also notice here the church of Peterzell, built by the monks of Reichenau, and the great Benedictine Abbey at St. Georgen, both which places border the line which runs from Offenburg to Singen. St.

Blasen, on the road from Freiburg to Albruck, is another example. Such buildings, at different dates of the Middle Ages, denote the advance, step by step, of religion and civilization in regions once inhospitable, and scarcely ever trodden before by the feet of men. These buildings became centers of population, and villages sprang up around the abbey walls.

The age of abbeys was also an age of castles; they are found, in preservation or in ruins, in several parts of the Baden and Württemberg dominions, within the Forest circles. The visitor at Baden-Baden is almost sure to take a drive to Schloss Eberstein, which crowns a rocky hill commanding a most delightful view of the picturesque valley of the Murg. The figure of a wild boar, from which the castle takes its name, is conspicuous on the gateway; and entering the outer court-yard, you can go round to an inner one, which, recently restored, gives a good idea of the baronial homes and haunts of the wild days, images of which history seeks to recover from oblivion. There are not far off the ruins of another castle, that of Alt Eberstein, originally a Roman watch-tower. In connection with it is told a story to the effect that Otho I, wishing to reduce it to his sway, invited the count who possessed it to a tournament at Spire, with a view to seize it during his absence. But the emperor's daughter fell in love with the count, and disclosed the plot, whereupon he hastened home and saved his domain, and the matter ended, of course, in the marriage of the lovers.

The Alte Schloss is one of the chief resorts of Baden visitors, and there one sees the earliest residence of the reigning family. Its situation, perched on a rock overlooking the valleys of the Oos and the Rhine, reminds us how the chieftains of the Middle Ages sought security by climbing up difficult heights. Not to gaze on beautiful prospects, but to bar their gates and arm their walls against intruding foes, did these old warriors choose the place of their abode. And as the tourist ascends to the top of the remaining towers, and beholds with delight the villages, spires, and water-mills, he is

reminded by the force of contrast how different was the aspect of the country when, in the Middle Ages, the ladies of the family in hours of peace leaned over those battlements.

The Neue Schloss was not erected until the latter part of the fifteenth century, when less savage times released noble families from the necessity of building their nests among the rocks. In 1471 the present castle at the top of the town was begun, and after demolitions, additions, and alterations, it remains, in part, what it was at first, or, rather, it enables an intelligent visitor to picture to himself what it has been, and to surround the court and enliven the apartments with the scenes and associations of other days. The most interesting part of the castle consists of the curious subterranean passages and dungeons, which throw light on the condition of society at the period of their construction, and thus, in the absence of documents, supply materials for history. We revisited these dismal recesses not long ago, after the lapse of more than twenty years, and they deepened impressions already vivid. We saw the perpendicular shafts by which alone, originally, the dungeons were accessible; and the winding passages connected with this shaft, through which it would appear that people entered or were dismissed; and the doors of wood or iron which separated one part from another, and the enormous solid slabs of stone, turning upon ingeniously constructed pivots, which close up some of the cells; and the *Folter Kammer*, or rack-chamber, with iron rings on the walls suggestive of instruments of torture formerly suspended there; and the hall of judgment, where sat the masters of the mysterious tribunal on stone benches, a niche being reserved for the president, who was placed close to the outlet, whence came in and went out himself and his colleagues. We saw also the passage containing a well or pit under the floor, now boarded over, once covered with a trap-door, down which, you are told, the condemned were thrown after being led up to a figure of the Virgin, which they were directed to kiss. Moreover, we had a glimpse

of the pit itself, the opening being visible under the boards, the pit once containing a machine consisting of lancet-studded wheels which tore to pieces the wretched victims thrown against their sharp sides. This mystery of iniquity was discovered, as the story goes, in the attempt to recover a little dog that had fallen into the midst of the cruel machinery, which was found still to contain rusty knives and remains of rags and human bones.

This collection of horrors has excited much curiosity as to its origin and purpose. The entire subterranean arrangement has been connected by some German antiquaries, followed by Sir Walter Scott in his "*Anne of Geierstein*," with the famous Vehm of Westphalia; and it has been supposed that, according to forms observed by that tribunal, prisoners were conveyed blindfold into the castle, then seated in a chair and wound up to a high story, whence, by a windlass, they were let down the shaft into the subterranean prison, and thence conducted to the judgment hall, where they were acquitted or sentenced to inhuman punishment. The constitution of the Westphalian Vehm has been closely examined, its codes of law and manifold arrangements have undergone learned scrutiny; and between some of its meetings, those held in broad day, and the open field, and such proceedings as could have gone on in the Castle of Baden-Baden, no resemblance whatever can be traced. What was done in these vaults must have differed from what was done in the public courts of that well known tribunal. Hence some writers have treated the stories told about the Black Forest Castle with ridicule, and have disdained to attempt any explanation of facts visible to the eyes of every visitor. But secrecy, after all, was the characteristic mark of the Vehm. Its members formed a secret association and had a secret code of laws and carried on their proceedings in secret. If the court sat in an open place, still it bore no resemblance to public tribunals; and the Vehm certainly had meetings which were concealed from general observation. Where they were held nobody knew but the judges and the prisoners.

Such tribunals were instituted, it must be acknowledged, in other places besides Westphalia. A *Velme* court existed at Strasburg. It is by no means improbable that one existed at Baden-Baden as well. Of course, such a thing can not be identified with the Westphalian system; but it is reasonable enough to suppose that, with some general resemblance, it might carry out its secret methods of procedure on the edge of the Black Forest. What we have seen in the castle just described demonstrates the existence of some sort of secret tribunal there in the Middle Ages, and probably afterwards. Justice, as it is termed, was administered in fashions of this description as late as the sixteenth century, when they declined and disappeared.

These institutions shed a lurid light on the social condition of Germany as long as they existed, whatever theory we may adopt to account for their origin. If they arose out of revenge, cruelty, and a spirit of oppression, then how savage must have been the nature which gave them birth and preserved them so long; and if they were rude methods to maintain order in an age of misrule, to put right what was really wrong, then what a reflection is cast upon the public law and government of the day, which needed such perilous means to supplement legal deficiencies!

The Peasants' War, which made a good deal of havoc in Germany four hundred years ago, indicated the miserable state of the rural population at that period. It was one of the fruits of the feudal system, which contained in it a wonderful mixture of good and evil. Oppressive laws ground down the

lower classes; irresponsible power produced intense suffering, and the victims of wrong turned against their masters, and endeavored to throw off the galling yoke. The villagers were treated as serfs, denied personal rights, and required to do all manner of things for the lords and ladies of the lands on which they lived. They complained that "they were obliged to hunt for snails, wind yarn, gather fruit, and do all manner of things for others without pay. They had to work for their lords and ladies in fine weather, and for themselves in the rain. Huntsmen and hounds ran about without considering the damage they did." In Suabia and Thuringia, to the north of the Black Forest, these complaints were rife; hence the wars which sprang up in that part of Germany at the time of the Reformation. Probably some of the people of the Black Forest suffered inconveniences of this description, however quiet and patient they might be. It is a remarkable fact that on the borders of the Black Forest villeinage (*Leibeigenschaft*) continued to obtain down to the last quarter of the eighteenth century; for, at Entingen, two miles beyond Pforzheim, where tourists turn off from the main line of railway, by a branch which leads to the fashionable resort of Wildbad, there stands a small pyramid erected by the villagers to commemorate the abolition of serf-like dependence by Prince Charles Frederick, in 1789. "Before that time," as we are told, "the peasantry of this part of Württemberg were *adscripti glebæ*, bought and sold with the land, and obliged to work a certain number of days in the week for their landlords."

RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATIONS OF CORNWALL.

A SINGULAR interest attaches itself to the religious associations of Cornwall. It is merely a superficial observation to note that Cornwall is a land of saints. Parish after parish bears some quaint saintly title, unfamiliar to general hagiology, but none

the less of value when we attempt to trace the history of the early British Church, which, long before the days of Augustine, flourished in the land. There have been those who have sought to slight these evidences of the original Christianity of Eng-

land, to treat these old British saints, for the most part, as merely mythical personages. But the more the subject is investigated the more clearly does it appear, although some of the details may be uncertain, that by the end of the fifth century Christianity had taken deep root in Cornwall, and that within the next century it had become firmly established. Ireland, in all probability, supplied Cornwall with its first Christian missionaries, and one of the earliest named of these is St. Piran, who, about the year 460, so says the legend, floated from Ireland to Cornwall on a millstone or altar. In 1835 there was discovered beneath the sand in the parish of Perranzabuloe, the remains of the ancient chapel of St. Piran. It may be fairly doubted that he ever officiated within those walls, but the building is of great antiquity, and a material relic of that ancient British Church whose memory is enshrined in so many of the peculiar dedications of the country. The good seed once planted soon bore fruit, and Cornish Christians themselves engaged in missionary enterprise long before Devon sent forth the Saxon Winfrith, best known as St. Boniface, to become the apostle of Germany. Cornwall even puts in a claim to be considered the birthplace of St. David, the famous patron saint of Wales. More certain is the connection of the county with St. Petrock. Next to St. Piran, who is regarded as the patron saint of the tanners, St. Petrock is the chief figure in the Cornish hagiology. The son of a Cornish chief, he withdrew from the world and retired into a hermitage, traditionally said to have been in the valley where Bodmin church now stands. Thence he went to Ireland to study theology, and twenty years afterwards took up the staff of the pilgrim, found his way to Rome, thence to Jerusalem, and, if we could believe all we are told concerning him, to India. Nor was this any thing unusual in a native of the Western Isles. Indeed, pilgrimage was so much in favor with them that it led Jerome to remark, with a touch of irony, "Heaven stands open in Britain as well as Jerusalem,"—a lesson even yet by no means thoroughly learned. After his return from the East, St. Petrock established the first

monastery in Cornwall, on the site of his former cell. When he died his relics became the object of pilgrimage, and such reputation did they attain, that in 1177 a canon of the abbey named Martin stole the bones and took them to Brittany. The Prior of Bodmin appealed to the king, and the monks of the monastery to which Martin had given the relics were compelled to restore them. The bones of St. Petrock were brought back to Bodmin in an ivory casket. In later days this casket became a charter-box of the Bodmin corporation, of which little heed was taken until the Rev. W. Iago proved its true character, and it is now treated with the care such a singular relic of antiquity deserves. If we mention a third holy man of ancient Cornwall it would be St. Neot. Around his memory legends thickly cluster, and he is credited with many miracles.

But we need not turn to written history, or wade through the dreary wonders with which mistaken reverence has well-nigh swept away the real incidents in the lives of the early fathers and mothers of the British Church. Go where you will in Cornwall you will see material evidence of the existence and strength of Celtic Christianity. In days when churches, like dwellings, were, with very rare exceptions, mere wattle huts, the effort to do honor to the faith which had been embraced with so much earnestness led to the erection of hundreds of stone crosses. Whatever the religion that Christianity supplanted in the west, whether it was what we now understand by Druidism or not, one of its distinctive material features was the erection of "rude stone monuments," among which the "menhirs," or stone pillars, occupied a prominent place. The practice was continued under a Christian guise, and granite crosses of all kinds, some of the very rudest form, others of singular beauty of design, were set up wherever there was a center of Christian life. And so you find them now, not only in the church-yard, but by the road-side, on the wild moor, marking perchance the site of some church whose memory has utterly passed away, tokens in some instances, it

may be, of the wide-spread piety and zeal of the first generations of British Christians. There is no reason to doubt that a few of these crosses, at any rate, have an antiquity of thirteen centuries. And here we may note the strange fact that there yet survive in some of the old customs of the country relics of that old cultus, which, not to be more precise, we may call Baalitic. There is a singular vitality in the outward forms of all faiths that have been widely accepted. Even the old Catholic days of Cornwall linger still in those popular holidays, the parish feast days.

When St. Petrock founded his monastery, Christianity in Cornwall seemed in evil plight. Pagan Saxons harried the Cornu-Britons from the land; pagan Danes ravaged all their coasts. However the traditions concerning Arthur differ, they all agree in representing him and his followers as Christians. He was the king of a Christian people; the last hero of the supreme efforts of a slowly dying nationality. Cumbria, Cambria, and Cornwall alike claim him, but to Cornwall he seems more especially to belong; and Slaughter Bridge, near Camelford, is said to take its name from his last fatal battle. That there was no such Arthur as he of the Round Table we must perforce grant. The whole accessories of the Arthurian legend are of a later age; but mixed up with them, and the evident influences of a far earlier myth, there do seem to be traces that there was such a "last of the Britons" as Arthur is represented.

It would be idle to attempt to trace the history of the bishopric of Cornwall. We know that such a see existed, and that is nearly all. Even of the Anglo-Saxon bishopric which succeeded it we can only speak in general terms. The Saxon Christians were little better friends to the British Christians than the Saxon pagans had been; and the Cornu-British Church as earnestly strove to maintain its independence as ever the Cornu-British kingdom did. But when Athelstan finally reduced Cornwall, it fell altogether under Saxon rule, ecclesiastically as well as civilly, and as Howell became subject under Athelstan, so Conan the bishop

became a provincial of the primatial see of Canterbury. Little over a century did Cornwall retain its separate bishops. On the death of Burhwold in 1042, it was united to the see of Crediton, then held by Lyfing, who has been handed down to us as the "wordnotera," or eloquent. Four years later the pastoral care of the two counties of Devon and Cornwall, thus united, passed to Leofric, who transferred the seat of the see to Exeter; and part of the bishopric of Exeter did Cornwall remain until 1877, when, after eight centuries had passed away, the ancient bishopric of the original British Church was restored, and Dr. Benson consecrated its first modern occupant. The seat of the see is Truro now; in ancient times it seems to have alternated between St. Germans and Bodmin.

The Middle Ages supply us with little matter for comment. Cornwall had quite its share of religious houses, though few of any importance. St. Germans, Bodmin, Launceston, Truro, Penryn, Helston, Tywardreath, St. Michael's Mount had their abbeys and their priories, much of the usual type, and not calling for special remark. There are few traces of them now; and perhaps in no county in England have the buildings of the various religious fraternities been more thoroughly demolished. Portions of the original house of the Monks of St. Michael still remain on St. Michael's Mount, side by side with the finest modern castellated work in the county. Close to the Norman doorway of St. Germans church still stands the tower of the priory; and these are the most important remains left in Cornwall of the monasticism which formed such an important feature in mediæval Christianity.

The apparent barrenness of the Cornish Church in these times is certainly as remarkable as its fruitfulness at the time of the first introduction of Christianity. Hardly a man of religious note did Cornwall send forth for centuries. One, however, merits notice—John de Trevisa, born in 1342 and dying in 1412, who is said to have translated the Bible shortly after Wyclif. Whether he did so or not is, however, a

controverted point; but that he was a voluminous and, for his age a meritorious writer is beyond question.

Isolated from the rest of England by their language, the Cornish of the Middle Ages appear to have been religiously a superstitious, bigoted, easy-going folk, with a marvellous fondness for pomp and spectacle. Superstitious they are still, bigoted they proved themselves to be when the Reformation came; and the historian Carew tells us how much the idea of amusement was mixed up with their religious observance. Nowhere in England were the old miracle plays more in favor. "The Guary Miracle," in English a miracle play, is a kind of Entertale, compiled in Cornish out of some Scripture history with that grossness which accompanied the Romanes *vetus Comedia*. For representing it they raise an earthen amphitheater in some open field, having the diameter of his enclosed playne some forty or fifty foot. The country people flock from all sides, many miles off, to hear and see it, for they have therein devils and devices to delight as well the eye as the eare." *Plain-an-guary* was the name of these open-air theaters, and not only the name but the thing itself is still to be found in Cornwall. Perran Round is one of the finest examples. The chief remains of the old Cornish tongue consist of these miracle plays, some of great antiquity—one so recent as the beginning of the seventeenth century. Indeed, in a sense, miracle plays are extant yet; for a common form of entertainment, especially where children are concerned, among some of the Wesleyan communities at the present day, is the presentation of some little Scriptural drama.

One is not surprised to find the Cornish to have been the stoutest opponents of the Reformation England saw. They joined the men of Devon in a rebellion for the restoration of the old faith, and with them besieged Exeter, putting the inhabitants to sore straits. Beaten there by Lord Russell, repulsed by the towns-folk in an attack on Plymouth, they were followed up in their retreat, and a severe example made of their leaders. This was in 1549. And now we

come to something that is calculated to excite surprise. In 1549 Cornwall was the most stubbornly Catholic county in England. In less than half a century it became one of the most Puritan. When the Puritan ministers were being ejected from their livings the Cornish petitioned Parliament, declaring that to the number of fourscore and ten thousand souls, they, "for want of the Word of God," were "in extreme misery, and ready to perish;" that faithful ministers had been silenced, while most of the Churches were supplied by men "guilty of the grossest sins." "Therefore from far we come, beseeching this honorable House to dispossess these dumb dogs and ravenous wolves, and appoint us faithful ministers, who may peaceably preach the Word of God."

It is by no means clear how this remarkable change was brought about, but it is tolerably evident that the introduction of the English language had something to do with it, quite as much, in all probability, as the use of the Reformed service, with which the bulk of the inhabitants, indeed, are represented in this petition as being by no means content. Dr. Moreman, Vicar of Menheniot, was the first who taught his parishioners the Lord's Prayer, Creed, and Ten Commandments in English. The innovation soon spread, although for quite a century later it was necessary in some parishes to use Cornish in the administration of Holy Communion, for the sake of the older parishioners who understood no English, and it was nearly half a century later still ere the last Cornish sermon was preached. Perhaps Carew supplies us with a clew to this subsequent rapid progress of Puritan principles, when writing in 1602, he notes, "Of preachers the shire holdeth a number plentiful in regard of other shires." Subsequently there appears to have been a reaction. In the civil wars of the seventeenth century Cornwall was strongly royalist, and its pulpits were not affected by the Ejection of 1662 to the same proportionate extent as those of the sister county. There are, however, Non-conformist Churches in Cornwall which trace their origin to the

labors of ministers who were then expelled. The celebrated Hugh Peters, by the way, was a native of Fowey.

No county in England had sunk to a lower depth of religious apathy, and one might almost add of degradation, than Cornwall when John Wesley paid it the first of his thirty-one visits. There was no life in the Church, excepting here and there. The few scattered Presbyterian, Baptist, or Independent societies, worked, if at all, within very limited areas. Quakerism had outlived its early vigor, and persecution had driven its professors out of several localities where they might otherwise have excited an influence. Religion in Cornwall was not even lukewarm. The miners were a rough, reckless, lawless set, who did very much that which was right in their own eyes, caring for nobody. Low as the state of culture and morals then was in England generally, probably no other county than Cornwall could have supplied an instance of a man holding what he conceived to be his property by force of arms, shooting the officers who came to put the law in force, and finally having to be dislodged by a party of soldiers armed with cannon. Yet this happened at Skewis, near Helston, in the year 1734. It was the last siege in England. These, too, were the days when the Cornish fishermen gained the unenviable reputation of wreckers, which they have so long ceased to deserve. If ever a county needed a revival of religion that county was Cornwall when Wesley came into it, an evangelist and apostle.

His earlier mission work was not encouraging. He had to endure many privations, to lodge badly, and to fare ill (glad at times even to eat the blackberries by the hedge-side for a meal), and what was worse, to preach the Gospel to unsympathetic ears. But the time came when all this was changed, when of him, as of his Master, it could be said "the common people heard him gladly;" when tens of thousands would congregate to listen to him on the hillside or among the wild moors, or in that spot which is more

dear to Cornish Methodism than any other, Gwennap Pit, then simply the rude, open excavation of an ancient mine, now a large amphitheater, wherein every Whitsuntide Wesleyanism still gathers its thousands to listen to the "preaching of the Word." Cornwall owes something, too, to Charles Wesley. It was at the Land's End he composed that well-known hymn:

"Lo, on a narrow neck of land
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand."

But John Wesley was emphatically the one founder of Cornish Methodism, and with it of the religious life of Cornwall, in its main features, as it exists in the present day.

The good work begun by Wesley did not confine itself within the Wesleyan fold. Church and Dissent alike shared to some extent in the impulse. But the Calvinist views which found such favor in Devon were never popular in Cornwall, and hence mainly the slender hold which the elder Non-conformity has upon the county. The most prominent name among Cornish Churchmen of the last century is that of Samuel Walker, a native of Exeter, familiarly known as "Walker of Truro," and curate of St. Mary's in that city from 1746 to his death in 1761. He was one of the evangelical leaders of his time, a zealous worker and a most voluminous writer. Several of his works have been many times reprinted, notably "The Christian," "Christ the Purifier," and "Sermons on Practical Religion," while some have been re-issued within the past few years.

The last thirty or forty years have been characterized by increased activity on the part of all denominations represented in the county. Wesleyanism, so far, has fairly held its own, though some of the other bodies have met with unwonted success. This does not apply, however, to the Roman Catholics or the Ritualists. Neither of these are much in favor, though the latter may be said to a great extent to have simply shared in the common circumstances of the English Church in the county.

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

METHODIST EPISCOPACY VINDICATED.

ANY one accustomed to look through the religious and denominational periodicals of the times must notice that with them the Methodist episcopacy is a subject of perpetual and rather lively interest, and that for one cause or another most of them appear to be not quite pleased with it. Just what are the features of that system against which objections are so persistently made does not very clearly appear; and, indeed, it seems that while there is a rather remarkable unanimity in the unfavorable verdict rendered by them, the reasons for it appear to be not only diverse, but also, in not a few cases, antagonistic, each to the other. Congregationalists dislike it because it seems to be the crown of the denominational arch, in which the independence of each Church is merged into the broader compact of Churches; and Presbyterians object to it, as at least menacing their notions of ministerial purity, though just how, they do not declare. Non-episcopal Methodists are, by their very being, set to oppose it; but we notice that nearly all their objections lie, not against the substance and essential characteristics of the system, but against some of its accidents, and often what they assert to be administrative abuses of its real character. Episcopalians, of the Anglican variety, reject it with well-affected scorn and horror, as wanting a continuous historical authorization such as they claim for themselves, for they presume that very few of the present time are fully posted on that "Nag's Head" affair by which the "succession" was attempted to be perpetuated in the English Church. And Romanists reject and scout theirs in common with all other forms of Protestant Church order, as fatally defective, schismatic and execrably profane.

It might not, perhaps, be unwise for episcopal Methodists to leave this whole controversy to be fought out by their enemies among them-

selves, and such, in fact, has, for the most part, been their policy. No doubt the best possible vindication of its polity is afforded by the practical career of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and by its eminent success as an evangelistic and soul-saving agency; for though this is not adequate to approve all the minutiae and details of the system, yet it shows that, on the whole, its good points very largely exceed its objectionable ones. The Church of Christ as a whole in all its agencies and all the various branches or sections of that Church exists for a purpose, and they are valuable only as they tend to accomplish that end; to wit, "the perfecting of the saints, the work of the ministry, the edifying of the body of Christ." But it requires an unusual amount of devotion to one's own work, and no ordinary share of satisfaction with the rectitude of one's positions, to enable him to go forward in his duties in the face of questionings and contempt, waiting for the certain vindications of time and events. While the great body of our people, therefore, of both the ministry and the laity, and the most learned and able among us not less than others, have been content to leave all such questions to be examined and discussed by those who have nothing better to be engaged in, there have been those among us, appearing occasionally, who have undertaken to defend our episcopacy, not simply by referring to its work and results, but also by references to accepted or assumed *criteria* of legitimate and genuine ecclesiasticism; and it would not be a thing improbable if in such a process the cause should suffer damage.

After a hundred years of eminently successful labors, during which the little one has become many hundreds of thousands, and the feeble one of the beginning has become enlarged into a wide-spread and thoroughly compacted organism, it is no longer necessary nor, indeed, reasonable, to go back and revise

those elementary questions that might have seemed right and proper at first, but which even then were happily disregarded. Methodism is a not inconsiderable element in the evangelical Christendom of the age, and it can not be ignored by any who pretend to look over that great field, and it has effectually vindicated its right to be, in what it has done, is doing, and what, with good prospects of success, it proposes to do in the future; and though it is a fact that of this success a large share has been effected by Methodist organizations, in which there has been no formal and nominal episcopacy, which may show that its vitality is not inseparable from this element of its organism, yet, probably, the most eminent success of all has been achieved in those bodies which are specifically episcopal in their organization. It should be noticed also, that everywhere in Methodism the connectional element is more than a recognized presence; it is, in fact, a distinguishing feature of essential Methodism, and with this there must of necessity be some kind of superintendency. It is quite sufficient, therefore, for us to trust for the vindication of our ecclesiastical being and character to our record, and to what we are under God's grace and providence. These things afford ready answers to all assailants, from whatever point they come, or by whatever theory they may attempt to invalidate our claims as a legitimate and highly effective division of the army of the living God. With such evidences of the rightfulness of our pretenses to be what we claim to be, we certainly feel ourselves able to speak with the enemy in the gates.

But to some, who have been jealous of the fame and the honor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, this form of defense and justification has not seemed sufficient, and other and more original forms of authorization have been sought. It is a well-known weakness among those who from poverty and obscurity have risen to wealth and social positions, to seek after some family badge and if possible to derive their descent from some renowned stock. It is quite possible that the same kind of weakness may sometimes show itself in ecclesiastical bodies, and that the plebeian minister of the Gospel may be tempted to claim to have descended from some ancient stock rather than to have grown up among his own people, and

to have been raised to whatever place he may occupy only by what he received either directly from above or from the people to whom he ministers. To the unprejudiced student of the history and polity of the Methodist Episcopal Church it must be evident that its whole career has been and is eminently providential, and that as a system it enjoys the divine approval; and because its forms and agencies have been so largely used by God's providence and spirit for the extension and upbuilding of Christ's kingdom, these too must be approved of God, and, therefore, they are of *divine right*, not, indeed, *exclusively* but *really*. And further, it must appear that as in its beginning, so in its progress and development, it, and each of its divinely called agents, have been under the immediate direction and inspiration of the Head of the Church; so that to the whole system of Methodist evangelism may be applied the words of the apostle,—“Not of men, neither by man, but by Jesus Christ and God the Father.” And after these things have been apprehended and accepted, there would seem to be no occasion for any other authorization, and whatever methods of co-operation may be adopted by those so-called and authorized—not inconsistent with the Word of God, and for the furtherance of his Gospel—may be accepted as of God.

It is a fundamental postulate in Methodism that the Great Head of the Church has, from among the body of believers, chosen certain individuals to the special office and work of the ministry of the Gospel—so constituting of these a distinct order in the Church,—and of course dividing the whole body of the Church into two classes: the “ministry” and the “brethren,”—or, in ecclesiastical parlance, “clergy” and “laity.” It is accepted that the ministry of the Gospel is a divinely ordained function, having its own special duties,—though it need not be denied that every function of that order still inheres essentially in the body of believers,—and those who are endowed with these special functions and charged with their corresponding duties, when joined together for mutual labor and effective working constitute a special order in the Church of God. Accordingly every candidate for a place in the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church is met at the threshold with the question, whether he finds himself “inwardly

moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon [himself] the office of the ministry in the Church of God;" and none are accepted that can not give an affirmative answer to that question; nor can they be accepted as duly clothed with the sacred authority of Christ's ministers unless they renew their declaration of their hearty persuasion of the reality of their divine call to this work. But in all this there is a steady and manifest assumption and consent that the Christian ministry is one, in kind, purpose, and divine ordination. This, too, is a fundamental postulate in universal Methodism. Any duly recognized minister of the Gospel is the peer of any and every other, and it has become a feature in its administration, that nothing shall be required of any one beyond his proper recognition as a minister of the Gospel to entitle him to all the rights and functions of that ministry, though for prudential reasons some may temporarily remain unused.*

The Methodist Episcopal Church stands forth in the face of Protestant Christendom an "original Church of Christ," in the sense that its organism is the normal product of its religious vitality shaping itself into an appropriate body. It is specifically Methodist, because its ministers and members, trained to that form of Christian activity and Church life, have learned to approve and love it; and it is episcopal in its form of organization and administrations, because having tried that method of evangelistic action it has found it to work well and effectively, and, therefore, it is continued. These are simply and yet comprehensively its principles of Church order and polity. They come into use not as an experiment or theory, and with but little fore-

thought on the part of any one, and they are perpetuated, not chiefly because of any authority put forth in their inception, nor because they are now intrenched in the forms of law,—for its forms and usages are all the time subject to change at the properly indicated will of the Church; but because they are approved by the free and enlightened judgment of the aggregate mind of the Church.

American Methodism was from its beginning a free Church. The Churchship of Embury and Strawbridge was complete, and their "Societies" were endowed with all the rights of "congregations of faithful men" (believers), among whom the pure Word of God was preached, and in those of the latter "the sacraments were duly administered." These societies originally had no organic connection with Mr. Wesley nor with his work in England. For a long time he was ignorant of their existence; nor were they ever more than informally put under his care. Wesley himself declared respecting "our American brethren," after the Revolution, "They are now at full liberty simply to follow the Scriptures and the Primitive Church;" and as they might have judged without very fragrant blunderings, that neither of these authorities prescribes any form of Church order, they were free to adopt either episcopacy, presbyterianism, or congregationalism.

They chose the first, freely, and not of restraint, and with the fullest liberty of "the opposite choice;" and the sequel has abundantly justified their decision. But Wesley's relation to the American Methodist societies very naturally and properly gave great moral influence among them to his opinions and preferences, of which they very gladly availed themselves. But he never claimed any legal right to govern them until after they had freely given it to him. In his letter addressed to "Dr. Coke, Mr. Asbury, and our brethren in North America," which Dr. Coke brought with him at his first coming, he says, that "thousands of the inhabitants of these States desire my advice," and accordingly he sent to them a form of service, which he *advised* (not *commanded*, as was his wont in dealing with his societies in Great Britain), that "the traveling preachers should use on the Lord's day." He also *advised* that the elders should administer the Lord's supper on every Lord's-day, both of which items of

*The address of Rev. William B. Pope, visiting delegate from the British Wesleyan Conference to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at its session in Baltimore, May, 1876, contains these significant words: "We must not let the name BISHOP blind us to the fact that Methodism is essentially throughout the world, *presbyterian*, whatever names it may give to its officers, and to whatever directorate it may set them apart. Episcopal Methodism is, after all, *presbyterian* Methodism. *We have not three orders in the ministry.*" At the same Conference, Rev. Bishop Cummins, of the *Reformed Episcopal Church*, among other things said: "Another of Wesley's principles was the *parity* of the clergy. The parity of bishops and presbyters is one of our principles; that the bishop is not a superior order to a presbyter; that the bishop himself is but a *presbyter-præsumus inter pares.*"

advice were only very imperfectly followed. His appointment of Coke and Asbury to be joint superintendents over our brethren in North America was certainly only a nomination, backed by his very great moral influence, and accompanied with other details of advice. And so the case was understood by the Methodists of those times, who say in respect to it, "we desired Mr. Wesley's advice and assistance." So, too, the matter was evidently understood by the appointees themselves, and while Coke might have been content with an informal acceptance, Asbury required that he should be formally elected by his brethren, before he would consent to undertake the office of their superintendency.

It is also quite evident that the American preachers, at the General Conference of 1784-5, believed themselves to be at full liberty to choose their own course of action, and that they accepted Mr. Wesley's missives, not as authoritative commands, but as paternal counsels. Accordingly they formally declared that they "followed the counsels [not commands or instructions] of Mr. Wesley, who recommended the episcopal mode of Church government." And the earliest Methodist historian (Jesse Lee) says of the action of that body, "We formed ourselves into a regular Church."

All of these things clearly point, not to Mr. Wesley's "appointment" and "ordination," but to the suffrages of the American Methodist presbytery as the fountain and source of the authority of the American Methodist episcopacy. No better foundation than this could be desired for our ecclesiastical edifice, and against this theory of Church order no logical objections can be urged. A free Church accepted for itself the episcopal form of government, and designated certain persons, who had been nominated to them by one revered beyond all other men, as its superintendents; but Wesley did not make Coke a bishop, nor Coke, Asbury.

A careful study of the somewhat anomalous and largely unexplained proceeding of Mr. Wesley in what has been assumed to have been intended to be a quasi "consecration" of Dr. Coke to a third order in the ministry, will show it to be at least probable that in using the Apostolical rite of "imposition of hands" in sending out one to act as a chief minister in an inchoate Church organization, he ac-

cepted and used that right, viewing and estimating it in its apostolical and not its later ecclesiastical import. As Barnabas and Saul, though already recognized as ministers and apostles, were "separated" for a special mission by the imposition of the hands of their brethren, so Dr. Coke, when about to be sent out to set in order the affairs of the infant Church in America, was "separated" to that work by the imposition of the hands of a "presbytery" of ordained ministers, so designating him to that special mission, but in no wise changing his character or relations as an "elder in the Church of God." This theory is entirely consistent with every word ever uttered by Mr. Wesley on the subject, and it explains as no other theory can do, his evident displeasure at finding his American "superintendents" assuming for themselves the style of "bishops," in the not apostolical, but later ecclesiastical sense of that word. Mr. Wesley certainly believed that, as an elder, he, as well as any other elder, was qualified to ordain others to the same ministry; and in this thing he seems to have been a High-church presbyterian, recognizing a succession of ordained men as the divinely ordered economy of the Church. He probably would have objected as Asbury did, in respect to the action of the General Conference of 1779, to the assumption by any man or set of men of the full functions of the Christian ministry without any formal ordination. Asbury set himself against the action to that effect of a regularly convened General Conference, and seemed to be ready to rend the infant Church asunder rather than allow it.

It is scarcely probable that Wesley in like circumstances would have been equally violent and exacting, though not unlikely he would have been somewhat startled had he foreseen his "helpers" going forth "unordained," but authorized by a vote of the conference to give the holy communion to the "societies." It is, however, not improbable that during his last years he suspected that something of the kind would occur after his decease, and accordingly among his last acts was an abortive attempt to set up a kind of episcopacy for his societies in the person of Mather, whom he ordained as a superintendent, and who was also one of the subjects of the Greek bishop's manipulations. It is no discredit to the fame of that wonderful

man to presume that in the last years of his laborious and protracted life, he found himself unequal to the ever increasing demands of his work upon his mind and heart, and the more so as he found among all his coadjutors and followers no Elisha to whom his mantle might descend. Manifestly that wonderful providence which had led the Methodist Israel through all its former experiences did not desert it in this trying hour, but gave to British and to American Methodism each that form of Church order best adapted to the growth and development of each severally.

The attempt to make out a claim for some special authority in favor of the Methodist Episcopacy, because of its descent through Dr. Coke, from Mr. Wesley, requires such and so many strange assumptions as greatly to weaken the claim to respect of the whole affair. If there is, it may be asked, ordained of God, an order of ministers above that of elders, to whom belongs especially the functions of superintendency over other ministers and Churches, and in whom inheres the exclusive right to ordain to the ministry (except in special emergencies), then it may be asked where did Mr. Wesley obtain his authority to ordain Dr. Coke? To this question two answers have been given. Recently there has been started (or perhaps renewed) the notion that Wesley received ordination at the hand of the Greek Bishop Erasmus, and by virtue of the authority so received he afterwards ordained some of his helpers to the ministry, and at length consecrated Dr. Coke a bishop for the American Methodist Church. The announcement of this theory is usually greeted with a smile of incredulity, as if the whole thing were simply preposterous. We are by no means inclined to put any confidence in it, and the more so because there is no necessity for so violent a presumption; and yet there is a considerable showing of evidence in its favor, and its acceptance will, perhaps, to some extent explain some of the many rather inexplicable things connected with Wesley's later conduct. But, after all, the theory is curious rather than plausible, and it is scarcely entitled to any grave and elaborate discussion.*

* That story of the [so-called] Greek bishop, Erasmus, and of his connection with Mr. Wesley, and of his exercising his pretended right to ordain to the ministry, upon some two or three of Mr. Wesley's helpers, whom

The other and the much more respectable ground of a claim in favor of a real episcopacy in the person of Mr. Wesley, as something different in kind from the ordinary ministry of the Church, assumes that he became, by the act of God, spiritually and providentially manifested, the actual and rightful head and superintendent of an extensive religious body, in which body inhered all the essentials of Churchship; and that, without having consciously sought for any thing of the kind, he found himself a true bishop or general superintendent of his "united societies," which were then already a real though not yet so-called ecclesiastical body. And it is further assumed that in him, so spiritually endowed, and providentially placed, inhered both the right to govern and the power to perpetuate the order into which he had been so called, and that his duly ordained successors should have a like authority to rule and to ordain their successors in the Church in all future time. To this theory must be conceded logical consistency and eminent respectability, for its outcroppings may be detected all along the course of Methodist ecclesiastical literature. It concedes, and indeed reasserts, the prelatical claims in favor of episcopacy as a divine order in the Christian ministry; that it is essentially apostolical in character, though not necessarily such by an actually unbroken succession, from the original twelve. Its utmost claim is, indeed, quite consistent with the theory that the living Church is adequate to the reproduction of a genuine episcopacy from its own body, but there is also the concession that so doing would be entirely excep-

thereafter Wesley recognized and accepted as ordained ministers, would be curious and amusing were it not something too serious for that kind of treatment. The recent partial revival of the affair among us, with grave arguments for its reality and for the validity of the "ordinations" so performed and in favor of its being the legitimate source of the Methodist episcopacy, would be simply ludicrous were it not so badly ridiculous. Methodists of the present day, influenced by proper sentiments of filial regard for their ecclesiastical ancestors should be more than willing to imitate the conduct of the two sons of Noah, who refused to look upon and endeavor to conceal their father's shame, rather than to proclaim and seek to profit by this one and solitary, the strangest and most absurd, chapter of blunders in the entire history of the wonderful career of that wonderful (and as excellent as wonderful) man, John Wesley. The Methodist episcopacy, let it be indignantly asserted by every "loyal" Methodist, is not derived from any such dubious and illegitimate original.

tional, and that it may not be resorted to except in extreme emergencies. This theory, indeed, assumes that a new episcopal *catena* was begun in the person of John Wesley, which has descended, link by link, to the last ordained in the Methodist succession, and that it prospectively reaches forward through the coming ages of the Church to the end of the world. It makes Wesley a fourteenth apostle, the whole list including the original twelve, then Saint Paul, and last of all Saint John of Oxford.

We are well aware that this theory has not often, if, indeed, at any time, been thus fully but concisely presented; but the uniformly used method of at least some of our best recognized writers logically implies all this, and their arguments would fall to the ground without this theory to sustain them. Emory ("Defense of our Fathers") names as the grounds of Mr. Wesley's authority to *ordain a bishop* (and he insists that both these terms shall be understood as something significant and real) "the circumstances then existing as to acknowledged *jurisdiction*, and the *exigency of the time*;" and in another place he speaks of the work as done "by the authority to which he believed himself called by the *providence of God* and by the *exigencies of the times*." These words, and they are repeated in substance over and over again, assume that in the order of God's grace and providence Mr. Wesley held certain relations to the Methodist body in America, such as no other or others could hold, which fully authorized him to erect them into a Church and to give them an order of Church government, with superintendents or bishops of his own choosing, and whose episcopal character should be derived from him by the usual and traditional rite of manual ordination. But with the lapse of time, and the development of a more complete ecclesiasticism among us there has at length come to be a broad and open recognition of this theory. In the third volume of Dr. Raymond's lately published work on "Systematic Theology,"* which comes forth

in a semi-official character, the exclusive *divine right* of episcopacy is clearly asserted, and it is affirmed that Mr. Wesley *felt himself providentially called* to make provisions for the case, which, on the accepted theory, that only bishops can lawfully ordain, implies Wesley's episcopal or apostolical character.

Among other sequents of the monstrous assumptions of this last phase of Methodist High-churchism is the absolute and hopeless unchurching of every other form and kind of Methodism except our own. The parent body in Great Britain and all its branches and offshoots all over the world, and its glorious body of mission Churches upon which the sun never sets, are, by the necessary and logical results of these premises, not Churches at all, but only unauthorized pretenders, and flagrantly schismatical. It is well known that British Methodism declined to accept Mr. Wesley's provisional "superintendency;" but in 1795 the Conference declared every one of its members fully accredited ministers, with full power to exercise all the functions of the Christian ministry, though but very few of them had received any kind of formal ordination. And from that time for forty-one years onward no ordination by imposition of hands or any other formal process occurred in British Methodism. And when, in 1836, that rite was adopted, and declared to be "a standing rule and usage in future years," its administrators on that occasion were men who had themselves never been formally ordained. The Churchhood of British Methodism stands in no need of vindication, nor its ministry of defense at our hands; but one of its members may be permitted to speak for it: "John Wesley's ministers, being called of God, were as much ministers of Christ, and as much entitled to administer the sacraments of the Church, without the imposition of his hands as with it. We raise no objection to the formality; we think it right, and because of its solemnity likely to be useful; but to contend that the thing itself is necessary would be to condemn all the grand old Methodist preachers who flourished from the year 1795, when the administration of the Conference was authorized by the Methodist Conference, to the year 1836, when, for the first time, ordination by the imposition of hands was solemnly enacted." (Tyerman's Wesley, III, 448.)

*It is necessary, not only as an act of justice to that official, but also as a vindication of the truth of history, that it should be known that the third volume of "Raymond's Theology" was never submitted to the revision of the official editor, nor were its contents known to him till it appeared in print. The indorsement contained in the "Introduction," prefixed to the work and signed "D. C.," applies only to the first and second volumes.

American Methodism, like all other organic bodies, must assert and vindicate its right to be, by pointing to what it has done, and by showing, with a fair promise of success, what it proposes to do. And by that test the most ardently attached member of the body may cheerfully submit it to its fate. By the same rule must its episcopacy be judged, and all other of its features; and here again there need be no fear as to the results. Neither the Church as a whole, nor its peculiar forms of polity, nor its usages, nor its methods, nor its specialized doctrines have any thing to dread from outside attacks; the chief call for care as to all these things is in respect to its own interior conduct. As a system of Church order it was accepted and put into working operation by a set of men who knew and were ready to assert their own rights, both as civilians and ecclesiastics, and, therefore, they took pains to make "the episcopal office elective, and the elected superintendents amenable to the body of ministers and preachers." Still operated in the same spirit, there will be no danger to its effectiveness and its acceptability. But should the attempt ever be made—which

may God forefend—to draw its authority from some foreign source, or to claim for it high ecclesiastical "prerogatives," by which it would become possible to lord it over God's heritage, from that day its position would be weakened, and the decay of its efficiency would begin. Hitherto it has been secure in the Church's favor because of the abundant labors, the zeal for the work of the ministry, and the absence of official pretentiousness on the part of the incumbents of the episcopal office. So long as and to the same degree that these things shall continue to be the distinguishing characteristics of our episcopacy, so long will it continue to command the confidence and affections of our people. Our outside friends may be assured that there is no intention among us to reconstruct our system for their accommodation, nor to cease to be *Episcopal* as well as *Methodist*; and it would be well could our ill-advised Methodist prelatists, who seem to be dissatisfied with our simple evangelical "superintendency," be brought to understand that their episcopacy is not only foreign, but abhorrent to that of Methodism—spurious, illegitimate, and smelling strongly of *Rome*.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

SOCIALISM IN GERMANY.—When Bismarck puts his foot down it stays down until it is his pleasure to move. The severe measures which he felt himself called upon to advise for the repression of socialism did not really please any one outside of the reactionary camp, yet the chancellor had "said his say," and the Republicans, rather than part with the tried old patriot statesman, gave their vote to his proposed measures, and made them laws. And now the war with the socialists is waged a *fourtrance*. The wholesale expulsions and expatriations are likely to send to our shores a kind of material for which we have no immediate need, and never hope to have any need; but then, we are a free people, and it is pretty hard keeping people out if they choose to come here. Would n't it be strange though if we should yet have to make special provisions against the license of the press and of the roster?

BLIND RUBINSTEIN.—The musical world has few stars greater and more brilliant and more prized than Anton Rubinstein. What a pity that the light of his countenance must go out forever! Hereafter the applause of the world will reach his ear and his eyes no longer speak the mind of gratitude and taste. From the tip of his fingers, thrilled by the soul-spring of a musical genius, alone shall speak to millions of enchanted spirits the great heart's answer. The Dresden oculist, to whom Rubinstein applied for help, despaired of saving his eyes, and what has not heretofore imprinted itself on his memory through the eye, will now have to make its way through the ear only. But what an ear is his! It is said to be so accurate that the slightest digression in harmony produces most painful sensations, and that only the great violinist Wilhelmj enjoys an equally precise harmonious hearing.

INFANT MORTALITY IN RUSSIA.—There is hardly a country in the world where infant mortality assumes more appalling dimensions than in Russia. But when we consider the method in which new-born infants are commonly treated, the wonder is rather how any children survive. After birth, the baby is wrapped up in towels and left for several hours on the bed till the bath-room has been thoroughly heated. (No cottage, be it ever so poor and miserable, is ever built without a bath-room, which is generally a draughty, miserable place.) Here the child is at last bathed in a most primitive way, and often either dies from cold or is scalded by the hot water. It is then brought back into the house, laid upon the stove (a large stove with a broad top is at once the bed and bedroom of the whole family), and immediately a dirty rag, containing brown bread, which has previously been chewed by the mother, is put into the child's mouth to be sucked. This bread being very sour, the acidity causes the mucous membrane of the child's mouth to ulcerate, and produces microscopic fungi. This is considered as being quite normal by the relatives, who say simply, "The child is blooming," and it is not put to the breast till this period of "blooming" is over. The screams of the infant are not attributed to pain, but to hunger, and accordingly its mouth is either stopped with some porridge made of dried oatmeal, or a few drops of water are simply poured down its throat. If the child has survived this treatment, it is put to the breast; but if it should not be able, either from too great bodily weakness or from the state of its buccal mucous membrane to seize the nipple, it is taken away, and again the dirty rag or a horn is put into its mouth. This last primitive feeding-bottle consists of a cow's horn, over the pointed end of which is drawn a piece of the udder. This mouth-piece is generally changed twice a month. The milk (skimmed milk generally) is poured into the open end of the horn. It will be easily understood how tasteful this beverage is if we add that the milk often turns sour, the udder decays, and flies fall into the horn. If the child persists in screaming, more oatmeal porridge is stuffed into its mouth. This sad state of things is not only found among the poorer class, where it might be excused, but even among wealthier

classes—for example, merchants—where dirt and ignorance prevail to an almost incredible degree. Civilization has yet a great work to do in the empire of the czar.

THE RECENT FLOODS IN HUNGARY.—Its disastrous effects cover an area of about six thousand square miles, one-sixth of the great plain of Lower Hungary which stretches from the shores of the Danube to the borders of Transylvania, and in a southerly direction almost from the foot of the Carpathian Mountains to the frontier of Servia, a distance of three hundred miles to the east of the Theiss and north of the Maros, between the cities of Tokay, Debreczin, Arad, and Szegedin. It is one vast alluvial plain, and is the real home of the Magyar, and the land of the *Pusztas*, whose striking features have often been described. Almost absolutely devoid of trees, the natural fertility of the soil offers an unlimited resource to the semi-nomadic natives of the *Pusztas*—the indolent herdsman in his sheep-skin furs, which "warm in Winter and cool in Summer;" the fiery *Csikos*, who tames his horses with the lasso; the powerful *Gulyas*, who tends the long-horned cattle, and the daring *Vetyar*, or cattle-stealer, who survives now only in song. In spite of the absence of trees, want of water, and existence of marshes, the soil yields wheat and maize in immense quantities, and scattered villages, some of them very large in extent, break the monotony of the landscape—a monotony which is shared by the climate, the fauna, and flora of the entire Hungarian plain. Although the great plain extends west even beyond the Danube, it derives its characteristic features from the *Tisza* or *Theiss*, the river of Hungary *par excellence*, whose source and mouth are both within the confines of the country. The absorption by the *Theiss* of almost all the waters descending from the north-eastern, eastern, and south-eastern slopes of the Carpathians, furnishes the principal cause for the frequent and widespread inundations with which this plain is annually visited. Before the regulation of the great river was begun, its overflow left behind pools and marshes which did not dry up for several years, and whose exhalations poisoned the air. It was the glory of Count Stephen Széchenyi, one of the greatest Hungarians, and most practical of reformers, to have con-

ceived and begun the work of drainage and canalization which from 1846 was continued to almost the present day. Thousands of square miles have been restored to cultivation, and one hundred and eight cuts have been made, shortening the tortuous bed of the river by two hundred and eighty miles. But these regulations of the Theiss had never been considered sufficient for the protection of cities along the shores. Too late this supposition has been sadly demonstrated, and the proof has cost the destruction of Szegedin.

This city, though in point of population the second largest in Hungary (the number of inhabitants being seventy thousand), was, in reality, no city at all. It has been said that in Hungary the villages are often cities and the cities villages. Szegedin was such a village, for of its nine thousand five hundred houses, but a few hundred deserved that name, the rest being primitive habitations built of sun-dried brick, a material which the lack of stones in the Alföld—as notable as its destitution of trees—has brought into common use. As regards the number of buildings of more than one story in height, Szegedin occupied almost the lowest rank among the towns of Hungary. Of its seventy thousand inhabitants, fourteen thousand men were directly or indirectly devoted to agriculture; roughly speaking, therefore, at least half the population depended on it for its support. Only nine and a half per cent were addicted to commercial pursuits; and these figures find further confirmation in the fact that hardly one half of the population were able to read and write. Consequently, the individual losses were in themselves comparatively small, and altogether of a nature which admits the hope of speedy recovery. Agricultural products and implements and cattle constitute the chief losses. Domestic animal naturally formed the largest part of the wealth of the agricultural population of Szegedin, and although probably only a small portion of its seven thousand horses, nine thousand cattle, ninety-two thousand sheep, etc., escaped destruction, the natural wealth and fertility of Hungary will easily replace what has been lost. At all events, the sting of the pecuniary losses will scarcely be felt in view of the active sympathy which is opening hearts and purses to an almost unparalleled extent all over Europe and America.

A FAMINE-KITCHEN IN INDIA.—The horrors as they were detailed to us of the Indian famine by the different newspapers are not yet out of memory and we already hear of another Asiatic famine. This time it is Kashmir. The *Pull Mall Gazette* of recent date writes that men are dying like flies, and that if this state of things continues the end of the year will see the province almost depopulated. At such a time it may not be amiss to insert here the heart-rending picture a recent correspondent of the *Imperial India* gives of a famine kitchen in India. He describes it as being a large quadrangle, surrounded by a high wall and with one large, guarded door, and, inside, round the wall, sheds with pens made of bamboo; and, down the middle, were two rows of sheds, and under the sheds and in the pens little huddled heaps mostly asleep. "Are these animals or human beings?" I think, and then a thing comes toward me—a skeleton! It is easy to say a skeleton—to realize it with all its ghastliness is impossible. The limbs with no flesh, and the joints with nothing to conceal their articulation, are horrible enough, but far more dreadful the head—mostly shaved here—showing not only bone but suture, and worse, the poor ribs, back and front, with the shoulder-blades sticking on as if they had been an after-thought, and the poor stomach, now full, but with skin stretched on so tight that one can trace the organs within. Now, this is not exaggerated in the least. I have described one; they are all the same. Add to this horrible skin diseases that would make even a Scotchman scratch himself, and imagine four hundred and ninety of these beings in one relief kitchen! Yet the famine is over, and many of these are convalescent and making sheds for the rest.

INTELLECTUAL PROGRESS OF RUSSIA.—If it be true that a nation's advance is best measured by its educational progress, then Russia appears now one of the most progressive nations of Europe. In 1865 Russia possessed only eight thousand elementary schools, which were attended by two hundred and eighty thousand pupils. For 1878 the *Golos*, a St. Petersburg newspaper of like standing in Russia with the *Times* in England, reports an increase of schools to twenty-four thousand (inclusive of the municipal schools) and an attendance by nearly

one million pupils. Yet is this growth, marvelous as it is, and hopeful as it appears, far from giving to Russia the reputation of a literary State. The lamentable fact remains that there are still upwards of ninety per cent of Russian children who receive no education. The amount expended for elementary instruction in Russia is about six million rubles, or sixty-nine kopecks per head of the population; while Italy pays twice as much, Spain and Greece nearly four times; Denmark nineteen times, and some of our own States more than fifty times as much for this object. Of the above sum of six million rubles one-half is paid out

of local rates. In order to obtain one school for every one thousand inhabitants, seventy-seven thousand schools would be required; but, looking to the fact that the population is scattered over vast spaces of territory, it is found that, in order to enable all children to attend school, one school would be necessary for every two hundred and fifty of the inhabitants, making three hundred thousand schools in all. Judging by the present rate of progress, however, it would take two hundred and thirty years and one hundred and five million rubles to establish this number of schools in the empire.

ART.

AMERICAN PROTESTANT ECCLESIASTICAL ART.

SHOULD American Protestantism aim to develop an art peculiarly its own? If so, what will be its characteristics? In the very statement of the question, to some minds there may appear an absurdity, for we are met by the inquiry, "Is not Protestantism unfavorable to the development of art? and are not the spirit and conditions of American Protestantism especially averse to the patronage and cultivation of high ecclesiastical art?" The questions here proposed must be answered affirmatively if artistic spirit and originating genius are lost just in the ratio that Protestant thought shall prevail. If there is an inherent hostility to art cherished by Protestantism, then we acknowledge that it is hopeless to look for the perfection of an ecclesiastical art which can be styled American Protestant. We are persuaded, however, that the opinion here referred to has no solid foundation either in the history or in the essential nature of Protestantism. Because some of the reformers of the sixteenth century were iconoclastic it has been hastily inferred that they were anti-artistic. The writings of both Calvin and Zwingle clearly show that they were lovers of art. While the severe and aristocratic Calvin was neither a noted hymnist nor singer like Luther, he distinctly states that it would be his preference to allow the decorations of the churches to remain, if they were not a stumbling-block, to the purity of the worship of

the people. His opinion was that nothing should interpose between the faith of the worshiper and Christ the Lord; and though it cost him many a heart-pain, even art must give way to the claims of religion. Distinguishing thus carefully between *iconoclastic* and *anti-artistic*, we might easily infer that there need be nothing in Protestantism essentially hostile to a perfection of art. When the peculiar circumstances are removed, we might expect that the inherent love of the beautiful would reassert itself, and demand gratification in appropriate forms. Nevertheless, we must not overlook the important fact that the tendency of the Reformation was to make faith assume an analytic form; there was, therefore, a rapid disintegration of religious organizations and a corresponding multiplication of sects. To this extent was the Reformation unfavorable to the cultivation of art; for art must be synthetic rather than analytic. Thus at the time when the Pilgrims left the old world to seek a home in the new, constructive art was at a very low ebb in all Europe. The artistic ideas of the New England Puritans were of a low order, and the original prototype of our school of architecture was the log cabin. The simple and solitary idea of this building was utility; neither its form nor material could admit of ornamentation. If decoration was desired it was not attempted. Still another fact must be carefully noted: the infancy of nations, the legendary period of their history, usually furnish themes in which

the poetic fancy most delights, and to express which the artistic power labors most lovingly. It has been truly remarked that religious ideas had no infancy in America, and hence art was cheated of its birthright, all its primary elements of decoration were drawn from foreign sources, and engrafted upon a constructive system chiefly of our own development, and thus our school of art has become semi-indigenous. Since, then, we have had no infancy as a nation, but our forefathers were stalwart, practical men; since we have no myths or legends which may be made the subject of ideal art forms, but all is in the clear sunlight of actual history, and since our Puritan ancestors knew of but one principle in their constructive art, the hardest utility, we, their descendants, seem to a greater or less degree shut up to this same principle in our ecclesiastical structures, and are compelled to devise a mode and style of ornamentation which shall be in harmony with this primal idea of utility. Nor is this word *utility* so much opposed to the true art idea as many would have us believe. Why can not the architect of our country find a very worthy and inspiring work in adapting his plan to the purpose of the building and in harmonizing the style with the material and the location?

The mediæval ecclesiastical structures were exactly adapted to the then prevalent demands and thought. Why, then, may not the American architect of to-day be as truly artistic in adapting his structures to the *current* demand and thought? A mediæval cathedral would have very little use here in America save as an educator in the history of art development; it would be more of the nature of an object of study than of a place of worship. Happily this absence of buildings which have become objects of reverence by the people, leaves the American ecclesiastical architect entirely free for original and independent studies. He is not compelled to perpetuate styles and models which were adapted to a former age, but which have now become obsolete. The ideas of America on social economy, religion, worship, Church work, etc., etc., are entirely different from those of a former age, and differ widely even from those of modern Europe. Why, then, should we not devise a style of architecture and a system of ornamentation exactly

adapted to our needs? Why should we go on repeating old forms which load us down with almost insurmountable difficulties? Why should we desire to repeat the structures which were the product of a sensuous Christianity, adhering to one single creed, and which were grandly expressive of this condition of things, when we have passed out of the sensuous into the more real and practical stage of Christianity, where men must think and decide for themselves? Is not one of the first conditions of a sound art that it be harmonious and not incongruous? And now that our Protestant worship and service consist very largely of seeing and hearing, why should we go on repeating that class of structures which clearly defeat the object of our assembly? No less in place in a Protestant church is the chanting of Latin hymns or the reading of the Scriptures in an unknown tongue, than are the numerous columns and arches and decorations which break the vista, or change the sweet songs of the sanctuary into discordant echoes. We do not plead for plainness, when we plead for utility. Utility can incorporate into itself an appropriate ornamentation. We can not not concede to Catholicism the monopoly of all sweet and beautiful forms, all high and holy interior church decoration. But we insist that Protestantism in America must devise something non-sensuous to accord with its worship and belief, as Catholicism has adhered to the sensuous, which most accords with its worship. Here is a wide field of study for the architect of American Protestant architecture, which in its faithful and patient cultivation will yield a most precious harvest.

ORCAGNA AND FRA ANGELICO.

THE influence of Giotto on his art was deep and far-reaching, and his followers were numerous. The mantle of the great master fell on Orcagna, though the two seem never to have met. Orcagna also was a sculptor and architect, perhaps, even a poet, as well as a painter. His style is different from Giotto's; and while he maintained his master's maxims of truth and simplicity, he added that tender religious sentiment which finally culminated in Fra Angelico. The Giottesque profound knowledge of composition and powerful grasp of the meaning of life appear in the great frescoes

ascribed to Orcagna in the Campo Santo at Pisa, the "Triumph of Death," and the "Last Judgment." Here are found great naturalness and disordered imagination, realism and symbolry, loveliness and the grotesque. The figures of noble lords and ladies express the mediæval life, they are pensive and riotous, melancholy and dissolute. There is intense and cruel irony also; for cruel death swoops unheeding past those who long to embrace her, and descends without warning on the gay lords and ladies disporting in true Boccaccian style. But near at hand is the "Hell" of Orcagna's brother, displaying the rapid degeneracy of the school. The scenes drawn from Dante have lost all poetry, they are not even tragic. They are the expression of an era when the beauty of faith has fled, eternal truths were a mockery, and the light of divine love flickers out amid the orgies of unchained lusts. Boccaccio has supplanted Dante.

Between these works and those of the Siennese school, we find an essential difference. The masters of Sienna care less for actual life than for the inner life. Less powerful in composition, they linger lovingly over single figures, and entice the soul into the face. There is great depth of feeling; but less action, much spiritual beauty, little vigor. Thus they painted more altarpieces than frescoes, and in other ways showed themselves related to northern art. But there was wanting the element of expressive vitality; this school gradually sank into an idyllic, tranquil existence, unruffled by the great transformations which swept over Italian art in the fifteenth century. An age of turmoil and strife approaches, a struggle between effete Christianity and reviving Paganism; when the human body, no longer mocked and scourged, reclaimed the adoration of antique times; when the mystic life is abandoned, the mystic sentiment fades, and the cataleptic visions give place to the exaltation of earthly beauty. Art no more speaks to monks but to laymen; to princes rather than priests, though the princes are often in priest's guise and the voice oftener comes from the cloister. But the old era does not go out in darkness, it disappears in a splendid burst of light. In Fra Angelico, appearing late, as one born out of due time, the sweetness and tenderness, the mysticism and devotion of mediævalism gather

their power for one last supreme effort. In the midst of tumult and dissipation, murder and debauchery, hysteric repentance and the abandonment of despair, this gentle and holy soul dwelt as a lily amid the storm of the elements. While he lived there was yet unsullied purity in the world; while he painted the sweetness and light of heaven should yet abide in the dark fens of earth. The world has never seen a soul more completely withdrawn from the outer life, more rapt in divine ecstasy, more pure in its exhalations. He was a stranger in the world, a heavenly spirit among men, living a ravished life in God. He communed constantly with Christ, he walked the streets of Paradise. The divine forms which peopled his cell—the Spirit that filled it with glorious light he hastened to express upon the walls; his brush was moved as by supernatural powers; the hand of him who gave the lily its tints was upon his as he painted the jasper and amethysts, the jeweled diadems and golden aureoles. His favorite themes are humility, purity, tranquil ecstasy and loving consecration. He abhors the stormy passions, the tumult and whirlwind of life. His atmosphere is marvelous, the light is that of the sun of paradise. In azure and splendor, in amethystine glow, float his ideal and unearthly figures. His Christ is poetic, loving, tender, almost mournful; his Virgin has never been equaled in "immaculate modesty and virginal candor." But his bodies are not healthy, they miss the vigor of an active life. They are in an eternal contemplation and communion. On earth they would draw their breath with difficulty, the jar of life would soon shatter them. But they dwell in heaven, where the body has become a soul. Their sustenance is drawn from the banquet halls of Christ; it feeds the disenfranchised spirit. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God;" thus speak all the works of Angelico, the latest and richest bloom of mediæval Christianity. The age on which he turned his back was moved by other and new emotions. On the near horizon where meet heaven and earth, Christianity and nature, a new dawn was shedding its glowing light. The union of the earthly and the heavenly was constantly becoming more intimate, that men might talk with God, as Moses did, "face to face."—*National Quarterly Review*

FOREIGN NOTES.

—The collection of pictures, decorative furniture and porcelain belonging to the Earl of Lonsdale was recently sold at Christie's in London for £27,204. Among the paintings were "The Laughing Girl," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which was knocked down at 1,300 guineas; "Robinetta," by the same, 1,000 guineas; "Horses watering at a Trough," by T. Gainsborough, 1,300 guineas; and four water colors by De Wint, which ranged from 600 guineas to 1,350 guineas.

—Mr. Ruskin is reported to have withdrawn his resignation as Slade Professor at the University of Oxford. It is believed that when the time for re-election arrives he may again stand for the office.

—M. E. Millet, the famous restorer of French cathedrals, is dead. Among his noted work is the modernization of the Rheims cathedral, and the repair of the Palais de St. Germain-en-Laye, which is now a museum. He died at Cannes, in the sixtieth year of his age.

NATURE.

FLOWERING OF THE APPLE-TREE—THE RECORD FOR NINETY YEARS.—The accompanying dates refer to the days on which the flowers had fully expanded on the different varieties of the tree, excepting some of the late kinds, such as the russets. The notes were commenced by Isaac Stearns, Sr., and prosecuted until his death in, 1837, since which time they were carefully continued by his family up to 1856.

RECORD KEPT BY ISAAC STEARNS, IN MASSACHUSETTS.

1798.....May 13	1818.....May 27	1838.....May 30
1799.....May 19	1819.....May 27	1839.....May 18
1800.....May 17	1820.....May 17	1840.....May 17
1801.....May 17	1821.....May 27	1841.....May 29
1802.....May 26	1822.....May 15	1842.....May 19
1803.....May 22	1823.....May 23	1843.....May 22
1804.....May 22	1824.....May 19	1844.....May 11
1805.....May 14	1825.....May 15	1845.....May 21
1806.....May 27	1826.....May 15	1846.....May 15
1807.....May 27	1827.....May 17	1847.....May 23
1808.....May 18	1828.....May 17	1848.....May 10
1809.....May 25	1829.....May 20	1849.....May 29
1810.....May 19	1830.....May 9	1850.....June 3
1811.....May 15	1831.....May 14	1851.....May 22
1812.....June 2	1832.....May 31	1852.....May 26
1813.....May 25	1833.....May 12	1853.....May 14
1814.....May 14	1834.....May 29	1854.....May 21
1815.....May 27	1835.....May 27	1855.....May 26
1816.....May 28	1836.....May 21	1856.....May 28
1817.....May 23	1837.....May 30	

RECORD KEPT BY T. B. TOMPKINS, IN ELMIRA, N. Y.

1838.....May 25	1865.....May 17	1872.....May 19
1839.....May 19	1866.....May 17	1873.....May 30
1860.....May 16	1867.....June 3	1874.....May 29
1861.....May 25	1868.....May 30	1875.....May 27
1862.....May 22	1869.....May 28	1876.....May 27
1863.....May 23	1870.....May 17	1877.....May 21
1864.....May 21	1871.....May 21	1878.....April 26

Up to last year the extreme dates are May 9, 1830, and June 3, 1850 and 1867, a difference of twenty-five days. The mean of these two dates is May 21½.

The earliest thirteen seasons were in order, 1830, 1844, 1833, 1798, 1805, 1814, 1831, 1852, 1811, 1853, 1822, 1826, 1846, in each of which

years the full blossoms appear before or on the 15th of May, which also was the case in 1859.

After the 20th of May the flowers have appeared forty-five times since 1798, last year it being before May the 1st.

The evidence afforded by these tables is opposed to the theories of those who allege that our seasons are gradually growing colder. According to this table the Spring of 1812 opened later than any since 1850 and 1867. The Spring of 1873, which budded in May 30th, was considered very tardy, but it was considerably earlier than in 1812, 1818, 1832, 1835, 1837, 1838, 1849, or 1850, and varied but little from other years young in the century.

THE ANILINE COLORS.—It is surprising what a mine of wealth has been found in the refuse matter of our gas works. The bituminous coal, which is there heated in great retorts, yields much that can be utilized besides the gas upon which our cities are so dependent. Upon the retorts, as a crust, gas carbon is formed; which is used for making the cylinders used in several galvanic batteries, also for the poles of the electric light. The interesting scientific toy, the microphone, which renders audible the tramp of a fly, uses the conducting power of gas carbon as a necessary agency. Certain vapors pass from the retorts and condense in the colder tubes. From some of these almost all the ammonia salts are procured. Another liquid thus condensed is coal tar;

while in the retort, after the volatile ingredients have been expelled, remains a hard material resembling anthracite coal, and which is used for the same purpose as that article,—coke. From the coal tar are derived many products. No less than forty different materials have been extracted from this unpromising looking matter by the art and skill of the chemist. When subjected to distillation it is separated into various substances, which are more or less volatile. By raising the temperature gradually, and collecting in different receivers the compounds that pass off, these may be obtained distinct from each other. At about the temperature of boiling water, benzole, or benzene distills. As the temperature is raised there pass off in succession toluol, phenol, naphthalene, and anthracene. In the retort is left pitch, which is extensively used in the construction of pavements. The benzene, when subjected to the action of strong nitric acid, forms nitro-benzol, the artificial oil of bitter almonds, which, under the name of myrbane, is an article of perfumery. By the action of hydrogen, this nitro-benzol is converted into aniline. So from the thick, black, grimy coal-tar are produced the brightest and most beautiful colors that art can show. Many inks, both black and colored, are nothing but some of the products of aniline dissolved in water or alcohol; and the gorgeous tints of many ribbons are due to the action of these coal-tar colors.

CORAL.—The popular idea that coral is formed by an insect busily working to build up reefs in the ocean is erroneous. A piece of coral consists of the skeletons of tiny animals that in life are covered with a gelatinous substance. More than a thousand species of the coral animal have been described by Dana, in his work entitled, "Corals and the Coral Islands." These little creatures do not live singly, but grow together in clusters, which start from a single little animal that is soft, oval, white, and jelly-like, and has the power of rapid motion. It attaches itself either to a rock or the sea bottom by one end, while the other spreads. Then a mouth, stomach, tentacles, and corporeal partitions are soon formed, and the last become quite hard from accumulations of particles of lime. Coral animals belong to the class familiarly called polyps, and they multiply themselves by eggs, and also by bud-

ding, until there are countless numbers living together in one community. Different kinds of coral bud in different ways; some grow in bunches, others in round masses, and others like branches. As a mass of coral grows, the lower creatures gradually die, but their skeletons, consisting mainly of carbonate of lime, remain and furnish a firm foundation for those who work above them. By the striking of the waves against this foundation, its interstices gradually become filled with mud, bits of shells, and other substances, so that it grows firmer and firmer. If such a foundation is laid upon an elevated part of the ocean floor it increases in size, and by the time it reaches the sea level, the whole community of coral animals has become lifeless, for these polyps can not live out of water. The beating billows break off portions of the skeleton formation, which are soon worn into sand by the water, and afterward, perhaps, thrown with other *débris* upon the surface of the mass, which is thus supplied with soil.

HAS THE SPIDER INTELLECT?—A writer in a scientific journal describes a scene he witnessed between the large insect known as "daddy long-legs" and a small spider. The former got caught by one of its hind legs on a pendent thread of cobweb about eight inches long, at the other end of which was the small spider. The spider cautiously descended on the thread, doubling it as he came, and secured the insect's leg more firmly. He then ascended about three inches and drew the insect up about half an inch, but a violent resistance on the part of the latter induced him to give up further attempt in that direction. He, however, went up the thread, strengthening it as he went, and coming down again to the same place, evidently attempted to raise his prey, but without success, for the insect resisted so stoutly that the thread was stretched. The spider saw clearly that the captive was too strong for him, and that he would never be able to draw him up to the center of his web, and that, if he did not take very summary means, he would lose him altogether; so, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, he set to work to secure a portion of it. The hind leg of the insect, to which he had his web fastened, was composed of four jointed portions. Around three of these he busied

himself weaving a web; and it was observed that he did not go up to the last joint, next the body. Having well secured these three, he moved up to the joint and for a few moments appeared perfectly still. Suddenly the insect darted away, leaving three-quarters of his leg behind. What other explanation is there than that the spider disconnected it at the joint? Quietly ascending the thread, which he carried with him, and, of course, the leg as well, he properly placed the latter, settled down at the union of the two uppermost portions, gorged himself well, and then retired for the night.

A SNAIL THAT WOULD NOT STARVE.—An Egyptian desert snail was received at the British Museum on March 25, 1846. The animal was not known to be alive, as it had withdrawn into its shell, and the specimen was accordingly gummed, mouth downward, on to a tablet, duly labeled and dated, and left to its fate. Instead of starving, this contented gastropod simply went to sleep in a quiet way, and never woke up again for four years. The tablet was then placed in tepid water and the shell loosened, when the dormant snail suddenly resuscitated himself, and began walking about the basin. During these four years this snail had not eaten a mouthful of any food, yet he was quite as well and flourishing at the end of the period as he had been at the beginning.

DISCOVERY OF THE POTATO.—A correspondent asks "when the potato was discovered and where brought into general use." The name is derived from the Spanish *batatas*, a word undoubtedly derived in turn from some American-Indian language and first applied to the sweet potato, and to it alone by English writers until about 1660. It was first found in the high valleys of Chili, Mexico, and Peru, and seems to have been carried to Spain from Peru about 1517. It reached Virginia by way of Florida, brought in by Spanish explorers, and was carried from Virginia to Great Britain by Sir John Hawkins between 1565 and 1570. The common potato was described in 1597 under the name of *Batata Virginiana* in Gerard's *Herball*, and in the following century it was cultivated in the Netherlands, Burgundy and Italy, and on account of its great yield was recommended by the British Royal Society in 1663 for introduction into

Ireland as a safeguard against famines; but outside of Ireland it was little valued until 1740. It was even little regarded in Virginia, so little that it was introduced into New England from Ireland.

EFFECT OF FOOD UPON THE BONES.—Some recent experiments upon young animals show that food containing an insufficient amount of phosphates not only affects the formation of the skeleton, but has an essential influence upon its separate parts. A young pig was fed one hundred and twenty-six days upon potatoes alone, and it had as a result of this insufficient food *rachitis* (rickets, or softening of the bone). Other pigs from the same litter fed upon potatoes, leached-out meat, meal, and additional phosphates, for the same length of time, had normal skeletons. Yet even in these animals there was a difference according to the kind of phosphate added. Two that were fed on phosphate of potash had porous bones, specifically lighter than others which were fed upon phosphate and carbonate of lime.

INSTINCT IN A CRAB.—Dr. Darwin, in his "Voyage of a Naturalist," thus describes a crab which makes its diet of cocoanuts, and which he found on Kneeling Island, in the South Seas: "It is common on all parts of this dry land, and grows to a monstrous size. It has a front pair of legs, terminated by strong and heavy pincers, and the last pair by others which are narrow and weak. It would at first be thought quite impossible for a crab to open a strong cocoanut covered with the husk; but Mr. Liesk asserts that he has repeatedly seen the operation effected. The crab begins by tearing the husk, fiber by fiber, and always from that end under which the three eyeholes are situated. When this is completed the crab commences hammering with its heavy claws on one of these eyeholes till an opening is made; then turning around, by the aid of its narrow pair of pinchers it extracts the albuminous substance. This is certainly a very curious case of instinct and likewise of adaptation in structure between two objects apparently so remote from each other in the scheme of nature as a crab and a cocoanut."

A NOVEL USE OF EXPLOSIVE AGENTS.—In Austria, according to the *Moniteur Industriel*

Belge dynamite has been employed with success in vine-culture. In order to loosen the soil and permit access of air and moisture to the roots, cartridges of dynamite were placed in holes ten feet deep, at such distances from the plants as to insure them against injury from the explosion. As the result the soil was perfectly broken up to the depth of eight feet, and furthermore, the phylloxera, or plant lice, which infested the vines and destroyed the fruit, completely disappeared.

THE POPULATION OF THE WORLD.—The latest edition of Behm and Wagner's "Bevolkerung der Erde," gives the present population of the earth at 1,439,000,000, as compared with 1,424,000,000, as given in the previous issue. These figures are based upon the most recent censuses taken in various countries. The population is divided as follows: Europe, 312,398,480; Asia, 831,000,000; Africa, 205,219,500; Australia and Polynesia, 4,411,300; America, 86,116,000.

RELIGIOUS.

WHAT DO THE RITUALISTS WANT?—The recent decease of the learned president of Racine College in Wisconsin has brought to light many new phases in American Ritualism. Dr. De Koven was one of the greatest of the ritualistic party in the Protestant Episcopal Church. In the West he was both its body and soul. In his college he trained hundreds of young men, and his constant endeavor was to impress his many pupils with a love of *sense-worship*. At "Kemper Hall" a girl's school, Kenosha, where his influence was also uppermost, he secured the adoption of a canon excommunicating any one who married other than a member or communicant of the Church, or who was married by other than a priest of the Church. And still another canon was drawn up, and was to have been presented had the other been carried, or had not met with such opposition owing to the premature exposure given to it in the *Sentinel* of Milwaukee. A brief extract from that canon will give an idea of its purport: "That no communicant of the Church shall send to any public or private school, seminary, or college, his or her children, or those over whom he or she shall have charge, control, or guardianship, nor shall he or she be permitted to teach or instruct any children as tutor or school-master, who has not first complied with all the requirements of the bishop, etc., and who shall first have obtained license from the diocesan, etc., of the place, etc." Does it not appear clearly that the object of these Ritualists is to deaden the senses of their worshipers in order to make them the submissive followers of an exacting

clergy? Could Romanist clergy ask more of their flock? We think it was well for "sisters" Margaret and Sarah of St. Mary's, of Kemper Hall, to kneel at the grave of De Koven *praying for his soul*. Pity he could not have been prayed for while in the flesh! We have enough Romanists without embracing any within the Protestant fold.

DR. NEWMAN AS CARDINAL.—In the Protestant Church the doctor would have remained plain John Henry Newman, in the Church of Rome he has risen finally to the cardinalate, and who knows but the papacy may yet have the last honor in store for him. The English have thus far had rare representation on the chair of St. Peter, Italians generally enjoying the honor of the pontificate. If England is to have the honor next it were certainly much more to be desired that the choice fall upon Newman than upon Manning, the Ultramontane and most time-serving of ecclesiastics, however great and accomplished. 'T was a pity when Puseyism laid its hands on the Newmans to carry one into the fields of Rationalism and the other into the folds of Romanism. 'T were a greater pity to have this liberal ecclesiastic passed by for Manning's sake. Dr. Newman's beautiful hymn, "Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom," is the link that will always bind him closely to Protestant homes and will save his name from falling into forgotten lines. If Rome must have its popes and our fold must send her sons, let such sons of ours as Dr. J. H. Newman be her guide and counselor,

and Christ will have honor even in Rome and at St. Peter's.

JEWISH SAVANTS IN EUROPEAN UNIVERSITIES.—It is really astonishing to watch the progress of the Jews within the last fifty years. It is not more than a decade since Lessing wrote his "Nathan" to inspire German Christians with brotherly love for their fellow beings of the Old Testament faith, and it is not more than half a decade since liberal measures prevailed among the governments of Europe, and the Israelites were granted some concessions; and yet to-day the high-schools of Germany are not only crowded with Jewish students but Hebrews fill a large number of the main chairs. At Paris, Munk superseded Rénan; at Berlin, Jaffé taught the history of the papacy; at Breslau, Grätz is regarded as the historian and exegete *par excellence*, and now Brussels has called a son of the great German Rabbi Philippssohn to the chair of history, with full honors. Surely this race has much to commend it!

THE MISSIONARY WORK OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, as exhibited at the late session of the General Assembly at Saratoga, seems to have attained to large proportions, and to be still prospering. The report presented to that body we find thus summarized: The report on foreign missions, the special order of the day, was as follows:

Receipts for the year.....	\$427,631 54
Expenditures.....	442,834 86
Deficit.....	15,203 32
Added to debt last year.....	47,328 26
Leaves debt now.....	62,532 58

The expenses were reduced at the beginning of the year \$25,000. The report says that the income must be increased or the work be contracted. Fortunately, within a few months a large bequest of a well-known lady becomes available, which will remove the debt. The force of ordained missionaries at present is as follows: Indian tribes, 3; Chinese in California, 2; in China, 9; Siam, 2; Laos, 3; India, 4; Persia, 6; Syria, 2; Liberia, Chili, Mexico, 1 each. Among the Indian tribes are 1,351 communicants, the majority being Nez Percés. In Mexico there are two missions—the Northern, with 5 churches and 250 communicants, and the Southern, with 62 places of meeting, 22 Church organizations, and 3,010 communicants. The mission at

Bogota is flourishing. Brazil has 15 churches and 955 communicants, 140 having been added last year. The contributions were \$2,533. In Chili the missionaries are subjected to much persecution. They still have four churches, with 200 communicants. Western Africa has two missions—Liberia, and Gaboon and Corisco. The former has nine stations and 254 communicants; the latter, 3 churches, 355 communicants and four schools. Syria is in a very satisfactory condition. It has a working force of 140; churches, 12; preaching places, 66; communicants, 716. In Persia are 18 native pastors, 45 preachers, 3,300 communicants. Contributions from here were \$1,582. In India there are 3 missions; Lodiana has 13 churches and 504 communicants; Turrakabad, 18 churches and 318 members; and Kolapoor, 3 churches and 68 members. There are 18 schools with 5,970 boys and 1,786 girls attending. Siam has four churches, 133 members, and several large schools. China, Shantung station—working force, 38; members, 588. Peking—Missionaries and helpers, 44; stations, 27; members, 735. Canton—Thirty missionaries and assistants, 310 members. Japan—Eleven churches, 27 stations, 632 members. Churches have been established for the Chinese at San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento, and San José, and there are several hundred Church members and Sunday-school scholars. Great good has been done in Papal Europe.

ROME'S SENSE OF JUSTICE.—In the Eternal City the Father of the Church cries out against the impious advances of "heretics," and calls upon devout Catholics to come to the support of Romish educational institutions lest their inferiority be their own condemnation. "Had we our own way," is about what the pope says in his last encyclical, "we should drive every non-believer out of the city of Christ's holy Church; but we have lost our temporal power, and until eternal justice shall once more have a dwelling-place among Italians, we must be content with what we can achieve by more pacific measures." The way in which Leo XIII speaks now and the manner of address a year ago, when he first sat upon the pontifical chair, makes but too plain who rules in the Vatican. It has always been the weakness of the Jesuits to believe in craftiness and time-serving expedients, and this latest of

Pio Nono's successors savor somewhat of the Father Beckx way of salting words.

NEW MEXICO IN THE HANDS OF JESUITS.—Those who care to study Romanism outside of Italy should go to New Mexico, and learn how Jesuits rule where they have undisputed sway. In a quiet way they had obtained the passage of a territorial law which gave them control of public education. Congress, at Washington, spoiled their little game, and now the Vicar-general of Rome in the territory has issued a notice to the press in which he calls our public-school system "the pampered and legitimate child of impiety," and the papers that advocate it, well—we hardly care to repeat the insinuations, they are not compliments to the American Press.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.—In the Methodist Churches women have not as yet succeeded to official recognition as preachers, although several local boards have favored granting a license to women who feel called to preach. But neither those who grant license nor those who refuse, have as yet encountered legal punishment. A Baptist minister, however, got badly treated the other day because he does not believe in the right of women to speak in meeting. A council in Minnesota has declined to ordain him, and now the question is, will he ever speak in meeting?

—The English are going to have women's missionary societies, having become convinced by the successful operation of our own societies of this class that women can manage organizations and prove especially efficient helpers in the missionary work. The pioneer of the English women's missionary societies belongs to the Presbyterians, and their object is the education of Chinese women.

—In 1855 the Spanish Evangelization Society began work, and their twenty-five years' labor has resulted in the establishment of seven central stations, with as many congregations; eight missionary agents; thirty-one minor missions and preaching places; six Bible day schools; seven Sabbath-schools; and five evangelical night schools for adults.

—Surely missions are a failure! Now comes the word from Tokio, Japan, that one of its leading printing offices has begun the publication of a paper in the interests of the Christian religion, and that in order to keep it a solely

native undertaking none of the missionaries are to have any thing to do with it. But now the query arises, "When would Japanese have thought of such an enterprise if our missionaries had never gone there?" And presently another query follows in its wake, "How is it that the mere handful of converts which the opponents of mission work claim only to have been made can afford such an enterprise?" There were a great many Thomases at the Spanish court when Columbus claimed the discovery of a new continent and the Thomases who doubt the discovery of a new nation born into the kingdom of Christ, are too abundant in all our Churches.

—The Rev. Dr. Keim, who has very recently died at Giessen, Germany, was a professor of theology at that university and one of his country's greatest divines. He was a pious man and a ready writer. He was the author, among other large works, of a "Life of Christ," which has enjoyed a wide circulation. Indeed, as an exegete, he had no superior and when we consider his conservatism in theology, we must count ourselves a loser also in the death of this great and good man.

—The Baptists, though the second largest religious body in the United States, have never revealed very much strength as a literary power. Their colleges are few in number and only two or three of them are well patronized though the endowment of many of them is ample enough to insure perpetuity and usefulness. The Baptist Publication Society, now in its forty-fifth year is likewise feeble and rapidly weakening. Its last annual report states that the receipts have fallen off considerably, being for the year that recently closed only \$304,610. And what is most to be deprecated, the *Quarterly Review*, which has been so long an honor, not only to the Baptists, but to American Christianity, is for want of adequate support discontinued.

—Quite in contrast with the above is the hopeful outlook reported by the handful of Old Lutherans or High-churchmen of the German Reformer's followers in this country. The Missouri Synod to which they belong reported recently at its triennial meeting that their publishing interests for the past three years yielded a profit of over \$118,000. It is, after all, not numbers that tell.

CURIOUS AND USEFUL.

CONCERNING SPANISH COMPLIMENTS.—*Mr.*

Editor: In the interesting article on Spanish Compliments in the April number of the REPOSITORY, I noticed a slight error. "Gustar" should be "gustaré," and the sentence read, "¿Le gustaré á usted repetir, caballero?" In Castilian, an interrogative sentence is always preceded as well as followed by an interrogation point, the first being inverted (¿). This beautiful language is replete with complimentary sayings. Many of them, as you say, are really meaningless. Some of them have a very curious sound to English ears; for instance, when a gentleman takes leave of a lady friend it is polite to say, "Beso los piés, señora—I kiss your feet, lady." The lady will probably reply thus: "Beso las manos, caballero," which means literally, "I kiss your hand, sir." A lover in referring to his Dulcinea calls her by some sentimental epithet, as, "La luz de mi vida—the light of my life;" "La prenda de mi alma—my soul's jewel;" "Ojitos de cucuyo—dear little firefly eyes;" "Botoncita de rosa—dear little rosebud." The sovereign is called "Our Catholic monarch." Spanish monks commence their epistles and other writings with the letters "J. M. J.," abbreviations of the words Jesus, Maria, José. Cuba, the brightest jewel in the Spanish crown, whose government has given more trouble to the late Spanish rulers than ever the Moors gave Ferdinand and Isabella, possesses no end of pretty names. It is called "La siempre fiel isla de Cuba—the ever faithful island of Cuba;" "La llave del mundo nuevo—the key of the New World." Its illustrious discoverer, whom we term Columbus, and Spaniards know as Colon, said, "It is the most beautiful land that eyes ever beheld." E. R. T.

THE FIRST WONDER OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.—That will be the inter-oceanic ship canal between the Atlantic and the Pacific. And its projection, and we hope its construction also, will be the work of American genius and American capital. To be sure, M. de Lesseps, the well-known projector and builder of the Suez canal, has long and actively pushed propositions for such a connection of the At-

lantic and Pacific Oceans, and the French Geographical Society has unceasingly encouraged the discussion until we have at our disposal thirty-six plans for cutting through the isthmus, each of which as they successively appeared were always claimed to be the "only" one practicable. But it is to the painstaking investigations of the expeditions organized by the United States Government in the years 1870 to 1875, and of which the reports were completed in 1877, that we owe a plan for the project universally favored and approved. There are four different places at which the canal might be cut. In the north at the isthmus of Tehuantepec; in the center in the vicinity of Lake Nicaragua, and in the south either at the narrowest spot of the isthmus of Panama or at the point where the isthmus joins the continent of South America. As the most feasible the so-called Nicaraguan route is accepted. Here the mouth of the San Juan del Norte River affords to ships coming from the Atlantic Ocean an entrance easily secured and a good harbor. From thence a canal sixty-one miles long can be dug to the mouth of the San Carlos River, and further on to Lake Nicaragua, in the vicinity of Fort San Carlos, the San Juan River for a distance of sixty-three miles can be used. The distance on the lake, from Fort San Carlos to the city of Nicaragua, is fifty-six miles. From here the connection of the lake with the Pacific Ocean at Brito will be effected through the valleys of the Río del Medio and the Río Grande, so that the total length of the canal will be one hundred and ninety-four miles. This is not such a long distance, and would not make it a task so much more wonderful than the Suez canal. It is not, however, the distance that stands in the way so much as the condition of the country. The Arabian desert is a region of extraordinary dryness, the Darien isthmus one of extraordinary rain-falls, and while the former is altogether flat, the other is covered with impenetrable, endless, primeval forests. Indeed, the mountainous character, the wealth of forests, and water of the isthmus of Darien are prominent in all its parts. These advantages naturally become

almost insurmountable obstacles in the task of channeling. Then Lake Nicaragua is thirty-two meters above the level of the sea, and a cutting through would cause it to empty itself into the ocean. To provide against this, and to cross the mountains, the whole canal must be laid in locks and dams. The engineers have decided that the San Juan River, from the mouth of the San Carlos River to Lake Nicaragua, can be shut off by means of four dams of an average length of twelve hundred meters, and a height of nine meters. The descent towards the Pacific coast on one side, and the Atlantic coast on the other, requires twenty locks, each three and one-third meters high. The entrance from the sea as well as the two harbors of Greytown on the Atlantic side and Brito on the Pacific side will be secured by stone dams.

The time for the building of the canal is reckoned at ten years, and its probable cost estimated at one hundred millions of dollars. It is proposed that the United States Government undertake the enterprise, and it really seems reasonable that we should venture it because of the rapid growth of our trade with South-western America, Australia, and the eastern coast of Asia. The hope that England will aid in the undertaking is not to be cherished, for she is already encountering in us a trafficking and manufacturing power that not only rivals but outrivals her. Her monopoly will surely be broken if we build the canal, and though the hundred millions is an outlay not to be assumed hastily, we can not afford to defer long the accomplishment of an undertaking which promises to bring New York three thousand miles nearer to Shanghai and Canton than London, and within seven days' less sail to Japan than England. The government of Nicaragua, through whose territory the canal would lead, is earnestly in favor of the enterprise, and will make free harbors of the cities of Brito and Greytown, the extremities of the canal, and will declare as neutral ground not only the territory on both sides of the canal, but also a strip of land fifty miles broad on the two coasts. The sea around the mouths of the canal for one hundred nautical miles will also be declared neutral water, so that in case of a war between the several nations using the canal no manner of blockade or seizure of ships could take place.

THE SHORTEST SERMON ON RECORD.—It is Dean Swift's famous one on the text, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." "If you like the security," said the preacher, "down with the dust." A monk was once entreated on St. James's day not to make a long sermon. He mounted the pulpit and said, "My brethren, twelve months ago I preached an eulogy on the saint whose festival you this day celebrate. As I doubt not but you were then very attentive to me, and as I have not learned that he has done any thing new since, I have nothing to add to what I said at that time."

PROTECTED BY SMOKE.—Hall's rockets are to be provided with smoke balls; and these being discharged from the launches, on igniting, envelope both the assaulting craft and that assaulted in such a thick cloud of smoke that it will be practically impossible for the latter to use her electric light with any efficacy, or to sight her guns at her concealed antagonists.

STIMULANTS USED BY THE RACE.—It is estimated that coffee, both beans and leaves, is drunk by sixty millions of the human family. Tea of all kinds is used by five hundred millions, and opium by four hundred millions; alcohol in its various forms by five hundred millions of the human race. Tobacco is probably used by at least seven or eight hundred millions. These startling facts indicate a large proportion of the human race using some substances that are either stimulants or narcotics. The work of the physiologist in the future will be to determine the true place in nature of these substances, and indicate where their use ends and their abuse begins.

HOME "COMFORTS" AND THEIR EFFECTS ON HEALTH.—It is not clear, but it may be suspected that there is some element at work in the present state of civilization which renders the more gently nurtured or more highly cultured members of society specially unfitted to resist malarious influences. Connected with this must be borne in mind the manner in which the external atmosphere is more and more kept out of our houses. Doors and windows close better, draughts are more carefully excluded than of old. Appliances are introduced for artificially warming the passages and vestibules, the natural function of which places

is to afford a graduated transition from the warm atmosphere of a chamber to the external temperature. Clothing is much more complex than was formerly the case. In the time of our grandfathers a man was called a puppy if he wore an overcoat. What would those hardy gentlemen have said to the "ulsters" of the present day? or the seal-skin jackets and coats? Human habit is so much modified by circumstances that the adoption of all these safeguards against an occasional chill may have a direct tendency to lower the resisting

power of the constitution. And there are well known facts that square with this view. Such is the influence on the constitution of the prolonged heat of tropical or sub-tropical countries. The inference is not unnatural that the greater comfort, as we regard it, at all events the more sustained heat which we are steadily giving to our abodes, is really tending to lower our constitutional power of resistance, not only to the great tonic, cold, but to those influences against which that tonic has the prime function of strengthening the frame.—*Builder*.

LITERATURE.

THE third volume of *Systematic Theology*, by Dr. Miner Raymond, of the Garrett Biblical Institute, which was promised when the other two volumes were issued, and which was required to complete the work, has at length appeared from the press of the Western Methodist Book Concern, by which also the former volumes were issued. It is an octavo of five hundred and seventeen pages, including seven of index, of the same form, type, and general character with its predecessors. Its special subjects are *Ethics*, and *Ecclesiology*, the two pretty evenly dividing the volume. The first is, of course, considered a treatise on *Moral Philosophy*, from a theological and Christian stand-point. The writer is not especially pronounced in his utterances of preferences between the two great fundamental theories of morality, but states each, as he views it—which will probably not be quite satisfactory to the partisans of either. The department of *Ecclesiology* opens a very wide field, of which so much as relates to the Sacraments (pp. 233-372) is properly theological, in the most precise sense. The portion devoted to *Church Polity* (372-509) relates to the organism of the (general) Church—the Ministry, Episcopacy, and the "Polity of the Methodist Episcopal Church," in which the non-prelatical theories of the Church and the ministry are given, with a sketch of the different theories respecting episcopacy, and last of all, the usual apologetical platitudes about Methodist Church polity—as if that Church were still called upon to defend its "right to be." The original right of the Methodist

episcopacy is derived from Mr. Wesley, not "as a presbyter in the Church of England, but from his authority as the founder of the Methodist Church," all of which means, if it means any thing,—which may be doubted,—that John Wesley was by the act of God raised out of the ordinary grade of presbyters and constituted an *Episcopus* in the Church, with power to raise other presbyters to the same grade and office; that is, he was eminently, specifically, and peculiarly an apostle, but, unlike Paul, born in due time. Some things are hard to believe, and even in the Church of Rome men may refuse to accept any doctrine until it has been duly affirmed by the supreme authority. We abide in this privilege, because no such affirmation has been made in this case. It will be soon enough to act the part of Galileo when the decree shall have been promulgated. Dr. Raymond is clearly of the High-church school in Methodism, and in his book that school has found a worthy interpreter.

A FEW months ago, in noticing the then recently published volume of "Church Polity," by the late Dr. Charles Hodge, we felt constrained to congratulate his surviving friends, among other things, in view of the fact that his literary remains had fallen into such able and judicious hands. That felicitation may be repeated with still greater emphasis, now that still another volume has appeared, and one that must have made much larger demands upon the labor and the

critical judgment of the Editor—the son and successor of the author. This is a volume of *Conference Papers*,* which in Presbyterian language means discourses in matters of personal religion, or historically, such as have been delivered at “conference” meetings—the less formal assemblies of the Church—at which it is customary for the minister or speaker to treat directly of personal religion. The book consists of two hundred and forty-nine outlines of discourses addressed, on Sunday afternoons, to the young men of Princeton Theological Seminary, by the late honored, and now lamented, President. They are, in character, what their title implies, discourses on personal religion, and as arranged by the editor, entirely disregarding the date of their delivery, they appear under the classification of I. God and His attributes; II. Christ; III. The Holy Spirit; IV. Satan and Sin; V. Conversion; VI. Christian Experience; VII. Responsibilities and Duties; VIII. Means of Grace; IX. Death and the Consummation of Redemption; X. Last Words. Respecting the quality of these sketches—skeletons of sermons—we incline to assign them the highest place in the whole list of their author’s works. That they are able, clear, and forcible will be readily supposed by all who know any thing of their author; they are also deeply spiritual, warm, and earnest in tone, and most thorough in their searchings into the deep things of the Spirit. As in their preaching the most pronounced Calvinists, in these latter days, leave out the decrees, so any real Arminian will find nothing to except to in that direction. Any who come to this volume for religious instruction and impulse will certainly find what they seek.

As outline models for sermons they are excellent, and we can confidently recommend them, as *studies*, to young ministers, not to be borrowed and used as their own, but as models in form and method, and also as valuable exegeses and applications of the Word of God. To any who may be trying to learn to preach the Gospel, we say, study Dr. Hodge’s “Conference Papers.”

*CONFERENCE PAPERS: Or Analysis of Discourses, Doctrinal and Practical, Delivered on Sabbath Afternoons to the Students of the Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J. By Charles Hodge, D. D. New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons. 8vo. Pp. 373. Price \$3.00.

BISHOP MERRILL has done good service to the Church by his several monographs on some of the chief doctrines of religion, written in a plain and popular style, and presenting such definite statements of doctrines, with the requisite arguments, as are called for, and can be used to advantage by non-professional readers. His latest is devoted to “The Second Coming of Christ,”* with cognate themes, especially the Millennium, Resurrection, and Last Judgment. Probably at no other point in the mind of evangelical Christendom so little determined as at just these; and we took up the book with a faint hope of finding something in it more satisfactory than the oft told platitudes about a literal coming of Christ, an earthly reign of “a thousand years,” without any devil to make trouble; then the blow of Gabriel’s trumpet, the coming up of the dead bodies from the graves, the scenic day of Judgment, and “the end of the world.” If, indeed, these things are taught in the Bible, somebody owes it to the Church to so thoroughly rediscuss the subject, that the proofs in their favor may be presented, and that the old traditional beliefs brought from the Middle Ages shall not remain alone to fashion our expectations in respect to that “great hereafter.” To that much-to-be-desired result Bishop Merrill’s book makes but a very small contribution. In this connection we may repeat a thought to which we gave expression some years ago, to wit, that this whole subject of Christian Eschatology needs to be thoroughly re-examined,—the teachings of the Bible on the subject deduced anew from the original source, interpreted in the light of the quickened thought, and the spiritual, as opposed to the literalistic and materialistic, appreciation of the New Testament system. As a rehashing of the old style popular ideas of the future of Christ’s kingdom, the book under notice is not a bad one. But it gives to its readers only a stone, when bread is called for.

THE series of *English Men of Letters*, edited by John Morley (republished in this country by the Harpers), proceeds apace. Two ad-

*THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST. Considered in its Relation to the Millennium, the Resurrection, and the Judgment. By S. M. Merrill, D. D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. 16mo. Pp. 282. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Phillips & Hunt.

ditional biographies have appeared since our last announcement, the eighth and ninth, devoted severally to Burns and Spenser. The former by Principal Shairp, Professor of Poetry at Oxford,* is justly appreciative of the genius of the plowman poet, but severe, as the truth compelled him to be, in the estimate of his moral character and conduct. The biographical matter has been so thoroughly examined and written down that very little that is new can be expected in that direction, and the same may be said in a general way of Burns's poetry, though the almost inexhaustible stores of poetical wealth that it contains promise large compensations for any competent criticisms that may be devoted to it. Certainly the compiler of this work has not found the quest unproductive, nor has he failed to make some valuable contributions to the already large and valuable mass of Burns's literature; and while, as a moralist, he deals justly with the poet's all too manifest sins, he is also just in rendering sincere honor to his poetic genius—the highest ever produced in Scotland, and rivaled by only a few in the sister kingdom.

AFTER Burns, in the order of the appearance of their biographies, in the series of "Men of Letters," comes Spenser,† himself a poet and the head of the class of those who have given character to modern English poetry. Perhaps very few persons can now be found, even among professional students of English literature, who have really mastered the "*Faerie Queene*," though every body must taste of it, and learn its subject and its style and its measure, all of which are eminently characteristic. Deann Church has done this latter and somewhat more, and as the result of his studies he gives, together with a concise and evidently correct biography and characterization of his subject, a somewhat clear and elaborate discussion of his poetry and his poetic genius. Spenser's influence upon English poetry, and, indeed, upon English literature, has no doubt been great, and always good. His personal history, which is freely dealt with in his poetry, was full of lively and

sometimes painful interest; and with an almost childish self-consciousness he lays his personal affairs before his readers. For ordinary readers such a volume as one of these is about as much as can be used for a single person. The books of this series are, therefore, just such as should be found in all private collections and village libraries. Any mechanic, operative, or laborer could carefully read one of these each week during his spare minutes, and so become cultivated while being entertained. They are worth more for real value than all the novels ever written.

THE discussion of first principles in science and religion is just now very much in the fashion, which may be well, though it may be doubted whether the world is to be made either wiser or better by it. But since it is begun it must proceed till it shall cease to be in the fashion. A contribution in this line just now comes to hand in a book made up of *Studies in Theism*,‡ by Professor B. P. Bowne of Boston University. The author modestly disclaims any ambitious attempt to cover the whole subject, but proposes only to examine some of its elementary principles, each in the form of a monograph. There are eleven of these "Studies," besides a pretty full Preface and an elaborate Introduction. The points discussed are among those oftenest mooted in the questionings of the times, and in each case the attempt is made, and we think with a good degree of success, to show that religious faith is not opposed to philosophy, though it may be above it; that, indeed, philosophy calls for a First Cause, as the source and stay of the universe of being, such as is presented in the God of the Bible, and in no other possible being. Professor Bowne is a close thinker and a ready writer. He has clear and definite convictions, and also "the courage of his convictions;" and he "is able to give a reason for the faith that is in him." To any who may wish to pursue that kind of inquiries, we can confidently recommend these "Studies" as likely to prove both agreeable and instructive.

Harper's New Monthly Magazine is no longer "new," as such things are reckoned, for with

* ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS. *Robert Burns*. By Principal Shairp, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. 12mo. Pp. 205.

† SPENSER. By R. W. Church, Dean of St. Paul's. 12mo. Pp. 180. New York: Harper & Bros.

‡ STUDIES IN THEISM. By Borden P. Bowne. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. 12mo. Pp. 444.

the June number (349) it enters upon its fifty-ninth semi-annual volume. Twenty-nine years ago this writer was in the office of the great Cliff Street publishing house, when Fletcher Harper handed us the first number of a new monthly, which was then indeed *new*, and if we recollect rightly it appeared with very little pre-announcement. For all these intervening years we have been a reader of the monthly, and have rejoiced at its unfailing indications of success. Its purpose—to afford wholesome secular reading for the million—has been kept steadily in view, and there is reason to believe that its influence has been on the whole, and decidedly, favorable as to the public intelligence, culture, and morality. With the present issue the magazine appears in a new dress, enlarged as to the breadth of the pages and the size of the letters; but containing so much and no more reading matter than before, which, to our notion is an improvement. Its reading matter is valuable, and its illustrations are uniformly excellent. Its editorial departments embody a vast amount of good matter, though we do not always accept the view given.

PRIVATE sorrows are sacred, and will not often bear a public display; and this general truth becomes intensely true in the presence of the deepest and most sacred sorrows. And, accordingly, in such cases funeral pageants are worse than worthless—an offense and a disharmony. And yet there is a chastened sadness that comes near to being a pleasure in rearing our quiet memorials to departed loved ones. We have before us an instance of this kind, which, because it takes the shape of a book, falls within our present sphere—a neat little volume, “In Memory of Lucy Silber Price,” with portrait, records of birth and of death, and the exercises at her funeral—“A Report of the Religious Services held at the Funeral of MRS. THOMAS W. PRICE, at the residence of her husband in Philadelphia, on December thirteenth, eighteen hundred and seventy-eight.” The book is printed but not published, being intended only for circulation among the friends of the deceased and of her surviving relatives.

WE have taken the occasion at the appearance of one and another of their successive volumes to express our surprise at the fertility of the co-operating pens of the Warner sisters,

and also to commend the moral tone and tendency of their works. We are now again called to this not unacceptable duty by the appearance on our table of still another* from the author of the “Wide, Wide World” (Miss Sarah Warner), dated at her island home on the Hudson, “Marlan’s Rock,” April, 1879. Like “The Old Helmet” and “Melbourne House,” this last, *My Desire*, is a tale, autobiographical, of a young woman, and full of experiences, sad and joyous, and with the elements of truthfulness and religiousness, clearly though not offensively all the time present. It is a book of good purposes and tendencies; and if, as some would say, story reading is a pleasant and profitable exercise, we know of no other works more worthy to be recommended than the long list of which this is a number, for they are good and wholesome.

PROFESSOR GEORGE P. FISHER has made us all his debtors, by his valuable contributions to the very best class of the religious literature of the age. Just now an unpretentious little volume bearing his name makes its appearance; but full of good matter. Last year he was called to deliver an address at Princeton Theological School, and the address then made, with seven other and briefer articles, make up this little volume.† The address, occupying less than half the book, is a discussion of “Faith and Rationalism,” as now related to each other, and the subject of thought which their discussion forces upon the religious mind of the age. The arguments are not especially new, for the whole subject has already been thoroughly traversed; but they are well put, and so altogether worthy of examination. The appended articles are all devoted to matters nearly related to the same great theme, and it is scarcely needful to add they are ably and eloquently treated. For any who would take this discussion in “broken doses” we know nothing better.

MR. JOHN BURROUGHS, who figures as the author of “Wake Robin,” “Winter Sunshine,”

*MY DESIRE. By the Author of the “Wide, Wide World.” New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 629.

†FAITH AND RATIONALISM. With Short Supplementary Essays on Related Topics. By George P. Fisher, D. D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale College. 12mo. Pp. 188, \$1.25. New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons.

and "Birds and Poets," is evidently a devoted and an appreciative lover of nature. He has now prepared a new book, which Houghton, Osgood and Company have issued (18mo. pp. 253) in becoming style, with the odd title, *Locusts and Wild Honey*. It is all about familiar objects of animated nature, bees, and birds, and fishes, with occasional references to fruits and flowers, and the sky and clouds. His *locale* is on the Hudson River, and his favorite subjects are the fauna of that region. It is a work of real merit, both in respect to the author's mastery of his subjects, and his ability as a writer. He is evidently a little daft in his love of nature, but there is a deal of method in his madness. It will prove an acceptable companion for the few "elect souls" whose eyes have been opened to see the beauties that the Creator has scattered with a liberal hand all about us.

GLORIOUS old CARVOSO as he came before the public more than forty years ago was a genuine character, almost a hero. But apparently the plain and wonderfully natural garb in which he then appeared, though it seemed to be remarkably in keeping with himself, has gone out of fashion, and so we have him brought out in a new dress. We are glad that he has fallen into so good hands, and that one may still find in Dr. Wise's *Saintly and Successful Worker** the same simple, earnest, and devout Christian that became known to a former generation, under the simple name of "Carvoso," with no other passport to distinction than the fact that he had been "sixty years a class-leader."

PHILLIPS & HUNT (New York Book Concern) have just issued a number of small books especially adapted to the "Chautauqua" matters. *The Lesson System, the Story of its Origin and Inauguration*, by Simeon Gilbert (12mo. Pp. 96), is a pretty full, and at some points a detailed sketch of the beginning and growth of the now widely accepted and used system of uniform Sunday-school lessons, with a state-

ment of the "Chautauqua Idea." They have also issued *Chautauqua Text Books*, number 5. "Greek History," by Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D., and "Greek Literature," by Rev. A. D. Vail, D. D., 24mo. Pp. 68 and 128, respectively. Also Bishop Harris's "Support of Missions" (Missionary Series, No. 4), 24mo. Pp. 66; and a large number of very small tracts, 64mo., four to eight pages, suitable for broad-cast sowing.

FROM the National Temperance Society (58 Reade Street, New York), we have its *Fourteenth Annual Report*, a duodecimo of fifty-four pages, giving an exhibit of the Society's affairs and of the condition of the cause of Temperance in this country and elsewhere, which seems to be, on the whole, making good progress.

FROM the American Temperance Publishing House (29 Rose Street, New York), comes *The American Temperance Speaker*, No. 1 (12mo. Pp. 96), a collection of pieces, in both prose and verse, for purposes of declamation at temperance celebrations. As selections they are only tolerably good, much inferior to what might be made in the same line by a competent hand. Better English, a higher tone of thought, more dignity of manners and utterance might have been presented without any sacrifice of attractiveness. The present peril of the temperance cause is, that it may fall quite too largely into incompetent hands.

FROM this latter house we have also *Temperance Lectures*,—Our Battle-cry, The Force of Appetite, and The Only Remedy. By John B. Gough. Very good, but for their full effect they need Gough himself to deliver them.

HARPER & BROTHERS have begun to issue most of their great historical works, in relatively cheap editions—printed, however, from the plates of the standard editions, and on equally fine paper, so that except in breadth of their margins these volumes are in nothing inferior to those of the larger and more pretentious editions. The books are bound in plain, but substantial cloth, with large printed labels. Macaulay's Histories were issued in this style some months ago, and now we have *Motley's Dutch Republic* (3 vols., 8vo., pp. 579, 582, 664. \$6.00.) in the same style, with the promise that the balance of Motley's books shall soon

* A SAINTLY AND SUCCESSFUL WORKER; or, Sixty Years a Class-leader. A Biographical Study, including incidental discussions of the Theory and Experience of Perfect Love, of the Class and Class-meeting, and of the Art of Winning Souls. Suggested by the Experience and Labors of WILLIAM CARVOSO. By Daniel Wise, D. D. 16mo. Pp. 276. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Phillips & Hunt.

follow; and after these Hume, and Gibbon, Hildreth, and others are to follow. An opportunity is thus to be given to build up a library of first-class works, at an unprecedentedly low price.

DR. J. R. MACDUFF is a most prolific writer. Carter & Brothers' catalogue of his books republished by their house extends to nearly forty volumes; not large, indeed, but still a large share of them are medium sized duodecimos. He is uniformly like himself—decidedly religious, often definitely theological, sometimes dogmatical, but never polemical. He has a marvelous faculty for finding spiritual meanings in the most ordinary facts or references of the Bible, or, if not found, then he can bring them to it. His last (that we have seen, probably others are just behind), *Palms of Elim*,* is in all things conformed to the author's method, and it is among his best. In its seventy sections, each with its proper heading, an equal number of suggestions are given, respecting the sufficiency of God's providence and grace to sustain and comfort the believing and trusting heart. The entire volume is unshadowed by "modern doubt," and its whole spirit is quite removed from "advanced thought," seeming to be possessed with a quiet and unshaken belief of whatever God's Word declares; so that all its utterances are simply a most refreshing profession of faith in God.

PHILLIPS & HUNT, the New York Book Agents, have brought out a second series of

"Daniel Quorn, and his Religious Notions," in a small size duodecimo of 225 pages. It is very like unto its predecessor—evangelical, pathetic, lively, and quaint, quite readable, and calculated to do good. We would, however, venture to suggest to both the author and the publishers that that style of writing may be very easily overdone, and then it becomes very distasteful. We are glad of this second volume, and trust with this the series will be allowed to end.

THE descendants of the old pioneers of Virginia, the real F. F. V's (all the families of those times, at least those that have left posterities, were first families, notwithstanding certain traditions about forced expatriations, and sales for price of passages), never tire of telling the *Stories of the Old Dominion*;* and, indeed, they are really romantic, and told with a relish that makes them decidedly readable. A new volume of such stories is, therefore, ever welcome, and such a one we have in the books now in hand, sprightly in style, and well written, and as nearly historically correct as may be made out through the dimness and glamour of those heroic times.

THE *Franklin Square Library* (No. 57) contains Justin M'Carthy's "History of Our Own Times, from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the Berlin Congress." Two volumes in one, pp. 112, 20 cents.

THE last (104) issue of *Harper's Half Hour Series* is Thackeray's "Four Georges," well-known to be spicy reading.

EX CATHEDRA.

FANATICISM—LIBERTY—LAW.

OCCASIONALLY, and not very infrequently, the public is startled by the announcement of some great crime, committed in the name of religion, and justified by the perpetrator, on the ground of obedience to religious convictions. The announcement is at first received with expressions of horror and execration of the deed, and with calls for vengeance or for pity towards the offender. After this the law

is allowed to take its course, the offender is adjudged a lunatic or a criminal, and is dealt with accordingly; and again the slightly ruffled face of society resumes its wonted calmness, and things proceed as before. This is the usual course of things when the offenses are committed by solitary individuals, or by limited conspiracies of individuals, and where the offense committed has about it such elements of atrocity as are calculated to shock

* *PALMS OF ELIM*; Or, Rest and Refreshment in the Valleys. By J. R. Macduff, D. D. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 308. \$1.50.

* *STORIES OF THE OLD DOMINION*, from the Settlement to the end of the Revolution. By John Esten Cooke. Harper & Brothers. 12mo. Pp. 337.

the feelings of people. If, however, the crimes so induced are the work of organized bodies, and are against public order and social morality rather than against persons or private property, and more certainly if they are done in the name of religion, they usually go unpunished, and often become entrenched in their positions and framed into social and tolerated laws. Such cases as the recent child-murder at Cape Cod, as a sacrifice, or the penal slaughter of a man at New Haven, a few years ago, by a murderous fanatical woman, startle the public and secure for their perpetrators condign punishments; but such wholesale crimes as those of the Oneida community, or the gigantic abominations of Mormonism, are permitted to pass unchallenged by the guardians of the law, and even to claim for themselves public recognition and protection.

For the misguided maniac who mingles in his conduct tenderness and violence, and surrenders a father's love to the demands of a remorseless fanaticism, one may entertain sentiments of pity, and of respect also, since he shows an unselfish devotion to supposed duty. But for the cool scheming, and self-seeking apostles of fanaticism, misleading the unwary, and organizing crimes against private morals and public safety, no such excuses can be made; and these, rather than the others, are the greatest and most dangerous enemies to society. In both kinds we see illustrations of the force of the religious sentiment among men, and how capable it is of being perverted to the worst possible purposes; and these things show the necessity, in order to social welfare and political safety, for its proper enlightenment and direction. The religious element in human character is at once indestructible, and potent, for either good or evil, beyond any other; its proper treatment is, therefore, a matter of the highest possible interest to society. To repress and eradicate it is simply impossible, and to ignore it in the ordering of society is an insane attempt to solve the complex problem of social order, by omitting a principal factor from the reckoning. In some way, and to a controlling extent, moral and religious influences must be wrought into the social fabric, and the principles of religion made to permeate society, or else it must become the victim of a destructive fanaticism,

on the one hand, or a heartless, and selfish misanthropy on the other. Religion may, indeed, subsist and flourish without the care of the state, but for its own welfare and stability the state must always depend upon the conservative forces of religion.

The history of fanaticism is a perpetual demonstration of the dangerous tendencies of a materialistic theology, and of undue literalism in the prevalent conceptions of religious truth. From these sources have originated most of the abuses of religious and ecclesiastical power which have cursed society. Because men have failed to understand that Christ's kingdom is not of this world, and that neither its propagation nor defense is to be accomplished by natural forces, they have sought to overcome convictions by authority and to reform men by punishing them for what they believed. But even the tyranny of power is less to be dreaded than the license of misdirected opinions inflamed and impelled by fanaticism. When Protestantism proclaimed the emancipation of the minds of men from ecclesiastical slavery, and gave to every one the right of private judgment in matters of religion, it devolved upon men a fearful responsibility, and it also assumed for the Church a most sacred obligation in respect to the aids to be afforded to all men for rightly shaping their religious opinions. Freethinking is unquestionably the right and the duty of every one; it also devolves a fearful duty on every one, to see to it that he shall use his freedom wisely and discreetly. The Bible is, indeed, an infallible guide and directory in all matters of opinion and duty, and yet it may be so perverted, by wrong methods of interpretations, and by reading into it the doctrines of a materialistic superstition, that its pure and simple spiritualism shall be buried in the earthly mass of philosophy and vain deceit.

It was this unscriptural literalism that misled the mad fanatic, whose case we have referred to above, to conceive himself to be a prophet and a priest, and to be commissioned to offer a human sacrifice. The case is an extreme one, and exceptional in its tragic results, but it scarcely differs at all in kind from thousands found on every side of us, which, however, happily stop short of such a not entirely illogical outcome. There is even

among intelligent people a strong disposition to bring the things which belong wholly within the domains of faith into those of reason and sense—to require and accept other evidence of the unseen and eternal than that spiritual vision by which men become cognizant of the things that are unknown to sense and unseen by reason. There is good reason to trust that in our day evangelical Christendom is slowly and painfully extricating itself from the incubus of the materialistic literalism which has cursed the Church ever since the times of the Gnostics and the Manicheans—which Protestantism accepted as a heritage from the Church of the Dark Ages, and from which it seems possible to escape only through the birth throes of a spiritual regeneration of the Christian intelligence of the age. Adventism, of which that Cape Cod Jephtha seems to be at once the representative and the victim, is the normal outgrowth of the organic materialistic monstrosity that has been developed upon the Christian faith.

Another important thought, suggested by the things above referred to, respects the extent and limitations of religious liberty of action. The plea is sometimes made, in behalf of the Mormons and other violators of our conventional morality, that their practices are a part of their religion, and that to make them crimes against the law would be an infringement of religious freedom. The same plea is made in favor of other organic immoralities that claim the name of religion; and it might be claimed with a like show of reason in favor of the maniac father who plunged the knife to the heart of his child, as a high act of religious duty. But the fallacy of this whole pretense is obvious and palpable. Religious liberty is protected from outside interference and oversight only while it is confined to the individual, and as it respects his personal beliefs and his duties towards the object of his faith and worship. Whenever one's religion comes to affect his actions in relation to others than himself individually, such actions come within the domain of civil law, by which they must be judged. Every one is born heir to the protection of civil law, against which inheritance there can be no appeal to another's religion. Natural rights, wherever the two come into conflict, must have precedence over the religious scruples and conviction of the

individual; and religious observances and institutions, if they infringe upon these, whether of individuals or communities, whether by overt acts of violence, or by neglects of public duties, or by flagrantly offending against the moral sense of the community, must be accounted crimes to be punished by the judges. Should a band of Thugs, with whom murder is a religious act, establish themselves among us we should not hesitate to treat them as other assassins. Should a colony of Hindoos establish themselves upon some American river, and make it their Ganges, to which to sacrifice their children, our civil authorities would not fail to interfere with their liberties. So too should we deal with Mormon polygamists, and Oneida communists, as well as with insane and fanatical adventist immolationists.

THE PRESBYTERIANS IN AMERICA.

DURING the latter half of the month of May of each year the three principal Presbyterian bodies of the country hold their General Assemblies, which are (for each severally) their supreme ecclesiastical councils. The facts that all of these bodies have their chief "assemblies" so much alike in their make-up, and that they all meet annually, and on the same day, point to an earlier historical unity, which one need not go very far to discover. Like most other forms of religion in this country, American Presbyterianism is, as to its origin, an exotic, though it was transplanted in our soil at an early date, and has become fairly naturalized—the native sub-species and varieties having their own distinctive peculiarities. The Presbyterian form of Church order was early adopted by the Churches of Boston and vicinity, but afterwards that was given up for Congregationalism. The Dutch Churches of New York were also Presbyterian, but as they retained their affinity to the Churches of Holland, they have never become organically united with the nominal Presbyterian Church of America. That body was at first made up almost entirely of emigrants from Scotland and Ireland, who settled in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. Early in the last century the Presbytery of Philadelphia was organized, and it is said that all its ministers, with a single exception, were either Scotch or Irish. In 1716 they became a synod, with four presbyteries, including in its territory New York and New Jersey.

The denomination continued to enlarge, both by immigration and conversions, especially under the influence of Whitefield's preaching, and the "great awakening" that followed. In 1788 the first General Assembly was held,—modeled after the chief ecclesiastical council of Scotland,—representing four hundred and nineteen Churches, and one hundred and eight ministers. In 1834 there were twenty-two synods, made up of one hundred and eleven presbyteries, and not far from nineteen hundred ministers.

Like most other religious bodies in the country, the Presbyterian Church has had its divisions, so that the Presbyterianism of the land is found in several distinct organizations. The "great awakening" caused much excitement and painful conflicts, but did not lead to an actual rupture. The Cumberland Presbyterian Church grew out of the great revival which occurred during the early years of the present century, chiefly in Tennessee and Kentucky—the new organization retaining the Church polity of the parent body, but largely modifying its Calvinism. A more disastrous division occurred in 1838,—also growing out of the spirit of revival then prevailing, which had largely affected considerable portions of the Presbyterian Churches. The two bodies so formed which became known as the old and the new schools, both claimed to be the original and genuine "Presbyterian Church in America," though the old school was still considerably the more numerous. This breach was healed by a reunion of the separated parts in 1869; neither party conceding any thing in form,—but each agreeing to be one with the other. As at the division no formal and definite statements were made of the points on which the separation was based, so at the reunion no readjustments were needed, and so well had each party maintained the prescriptive usages of their original Church, that, at the end of thirty years they were found not to have drifted very far apart, though quite possibly both bodies had drifted together away from their ancient moorings.

And yet there were clearly seen differences between the two, which at the time of the division made the continuance of their peaceful union quite impossible. The distinctive characteristic of the body has always been its conservatism, but at that time the spirit of

progress was beginning to be felt among its Churches, calling for quickened activities and the adoption of certain new measures in the conduct of Church affairs,—which, however, the older heads of the Church stoutly resisted. The "new divinity" taught at New Haven was leavening the Churches of New England, and it was also felt in many of the Presbyterian Churches of the Middle and Western States. The revival work of Rev. Mr. Finney, chiefly in Presbyterian Churches, was also producing very marked results. The Calvinism of the fathers was silently retired into the background, and sometimes openly denounced and repudiated, while in many cases a moderate semi-pelagianism was substituted. The slavery question was then coming to the front, and the progressive party became very generally outspoken in their denunciation of that evil, while the conservatives were earnest in their opposition not only to any Church action against it, but also to any form of opposition, as either wrong or inexpedient. In short, the progressives had outrun their more staid conservative brethren, and a temporary separation was the result; but as the latter were moving in the same direction, though more slowly, and as the former at length became stationary, there was, in due time, a real and substantial unity of sentiments, and an organic union seemed to be the proper logical result. This, too, had been facilitated by the influences of the war of the Rebellion, which at once divided the Old-school Church territorially, and carried the larger Northern portion clear over to the grounds of their new-school brethren. But ever since the war the Southern Presbyterians have persisted in their separation, and they now constitute one of the three bodies (the Cumberlands being the other one) referred to above.

The distinguishing features of Presbyterianism are two in number, the divine right and the parity of all ministers of the Gospel, in the Church of God,—and the right of mutual oversight in matters of doctrines and morals, of the several ministers and Churches; being opposed on the one hand to congregational independency, and on the other to prelatical domination. In these two points all kinds and classes of Presbyterians are entirely agreed; and besides these, the two Reformed Churches (the Dutch and the German), and with but

little difference the Lutherans also, are essentially Presbyterian. The Methodist Churches, too, though the more numerous ones in this country are episcopal in form, are all based upon the specific Presbyterian ideas of ministerial parity,—and stand at equal removes from prelacy and Congregationalism. But besides their Presbyterianism, the Churches that claim the Presbyterian title have been uniformly Calvinistic in doctrine. Such, indeed, they are still, so far as their formularies of doctrines determine the case; but the Calvinism of the Presbyterian Churches, like the despotism of the British Constitution, though clear and strong in words, is stripped of its real character in the practical teachings of their pulpits, and in their popular expositions through the press. It is coming to be well understood that while all ministers of the Presbyterian Church shall assent to the doctrines of their high Calvinistic standards, no one shall be called to account for practically ignoring them, nor for any private interpretations of the same, however contradictory they may be to the obvious sense of those standards. Doctrinally, these changed methods are no doubt an improvement; and in respect to all other matters connected with this rather anomalous state of affairs, we gladly remit the whole to the parties concerned.

The three Presbyterian organizations, whose general assemblies we referred to at the beginning, differ very widely in their numbers and their influence in the land. That which met at Saratoga, commonly known as the "re-united" Presbyterian Church, has for its territory the whole United States, except "the States lately in rebellion." It is said to be the largest Presbyterian Church (proper) in the world,—having considerably over five thousand ministers and nearly six hundred thousand members. The assembly that met at Louisville was that of the so-called Southern Presbyterians, which is practically confined to the Southern States, with a ministry of a little over eleven hundred and a membership of about one hundred and fifteen thousand. The Cumberland Presbyterian Church, whose assembly met at Memphis, has about fifteen hundred ministers and a hundred thousand members. It is found chiefly in Tennessee and Kentucky and the South-western States. The Reformed (Dutch) Church, which is really a

Presbyterian body, and scarcely to be distinguished from those so named, has about five hundred and fifty ministers and seventy-five thousand members—a substantial but somewhat non-progressive body. The United Presbyterians (an offshoot of the Scotch U. P's), have also become a very considerable body in this country, with a ministry of six hundred and fifty and a membership of eighty thousand. Besides these, there are several other smaller, though not all of them inconsiderable bodies, that are, either in name or in character, Presbyterian as to polity, doctrine, and methods of teaching and of worship.

The record of the Presbyterian Churches in this country is, on the whole, a good one, and highly honorable. Their influence has been steadily in favor of liberty, but always in subjection to law. Their conservatism may have been sometimes in excess, but in the presence of the overflowings of the opposite spirit even that fault may seem to be almost a virtue. While the body practically held and taught the high Calvinism of its standards it was no doubt painfully shackled and paralyzed by it; but with a glorious inconsistency, it was even then vastly better than that feature of its creed. But it has always held firmly by the great evangelical doctrines of the Gospel, and by steadily teaching these it has been a great power for good in society. As the friend and patron of education its record is the very best; and its work in the department of higher education has been in advance of that of any other denomination. It has also inculcated and enforced a pure and elevated morality,—especially respecting the Sabbath, temperance, and fidelity to public trusts. In the foreign missionary work it was the pioneer among the American Churches, and still it holds the foremost place among them. It is said that the contributions of the Presbyterians of the whole country, for all Church purposes, mark a higher average per member than those of any other body. Until Methodism arose to successfully contest its claim, Presbyterianism was confessedly the prevalent form of religion in the country; and during the hundred years of the growth and development of the former body the two have steadily approximated each to the other, till now they stand shoulder to shoulder as central columns in the advancing armies of Christ's militant Church.